



Eclectic Magazine

OF

FOREIGN LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

AUGUST, 1863.

From the Westminster Review.

THE JEWS OF WESTERN EUROPE.*

THE history of the Jews is, in many aspects, the greatest episode in the history of European civilization. Whether we consider them in their relation to the Christian religion—threatened with destruction by the offspring of their own creed; or in their singular dispersion throughout the different countries of the world—retaining their vitality and in-

dividuality under almost inconceivable pressure; or in connection with the most salient and distinctive feature of Occidentalism—the Western system of credit as distinguished from the hoarding of the East; or in their extraordinary faculties, and the remarkable proportion of their great men in relation to their numbers; the subject is one calculated in almost equal degrees to fascinate the historian, the poet, and the philosopher. Yet, strange to say, a history abounding with every feature of dramatic and philosophic interest, has been sparingly treated; while immense stores of materials remain for the most part buried in the unsounded depths of our great libraries. On the Christian side the great history of Basnage, now a century old, and the late masculine but unsatisfactory

* *Les Juifs en France, en Italie, et en Espagne.* Par I. BEDARRIDE, Batonnier de l'Ordre des Avocats à la Cour Impériale de Montpellier. Paris: 1859.

Geschichte des Judenthums und seiner Sekten.

Von Dr. J. M. JOSE. Leipzig: 1859.

Juden, Jüdische Literatur. ERICH UND GRUBER'S Allgemeine "Encyclopädie." Leipzig: 1850.

The Jews of Europe in the Middle Ages. By J. H. BRIDGES, B. A., Fellow of Oriel College. Oxford Essays: 1857.

work* of Dean Milman, are almost the only books of any pretension on the subject. Basnage wrote with the decency of the eighteenth century, and spoke, though a Christian, almost in affectionate terms of a nation whose cruel wrongs and protracted woes no scholar could have traced unmoved. But although, when he wrote, the germs of modern criticism were faintly apparent, he was too much under the influence of the courtly French school of historical narrative, which culminated in the beautiful and worthless periods of Rollin, to penetrate through the husk into the true grandeur of his subject. A fastidious nomenclature of persecutors and victims, long and frequently barren disquisitions, the enumeration of laws more or less impressed with fanaticism and more or less uninteresting to modern readers, form the staple of his work. M. Bédarride, whose name among others stands at the head of our article, says very properly, that the eight volumes of Basnage might well be reduced to one.

In 1823 the French Institute proposed as the subject for a prize essay "The State of the Jews during the Middle Ages." Six candidates competed, four of whom have since published their works, M. M. Bail, Beugnot, Depping, and Bédarride. The last is now before us, greatly enlarged, both in respect of the additional treatment devoted to the period between the middle ages and the fall of Jerusalem, and other topics of more or less interest. In Germany, we have several eminent works by D. D. Jost, Herzfeld, and Grätz. Dr. Herzfeld, however, is said not to bring his history down to the present time; and Grätz's is not completed. An article on the Jews in Ersch and Grüber, by Cassel, also deserves notice. But on the whole Dr. Jost's great work remains the fullest account by a modern Jew both of the modern and ancient history of his own nation. Eloquently written, and conceived with considerable historical and political vigor of thought, it is not free from inaccuracy; nor will the reader find in it any depth or breadth of philosophical insight. So large, indeed, are the materials, which, to use a Latin idiom, he could only taste, that his work reads more like the headings of chapters, than the chapters themselves.

The dispersion of the Jews is commonly

looked upon in the Christian world as an effect of the Divine reprobation which they incurred by their rejection of the Christian religion. The groundless nature of this legendary belief might easily have been gathered from the historical fact that their dispersion was long anterior to the birth of Christ. Long before the fall of Jerusalem the Jews might be said to live all over the world. They were found in large numbers in Media, in Parthia, and in the whole of Asia then known. They lived in Nineveh, and thence were brought back by Esdras in the time of Cyrus. Alexander the Great planted a Jewish colony in Alexandria. There the Jews became so assimilated to the Greeks, that Ptolemy Philadelphus was compelled to apply to interpreters from Jerusalem in order to carry out his scheme of the Septuagint translation of the Pentateuch, a translation which thus in some respects corresponds with our own translation of the Bible, ordered by royal authority. So numerous had the Hellenic Jews become, that Osias caused a temple to be built at Heliopolis, after the model of that at Jerusalem. Nevertheless, just as in our day the Papacy is the central point of the Catholic worship and agitation, so was the Temple of Jerusalem the cynosure of Jewish hearts in whatsoever quarter of the world assembled. Under this aspect, the influence of the ancient Jews, incomparably greater and more ramified before the Christian era than we are in the habit of conceiving it; the deep roots they cast throughout the whole Roman Empire, and beyond its extent; the disturbing and fermenting effects of their rude and less ethical, but more vigorous morality; the seductive nature of their belief in one God, in the eyes of the more scientific and philosophic heathens; their political tenacity, coupled with a plasticity even more wonderful than now—all these elements must be taken into account, if we wish to obtain any clear and adequate idea of the mighty conflict between the last, but greatest, theocratic polity which culminated and died in the Jewish race, and the modern and antagonistic polities beginning with the Greek Republics and the Roman municipal systems which have tended gradually to true democratic life, under whatever form—whose principles are not, as it were, from above, but from below, not founded in sentiment, but ra-

* We understand that an amended and enlarged edition is in the press.

tiocination—no longer stereotyped under an imaginary supernal projection of itself in the shape of an unseen anthropomorphic governor, but consciously subject to a natural process of development. Possessed of a *quasi* Catholic influence throughout the heterogeneous agglomerate of an Empire in throes of modern life, no wonder if the ancient Jews were looked upon with mingled respect and political hatred by the Romans. Conservative Romans regarded them as a standing menace to Roman ideas, Roman government, and Roman religion. Enlightened governors petted and fawned upon them, much as modern politicians pet and fawn upon refractory papists.* Both systems when effete have still retained a semblance of vitality. Moreover, the Jews were formidable for their numbers. Judæa alone had a population estimated at five or six millions.† Nor need we wonder that Jerusalem should so long have withstood the Roman arms, and lost one million five hundred thousand men, (an American army) in the war against Titus. Juvenal and Tacitus, the arch-embodiments of Roman Toryism, revelling in the fullness of Roman decay, naturally spoke with disparagement of the Jews. And many credulous and uncritical scholars, who even now look upon a quotation from Juvenal as conclusive evidence upon the state of things in any century of Roman history, think when they have quoted Juvenal's lines, in which he speaks with ill-disguised hatred and contempt of the tremulous superstition of the Jews, that this is all that need be said upon their state under the Roman Empire. They forget that the utterances of many Tory fanatics, even in England in the nineteenth century, would give a very in-

adequate and erroneous view of the state of the modern Jews, to the student of history who should look to such writers a thousand years hence for his information.

In truth, both before and after the destruction of Jerusalem, the position of the Jews seems to have been always influential and often favorable, though not always free from persecution. Pompey brought a large number of Jews to Rome, who were dispersed throughout Italy, and rapidly obtained their freedom. Rome, with that lofty and magnificent toleration which conquered a world forfeited by papal intolerance, at first respected their religion. Scarcely were they established there, when they were freely permitted to build a synagogue. The Jews of Rome* numbered four thousand in the days of Pompey, and they continually increased. Julius Cæsar admitted a large number to the Roman citizenship, which in time was attained by all. Their devotion to Cæsar was very remarkable, and in some respects analogous to the extraordinary affection the English Jews of the present day for Earl Russell. Augustus, who took his stand upon his uncle's ideas, rewarded their attachment to the memory of Cæsar, and treated them with marked favor. Several Jews enjoyed his personal esteem, and, among others, the poet Fuscus Arístius, who shared with Horace the friendship of the Emperor. In his reign the Jews had in Rome their own tribunal (*Beth-Din*.) There Saint Paul presented himself, when he came to appeal to Cæsar. The chiefs of the *Beth-Din* were looked upon as wise men of the nation, and received many honorary badges from the Roman Emperors, who even made some of them honorary prefects. It is interesting to observe, that the *Beth-Din* at Rome kept up official communication with Jerusalem. Thus when the Apostle Paul addressed that tribunal, the chief of the Jews, whom he called together, answered that they had received no information from Rome. So carefully were the Jewish scruples respected under Augustus, that they were exempted from all public business, even criminal justice, on the Sabbath, and that the monthly dole was kept for the poorer Jews till the next day whenever the distribution happened to fall upon the seventh day. But if Augu-

* But if the Jews occupied a position in ancient times in many striking aspects analogous to the later position of the Catholics throughout the world, they were honorably distinguished by the absence of the intrigue and Propaganda of the Papacy. Nor do they believe in the divine right of their nation to govern the world and meddle in the affairs of foreign nations for the good of their souls. In later times, the Jews are chiefly remarkable for their patriotism, their attachment to the country of their birth, and to liberal institutions.

† The tribute paid by the Jews to Rome amounted to about £200,000, produced by a land-tax of 1 per cent, and a poll-tax of about 6d. Supposing the two taxes to have produced equal returns, the population would be about that stated in the text.

* *Transtiberini*, so called from the quarter assigned to them across the Tiber.

tus tenderly cherished the Jews, Tiberius proscribed their rites, and banished those who practiced them. An order issued by this emperor to transport four thousand Jewish freedmen out of Rome to Sardinia, was rigorously executed by Sejanus, and revoked by Tiberius after the death of Sejanus. Caligula, having conceived the mad desire to be worshiped as God in the Temple of Jerusalem, provoked a frightful rebellion in Judæa, which he avenged in the blood of the Jews at Rome. Claudius banished them in vain, for Nero found numerous victims on his accession. A large part of the reign of Vespasian was taken up with his war against Jerusalem, which he left as a legacy to Titus. What all the power of the Roman arms had failed to accomplish in a hundred battles, Titus accomplished by famine, and planted the Roman eagle on the ashes of Jerusalem after a struggle which cost the Jews one million five hundred thousand men in dead, but the cost of which to the victors has not been revealed, if it ever was known.

Domitian exaggerated the rigors of Titus. Under his reign it deserves to be remarked, that both Jews and Christians were persecuted indiscriminately. Nor is it strange that the heathens found it difficult to distinguish between Judaism and Christianity. If the Japanese Ambassadors, enlightened representatives of their countrymen, were called upon to distinguish between Mormonism and Christianity, they would assuredly be much perplexed to do so; yet it may fairly be questioned whether the Mormonites are further separated from the Christians of the present day, by creed or filiation, than were the early Christians from the ancient Jews. We need not wonder, then, that both were at first involved among the heathens in one common disadvantage.

Under Nerva the Jews had a breathing space, which they themselves brought to a close under Trajan, by their convulsive efforts to recover their national independence. Heliogabalus conceived the project of consolidating all the religions of the earth,* a project which was attempted

to be carried out by Decius, Valerian, and Diocletian, who persecuted both Christians and Jews with strange barbarity.

Nevertheless, it should be borne in mind, that those persecutions which the Jews from time to time endured under the Romans, were in the main political and not religious. And a little attention will disclose a very curious distinction between the troubles of the Jews and those of the Christians under the Romans. Under the Roman Emperors, the Jews were struggling, like the Catholics now, for the remains of their temporal power; but, unlike the Catholics, they did not in general proselytize, though they received converts. But proselytism was the very essence of the Christian sect. The Jew said, "My nation is destined one day to receive a great earthly kingdom. I do not think it essential that any but Jews should benefit by it. However, if you are really very eager that you or your children should share in the prospective blessings of this coming kingdom and will submit to be circumcised, we will, as a great favor, receive you." The Christian said, "Much that the Jew says is true, but you must believe a great deal more. And so far from its being a matter of indifference whether you join us or no, we believe you will be damned hereafter everlastingly if you do not; but you need not be circumcised." The consequence of this was, that whereas the Jews, unlike the Catholics, were not propagandists, yet as the Christians were, and were in the rough looked upon by the Romans as Jews, they were both often involved in persecutions for opinions and actions which they did not share. Thus they suffered the same doom from very different motives. This deserves to be more particularly noticed, inasmuch as, among the earliest and most enduring features of the Jewish character and creed, that, perhaps, to which they chiefly owe their prolonged existence, must be reckoned the very singular, but marked absence of propagandism. The Jews were intolerant, but seldom aggressive. If, in later times, they learned in

crush down the whole of mankind with one overwhelming weight to one dead level. Or is it that man is afraid to look out into that infinitude of space which nature has placed around his atoms, and that his mind, by a natural process, as certain naked insects weave them coats out of their own slime—is compelled to spin a covering for his naked thought, to protect him from the immensity of things?

* There is no absurdity, no atrocity, no opposition to truth, justice, or mercy, no crime, in short, against humanity, which has not been perpetrated in the name of a universal religion. It would almost seem as if mankind could not rest satisfied until they had shut out the natural light of truth by a brazen sky of their own building that should

bitter suffering the lesson of human tolerance, they never, on the other hand, lost sight of the cardinal truth, that conviction, to be real, must be spontaneous, and that physical force and moral suasion are incompatible. The Pharisees were indeed accused by Christ of compassing heaven and earth to make one proselyte. But the very bitterness with which he spoke faithfully reflected the Jewish repugnance to the moral puffing and the degraded notion of the Diety involved in the true missionary spirit. Whenever, therefore, the Jews are found in history returning the atrocities of the Christians, it is in a spirit of retaliation and self-defence, never with the lower* motive of making converts by fire and sword. The absence of propagandism, though originally a merely negative toleration, was nevertheless greatly instrumental in the preservation of the *race*. The wise tolerance of national creeds exercised by the Roman rulers was not at first denied to the Jews, because they left the propagation of their faith to its own natural course. Those ideas which made Jerusalem a center of rebellion were not so much theological as practical, so far as the belief in prophe-

cies can be called practical.* These prophecies may, however, be deemed to have been so far practical as they inculcated the belief in a coming temporal sovereignty, because that belief finally compelled the Romans to blot out Jerusalem; but when the physical possibility of a physical and earthly event was annihilated, the speculative belief of the Jews in one perfect God involved no further cause for rebellion. Accordingly they were often tolerated, sometimes cherished, by the Romans, even under the Christian Emperors, who, if they occasionally spoke of the "hateful Jewish crew," the "parricides who had murdered their Lord," yet acknowledged the rites of the Jewish religion, and exempted its priests from many burdens.

Nor were the Jews persecuted until the full catholic and absorbing zeal of the Christian religion† swallowed up the last relics of Roman justice. It may indeed be said, that what took place was inevitable. The devilish logic which deduced persecution from Catholicism was all the more inexorable from wearing the appearance of mercy. If without the pale of Christianity there were no salvation, it was surely merciful to prevent the spread of spiritual poison. Those who were "noble enough to be illogical," like Isidore of Seville, Bernard de Clairvaux, and, to their honor be it said, a long list of popes, were looked upon with anger or contempt by the more faithful sons of the Church. Accordingly, the Christian theory of persecution was first carried out in Christian and Visigothic Spain. The Jews were protected under the Arian and heretical kings. But one of the first orthodox rulers, Sisebut, at once involved eighty thousand Jews in persecution. They pleaded

* We say "lower" motive—not indeed considered artistically or religiously, but *intellectually*. Intellectually, the notion of the Diety involved in persecution is so contradictory, so full of absurd incongruities, that we know nothing more painful in the history of the human mind, than the logic of passion which attacks men's bodies and lives to save their souls. *Retaliation and self-defence* in matters of religion are neither contradictory nor incongruous in themselves; they are simply proved by experience to be not founded in true policy. Theoretically, they will bear investigation—practically, they are found to fail. That the heathens should have exterminated whole nations, because they believed them to be *hateful to hating* Deities, was mistaken, but natural and consistent with their mistaken premises. But that a God of absolute love should be conceived, and his name used to sanction every fiendish passion of self-opinionated pride and power, however disguised—this alone is enough to stamp the logic of Christian persecution as an intellectual lunacy. In this sense, we say that the Jews were never guilty of the "lower" motive (intellectually) of making converts by fire and sword. What might not be added on the subject of rational conviction, as exemplified by the theory of salvation by persecution? But that the tolerance of the present day seems so superficial and reluctant, threatened by Catholicism in its throes on one side, and evangelical fanaticism in its vagaries on the other—one should imagine that nothing more could be written upon the subject, after all that has been so well said by the greatest writers of the past.

* So the Catholic belief in the supremacy of the Papacy and the necessity of the temporal power of the Pope, is exactly analogous to the old belief of the Jews in the divinity and destinies of their temple, being equally practical in its effects and visionary in its truth.

† We wish it to be distinctly understood, that in our strictures upon Christian intolerance we expressly except the *Founder himself* of the Christian religion, and consider, not the possible logical inferences that *might* have been drawn from his teaching, but those consequences which, human nature being what it is, actually did, and we think, therefore, did *necessarily* follow from it. So far do we think Christ himself to have been from intolerance, that we look upon his teaching as containing in many points the loftiest exposition of tolerance in its most abstract and benign form.

with simple pathos for common justice. "Joshua had never forced the nations he subdued to adopt the Mosaic ritual. Was it not enough to consign them to damnation in the next world? Why were they to be molested before their time?" Sisebut replied that he obeyed Holy Church, and that in temporal things men might choose, but not in spiritual. He was censured in a general council of the Spanish clergy, by Isidore of Seville. But after Isidore's death, the Jews in Spain became the victims of sixty years of conscientious cruelty. They were compelled to eat the flesh of swine; their religion was proscribed; they were to appear before the bishops on their feast-days, lest they should observe them. No Jew's evidence was to be received against a Christian, for "how is a liar before God to be believed?" Driven to desperation, the Jews in Spain sought comfort from their brethren in Africa. A new power was striding fast from east to west along the African seaboard, and from the African Jews the Spanish Jews learned that the followers of Mahomet were more merciful than the followers of Christ. The Visigoths accused the Jews of plotting abroad. The Council of Toledo was called together. All Jewish property was confiscated and divided amongst slaves, and all their children torn from their parents and brought up in the Christian faith. The Council of Toledo was never called again. Within fifteen years the kingdom of the Visigoths had passed away.

The Moors on entering Spain at once took the Jews into favor. The comparative proximity between the Hebrew and Arabic tongues drew their bonds still closer, and the Jews found themselves called upon to act as confidential interpreters to the new masters of the kingdom, and privileged to give their own version of things and men. On the other hand, the Moors initiated the Jews into their own learning, and gave them lands to cultivate. No sooner were the Jews raised to the rank of citizenship, than they showed how well they could fulfil its duties. They devoted themselves to all the arts and sciences, and especially to agriculture, the original pursuit of their race. With the Moors they shared the honors of fertilizing and civilizing Spain. They applied hydraulics to irrigation, introduced the products of Africa, engaged in the manufacture of silk, cotton, and morocco, while in

all the branches of civilization the Christians were lagging far in the rear. In the following, the tenth century, the position of the Jews in Spain had so far improved that the example of the Moorish princes, their enlightenment, and consequent toleration, was found to have caused a favorable reaction and change in the barbarity of of the Christian portion of the peninsula. The kingdoms of Castile and Arragon seem to have adopted the policy of the califs. The immediate neighborhood of so much light and science could not fail to modify the thick gloom of superstition under which they had labored. The spirit of propaganda abated for a season, and, unlike the Christians of the other parts of Europe, most unlike, too, the succeeding days of the full triumph of Christianity under the patronage of the inquisition, the Spanish Christians after the eighth century gave every symptom of having opened their hearts to toleration and good-will towards their former victims. Accordingly, at that time we find the Jews in high and merited favor both with the Moorish and Christian kings. In several instances they filled the office of prime minister. The Moors, indeed, went far beyond a merely passive toleration, and protected the Jews with a favor much resembling that of Augustus at Rome in earlier times. They granted the Jews a separate organization, and sanctioned their judicial administration. The Jewish government under the patronage of the Moors was remarkable. The synagogues elected the chiefs of the nation: the chiefs in their turn elected judges, who were to form the judicial body, to whom all disputes between Jews were referred.

The numbers of the Jews in Spain at the beginning of the tenth century suddenly received a great accession by the destruction of the celebrated academy of Pumbedita in the East; and the Talmud, which the refugees brought with them, was translated into Arabic by order of the Kalif Haschem II. Rabbi Joseph was chosen to perform the stupendous task, and brought it to a close toward the end of the tenth century. At the same period Menachem-Ben-Saruk wrote the first Hebrew Dictionary which appeared in Spain. Moreover, in all the southwest of Europe, the Jews were the principal physicians of the day. So thoroughly was their pre-eminence in the medical profession acknowledged, that a Spanish writer at-

tempted to prove that their constitution and the quality of their intellect was naturally and chiefly adapted to the study of medicine*. They showed, however, by their universal pursuits under the Moors, that their talents were encyclical rather than special. But it is noticed by M. Bédarride, as a curious and pregnant fact, that among the works of Aristotle, which the Spanish Jews translated, we do not find his treatise on *poetry*. This is easily explained. On the one hand, the poetry of the Jews, at all events that large class of poems which never entirely departed from the original character of the poetry which we find in the Bible, was so austere and contracted in its range, though sublime and pathetic, that it would have been almost impossible for the Jews to discover any canons derived from Greek poetry which they could consider to be applicable to their own. Moreover, the Jew for centuries looked upon poetry in the light of a sacred outpouring of national or individual feeling, a sort of communion with his God, to which he would have been loth to apply any heathen rules of criticism. On the other hand, it is probable, that during the period preceding the revival of letters, although from causes too long to trace, the Jews and Arabs were familiar with Plato and Aristotle, and deeply versed in the study of Greek philosophy, the Greek tragedians and Epic poets were unknown to them. Many an Englishman who studies French scientific works deeply, may be ignorant of the great bulk of French mediæval poetry. Moreover, the mythology of the Greeks was not calculated to attract the Jews, if it did not, to use a legal term, "estop" the perusal of the Greek poets.

To return to their general literature. A curious Jewish work of the eleventh century, is the so-called "Cosri," a disquisition chiefly on the value of tradition, written in Arabic by a Spanish Jew, Judah Levy, and translated into Hebrew by Aben Tibbon. This work, written in the form of a dialogue, seems to throw great light upon the belief of the more enlightened Jews in Spain of that time. The immor-

ality of the soul is inculcated as one of the cardinal points of their religion. All men are to be treated as brothers, and it is held that men of all religions have a claim to future blessedness. On the other hand, though earnestly religious in its tone, the "Cosri" criticises the Talmud with very considerable freedom.

In the first times of the victory of Castile and Arragon, Pope Alexander II. saved the Jews of those kingdoms from the persecutions with which they were threatened as the first fruits of the defeat of the Moors. Nor were the noble efforts of that pope altogether without results in the sequel. Alphonso VI. granted his royal protection to the Jews of Castile, declaring them eligible to all, even noble offices of state. This circumstance accounts for the large number of Castilian Jews who added to their names the titular particle *don*, emblematic of nobility. Such favor gave umbrage to the priests, and Pope Gregory VII., to whom they complained, careless of the infallibility of the Holy See, labored with all the vehemence of his evil ambition to undo the work of his more humane predecessor Alexander. In this instance, however, humanity prevailed over papal violence. Alphonso VI. had sufficiently discovered its benefits to turn a deaf ear to the fulminations of Hildebrand, and for a season the Jews continued in the undisturbed enjoyment of the privileges to which, by their general enlightenment, they were eminently entitled.

The twelfth century witnessed the culmination of Jewish literature in Spain. The Jews, now the financiers of the world, were then its physicians, and renowned for those encyclopædic attainments and elevation of character for which the really scientific branch of the medical profession has always been celebrated. The number of Jewish physicians in the twelfth century was enormous. If we are to believe M. Bédarride, every pretty prince and nobleman looked upon a Jewish physician as a necessary appendage to his court. Moreover, almost every Jewish physician seems to have looked upon authorship of some kind as an essential part of his profession. Among these, the celebrated philosopher, Maimonides, surnamed *The Light of the West*, achieved a reputation, the partial eclipse of which, in later days, can only be attributed to the all but general neglect into which the Hebrew litera-

* It is impossible, we think, to read the history of the Jews after their dispersion, and not perceive that they distinguished themselves in every branch of commerce and science which was open to them; and that their later character of usurers was thrust upon them by the persecutions which followed the Crusades, and the gradual triumph of Christianity.

ture of the Middle Ages has fallen. A few words on the works and genius of Maimonides will throw great light upon the state of the Jews in Spain during the period of their highest cultivation. Moses Ben Maimoun, or otherwise called Maimonides, born at Cordova in 1185, of a family, many members of which had been judges, also, in his earlier days, entered the legal profession. Those who are able to read his works in the original, bear witness to the depth of his juridical knowledge. His intellect was, however, too vast to rest at ease within the limits of one science. Like Plato before him, he seems to have mastered the whole range of the then existing knowledge. Although several traditionary accounts concerning his education—such, for instance, as his having been the pupil of Averroes—have not stood the test of later criticism, it is allowed that he was a disciple of the most celebrated Arabian philosophers. The early years of his life were spent, moreover, in the outward observance of Mohammedanism, enforced by the kalif Abd-al-Moumen, the founder of the dynasty of the Almohades, after the conquest of Cordova. His speculative views were thus sharpened by practical experience, and enlarged by his personal contact with the three greatest creeds of his time. At the age of thirty he had composed his celebrated commentary on the Mishna, which he later translated into Hebrew. In this work he discusses the immortality of the soul, liberty, the will, virtue and vice, from general points of view irrespective of Talmudic authority; while another work furnishes a systematic digest of the Talmud, which, from the magnitude of the task, is, perhaps, one of the most towering achievements of scholarship. "There was no branch of philosophy," says Bartholoccius, "with which he was not familiar; natural philosophy, mathematics, medicine, he knew all, even Christian theology. . . . You may convince yourself of it, by reading his writings, especially the first book of the *Hafad*." The coping-stone of Maimonides' fame consisted, however, in his greatest work, the *Moreh-nevochim* ("Guide of the Wavering,") a work, apart from its elevation and learning, interesting from the fact of its containing the attempt, said to be the first on the part of a Rabbi, to imprison the Jewish faith in a creed. Maimonides lays down

thirteen articles as embracing the substance of the Jewish religion. 1st. That there is a God, creator of all things. 2d. The indivisibility and unity of God. 3d. That God is incorporeal. 4th. Eternal. 5th. To be alone worshipped. 6th. That God has revealed himself to man by the prophets. 7th. That the prophecy of Moses is the most excellent among prophecies. 8th. That God delivered the law directly to Moses. 9th. The immutability of that law. 10th. That God knows all the thoughts and actions of men. 11th. That God will punish the wicked and recompense the good. 12th. The advent of the Messiah. 13th. The resurrection of the dead. If to the comparative simplicity and purity of this creed we add the intimate acquaintance of Maimonides with Greek philosophy—(he elaborately combats Aristotle's doctrine of the coeternity of the world)—it will be clear, that while, on the one hand, he was in his dogmatic belief even more enlightened than modern Christians, on the other the absence of critical power which such a creed displays, is nothing more than what we see now seven centuries later among ourselves even on the episcopal bench.

If Maimonides had been a solitary instance of Jewish cultivation, his fame would be undiminished, though it would throw little light on the state of the Jews during the twelfth century. But any one who chooses to take the trouble to inquire, will find that he was only the culminating instance of their general enlightenment, whether they combated him, which the straiter sect of the orthodox party did often with much learning and acumen, or whether as the latitudinarian* party, they defended him. And the fact remains, that the Jews, who, under the Moorish rule, rose to the pinnacle of the existing civilization in all its most varied branches, were at a later period crushed down into usury by the gradual triumph of the Christian religion. Their subsequent history in Spain is more or less a type of their subsequent miseries through-

* By latitudinarian, in this case, we of course mean those who, by the reigning party among the Jews, were then thought to be so. As in all ages, so in this instance, the latitudinarian party were so far near the truth that they sought for it regardless of consequence or authority. "Man," said Maimonides, "should not direct his actions on the faith of authority, for his eyes are on his face and not upon his back."

out Europe. The toleration which the Saracen, in the maturity of his greatness, had extended to the Jew, waned on the decline of the Moorish ascendancy. Second childhood is proverbially pettish, and the Moors, hemmed in within the narrow limits of Granada and Cordova, began in their death-struggle to persecute those whom, in their victorious supremacy, they had raised to a position of grateful and conspicuous emulation. On the other hand, the enlightened toleration which the neighboring Christian kingdoms had learnt from the Moors continued for awhile. The prime minister of Alphonso VIII. of Castile was a Jew; but Christian fanaticism had grown with the growth of the anti-Moorish struggle, and in proportion as the general spirit of priestly intolerance found less work in one direction, it sought with accumulated gall for an outlet in another. Younger creeds and inferior civilizations are always more boisterous and usurping than the older, and for the time being, higher ones. And, at that time, in learning and civilization, both theoretically and practically, the Jews might be called the brain of the Peninsula. Civil jealousy lent carnal weapons to religious hate. The old and visionary story was circulated of Christian children murdered and devoured in celebration of the Passover. In Castile instances are recorded where the corpse of a child was fraudulently introduced into Jewish houses to lend color to the foul accusation. This calumny, often repeated and diligently fanned by a bigoted and ignorant priesthood, kept the Jews in perpetual terror. The succeeding century changed the terrorism of the mob into the organized persecution of a hierarchy. The history of the Inquisition is soaked in Jewish blood. This institution, the melancholy first-fruits of the doctrine of "creed necessary unto salvation," was originally due to the contemptuous hatred, not unmingled with fear, which the simplicity and sincerity of the Albigenses inspired in the breasts of the scandalous supporters of the then reigning orthodoxy. Raised to all but human omnipotence by the Crusades, the clergy set no bounds to its arrogance. The Albigensian heresy represents the first aspiration and impulse of any part of the Christian world towards freedom from the gross corruption of the dominant system. But it is deserving of record that the South of France,

where the first symptoms of rebellion against the papal misrule appeared, was precisely that part of Europe in which, as we shall see, and also in Spain, the Jewish enlightenment and civilization had prepared the minds of men to assert their spiritual independence. It must not be imagined, however, that in Spain, even after the dawn of the Inquisition, the Jews fell suddenly from the brilliant position which they had conquered. Sancho III., king of Castile, granted them his protection, much to the displeasure of Innocent III., who wrote to the Castilian monarch, complaining that the Jews were allowed to build synagogues, to evade the tithes, (monstrous iniquity!) to hold real property, and to claim the price of valuable slaves taken from them under the plea of Christian conversion. The clergy in Spain forbade the loan of money at interest. The monopoly of this branch of industry thus fell to the infidels' share, and was sold to the Jews. It would be impossible for us, in the limits of an article, to do more than touch upon the history of the Jews in its broadest features. Their position varied within certain limits from country to country and from kingdom to kingdom. The only constant persecution arose from the Christian doctrines. In Arragon, for instance, the position of the Jews was generally less favorable than in Castile, and less favorable in Castile than in Portugal—the spirit of persecution in the Spanish peninsula apparently varying inversely with the distance from Rome. In Castile the Jews had been intimately connected with every scientific achievement of any note, the chiefest of which, the astronomical tables called the *Alphonsine Tables*, are well known to astronomers as having contributed largely to the loftiest among human sciences. On the other hand, James I. of Arragon seems to have been in many respects like our own James I.—one of the wisest fools in Christendom. Under his reign conferences were multiplied between Christian and Jewish divines, with a view to convert the latter. He compelled the Jews in his dominions to pay the expenses of the Christian disputants, and wrote encyclical letters to all his Jewish subjects, exhorting them "to be of good faith in future in their discussions, whereby they might come to a knowledge of the truth." To add if possible to the charms of this delightful idyll, we should add,

that this prince of a very devout turn of mind, found it necessary to borrow the moral treatises of the rabbinical writers, inasmuch as the Christian divines who were busily at work concocting treatises against heresy, for which they received immense bribes from the popes, found, of course, little time to write upon the trivial and contemptible theme of morality. A curious cross-gleam of light is thrown over the circumstances of that period by the complaints of the Bishop of Palencia. The public discussions we have mentioned between Jews and Christians grew more frequent. As usual, a few Jewish converts became the chief propagandists. A converted Jew, Jehuda-Mosca, held a conference, in consequence of which a large number of Jews were (it is said forcibly) converted. The Bishop of Palencia complained of this outrage, alleging that his means would be greatly crippled thereby. We find, moreover, that the nobles frequently complained that they were deprived of their resources in the same way.

The fourteenth century witnessed in Spain the parallel growth of Jewish wealth tending to its final climax, and the slowly gathering animosity to which the Jews were exposed. The most cruel persecution they had yet endured in southwestern Europe arose from the crusading fanaticism of the southern shepherds, the spread of which from the south of France into Spain, is known in history under the name of the *Guerre des Pastoureaux*. A holy zeal having filled the souls of the herdsmen in the south of France and on the borders of Spain, and inspired them to fling their pastoral pebbles at the accursed Saracens, they began the glorious work by exterminating all the Jews they found on their way. In justice to the Holy See it should be said that the Pope* published a bull against these atrocities. The year after, however, the Cortès of Madrid (held

in 1309) demanded that all unconverted Jews should be deposed from their public functions. The king, keenly alive to their services, obstinately refused to depose them. The same demand was repeated at the Cortès of 1315. The clergy plied the Cortès, but the kings again refused to be deprived of the most enlightened ministers they could find. Thus the fourteenth century rolled over without having sensibly affected the status of the Jews. But the great onward tide of Christianity was gradually undermining their position. The tender mercies of the Inquisition had for a time been reserved as the exclusive privilege and appanage of the Christian* family; but in course of time, with the growth of Christian zeal and the extension of knowledge, it dawned upon the monks that the Jews and Moors should not be excluded from the divine blessings of this inestimable institution. At the close of the fourteenth century, under John I. of Arragon, fifty thousand Jews were butchered, and one hundred thousand reduced to commit the crime of abjuration. The Jews have been taunted with the absence of patriotism. Let those who bring the charge consider the elementary facts of history. No feature in the annals of the Jews is more deeply marked than their fervent love, let us say adoration, of their country. Their national books all radiate from this cardinal feature of the Jewish heart. Canaan—the land of lands, the land flowing with milk and honey, the land expressly given them by God, created, as it were, for them, reached across the desert after incredible sufferings and miracles—Canaan was the mythological incarnation of a feeling in the Jew, which bore the same intensified ratio to the patriotism of the ancient world which the home-love of England bears to the roving tendency of the Bedouins. But religious dreams and the logic of events, though they may for a time agree, do not tally for ever. The theocratic system growing into itself with a centripetal tendency, was no match for the centrifugal force of germinating democracy. The comparatively colorless and secular elements of the Greek and Roman politics exploded the more lurid oriental Jewish system, and scattered it in fragments all over the world. Yet even then so deep

* We fear that we may not have done justice to the comparative humanity of many of the earlier popes towards the Jews. But while the conflicting views of the different occupants of the Holy See regarding the Jews is only one out of an infinite number of proofs of a thing which requires no proof—the papal fallibility; so it should further be observed, that the papal tolerance of the Jews, whenever it existed, was always in the direct ratio of the opposition of the reigning pope to his Christian subjects—that is to say, in the direct ratio of his Catholic lukewarmness. The greatest of the popes, Hildebrand, was also the most intolerent toward the Jews.

* As Spain has always been Roman Catholic, these words should be substituted in place of the word Christian.—Ed.

was the granitic conservative tendency and the home feeling of the Jew, that while his sorrowing glance was turned towards the temple of his God, he took root where he stood. Century after century in the sequel, when the mother-hive was destroyed, he set his affections on the land wherever he might dwell, and time after time he was driven forth with diabolical cruelty by fire and sword. And these are the men of whom it is said, that they have had no patriotic feeling! Alas! their patriotism was the cause of their greatest sufferings.

The fifteenth century was the beginning of a new era in Spain. The seat and focus of European civilization and learning was gradually sinking into the barbarism of religious fanaticism. The Catholic world grew daily more intolerant. A converted Jew Jérôme of Sainte-Foix, raised cruel persecutions against his own people. This renegade, a favorite and ex-physician of Pope Benedict XIII., established public conferences at Tortosa, which the Pope himself condescended to attend. The Rabbi Don Vidal-ben-Banaste, one of the Jewish champions, extorted the admiration of the Holy Father himself by the elegance of his scholarship and the beauty of his eloquence. Joseph Albo, another Jewish disputant, the author of the *Sepher Ikarim*, said by Jewish authorities to be one of the most salient works of rabbinical learning in the fifteenth century, denied the advent of the Messiah to be a fundamental part of the Jewish creed. In this he publicly set aside the opinion of the great Maïmonides, and it is worthy of note that the views of Albo seem to have been entertained by many Jewish doctors of the fifteenth century. About this time, too, Jewish scholars seem to have begun to rebel against the yoke of the Aristotelian philosophy, which, in common with the Moors and Christians, they had hitherto acknowledged, so much so as to have translated nearly the whole of Aristotle's works into Hebrew. The confinement of the Jews to particular quarters of towns in Spain would appear to have been begun in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries. The Cortès of Valladolid in 1412 shut them up in insulated spots, allowed only one door of egress, and forbade Christian women to enter thereat. *No Jew was to exercise the profession of physician, apothecary, victualler, inn-keeper, steward, tax-gatherer, or to carry on the*

trade of tailor, tinker, butcher, carpenter, cobbler, blacksmith. The men were to let their beards grow under pain of one hundred stripes, and the women to hide their beauty under thick mantillas.* But what is remarkable is, that the Cortès of Valladolid say nothing of usury, whence it is to be inferred, either that usury was recognized in Castile, or that it was not practiced by the Jews.

Against these barbarous enactments, the Jews were for a time protected by the kings. But Henry III. and John II. treated them with extreme severity and destroyed many of their synagogues. Meanwhile compulsory conferences, followed by compulsory conversions, were diligently kept afoot by the clergy and busily extended. To give an instance of the method of the clerical madness in this particular, take the following. Supported by the king and clergy, one Vincent Ferrier opened a conference for the conversion of the Jews. He preached unto them, whereupon fifteen thousand were converted. The nature of this conversion is best understood from the fact, that immediately afterwards they returned to their damnable infidelity, whereupon the Pope (Sixtus IV.) of his papal and infinite mercy, caused two thousand of them to be burnt alive, and the others to be tormented in dungeons for the salvation of their dear souls. Hitherto, however, the Jewish troubles might be said to be only growing; for no sooner were Ferdinand and Isabella delivered of the Moors, than they resolved upon the expulsion of the Jews, and were duly encouraged in their righteous zeal by, among others, the Cardinal Ximenes. The Jews spared neither pains, entreaties, nor bribes. Is there any reason why a wild beast should not be bribed, any more than an honest Jew should not be murdered? Ferdinand and Isabella felt their Catholic appetite flutter before the offer of thirty thousand ducats. Thirty thousand ducats! 'Twas not much to pay for liberty to live—'twas not a little to spend upon royal pleasures. But if the king and queen fluttered—not so that great servant of Christ, the Inquisitor Torquemada. With lofty, flaming aspect, and crucifix in hand, he broke on the Laodi-

* It would be a curious subject of inquiry, if the Spanish women took the hint, and adopted the mantilla, as the outward sign of inward and invisible beauty.

cean couple. "Judas," he said, "sold your Master for thirty pieces of silver. Your highnesses think to sell him again for thirty thousand pieces. Take him. I give him unto you. [He hands them the crucifix.] Haste you, and sell your souls." The Jews were commanded to leave Spain or be converted. They preferred to leave the land they most had loved after their own promised land. "I have seen," says Llorente the historian, "I have seen Jews give a house for an ass, a vineyard for a coat—others swallowing their gold to take it with them." "In one day," says Abernethy, "you might have seen six hundred thousand men, women, children, old men and young, unarmed, defenceless, houseless, and homeless, wending their desolate exodus from all parts of the kingdom, not knowing whither they went. I myself was in the midst of them. Taking God for our guide and stay, we hastened to the border of the neighboring states. But evil ceased not to pursue us. Some fell a sport and a prey to their oppressors, some died of famine and pestilence, some sought the seas, and thought to escape more easily. Vain hope! Some died in the waves, some were sold as slaves to the Christians.

"In this extremity we could but say with our fathers: 'Here were we utterly undone, here have we utterly perished. Hallowed be the name of the Lord our God!'"

The subsequent history of the Jews in Spain may be told in very few words. In the sixteenth century, Jews were no longer found under that name in Spain. Those who remained purchased their existence at the price of a simulated compliance with the Christian religion under the guise of "new converts." Spain was divided into Old and New Christians. The latter lived beneath the unrelenting supervision of the Inquisition, from whose ferocity their Christian profession did not always secure them. Every day of public rejoicing was commonly marked by the *auto-da-fé* of one or more suspected Jews. Torquemada alone is said to have put one hundred thousand to death.

But just as after the expulsion of the Moors, the Jews had for a time inherited and engrossed all the benevolent attentions of the Church, so the Reformation diverted the Christian zeal of the Catholic world into a new channel, and the Protestant heretics in their turn became

the full recipients of those ferocious favors unto salvation which the Jews had so long and efficaciously enjoyed, every where but in Spain. For in Spain the holy zeal which burnt the heretic only fanned the flames which raged against the Jew. Two generations had elapsed since the Inquisition had carried desolation into every Jewish home in Spain, and still the "new converts" were found praying to God in secret to forgive them the sin of bowing down in the house of Rimmon, and to pardon their dissimulation. Loathing themselves, they bore the daily stain of a daily self-desecration, and daily they renewed their gloomy expiations in secret and bore the anguish of a life they would gladly have forfeited but for the unutterable horrors of a fiendish Inquisition. Such, down to recent periods, has been the condition of the Spanish Jews. Only since the last war with Morocco have professing Jews been ostensibly permitted to enter Spain—a permission granted from pecuniary motives. Some few Jews are said to have availed themselves of the privilege, but their number is unimportant.

We have dwelt at much greater length upon the history of the Jews in Spain than might be deemed proportionate to the scale of our article, because the career of the Jews in that country has been far the most notable, both in its splendors and reverses. Their history in Portugal dates from the same period, and its general political and literary color is much the same as we find it in Spain. The most salient differences will be found to have followed the ordinary course of things. Just as the hostile progress of the Catholic and canonical supremacy reached the Jews more slowly in Castile than it had done in Arragon, so and for the same reason its progress was slower in Portugal than in Castile. Until the end of the fifteenth century, therefore, their position in Portugal was the most highly favored. The south-west of the Peninsula fell last of all under the Catholic dominion. Portugal had able and enterprising kings, and was too busy fighting the Moors and repelling the encroachments of Catholic Spain to persecute the Jews, whom, moreover, they recognized as members of a different nation. Scarcely was the Moorish struggle at an end, when the great naval expeditions of the Portuguese began. Portugal was too secular to persecute the Jews

on religious grounds, nor did any such religious persecution ever arise until the great and final exodus of the Jews from Spain. In Spain, however, while the Jews sided with the aristocratic element, and the priests with the democratic, so the Jews were protected by the kings and the nobility, and plotted against by the clergy. The same phase took place in Portugal. As in Spain, the clergy were victorious, and on the 20th of December, 1496, the Jews in Portugal were, like the Spanish Jews, commanded to leave the country or be baptized. The Portuguese Jews were so deeply attached to their country that many of them could scarcely understand that they were required to leave it. Nothing but baptism remained. And we have it on the testimony of a bishop, whose better feelings revolted against what he saw, that many Jews were dragged by the hair to the altar, loudly calling God to witness, "that they would die in the faith of Moses." "I have seen worse," the bishop adds, "but King Manoël so willed it, for they are bodily his slaves." Whatever may be said in extenuation of Ferdinand and Isabella, certainly nothing can be said to palliate the monstrous cruelties of Manoël, who banished the Jews, and yet, that they might not go, and so deprive the kingdom of their services, ordered all children under fourteen to be taken from their parents and brought up as Christians. We pass over other atrocities. So desperate was the condition of the Jews, that they resolved to appeal to the Pope, when Manoël relented so far as to allow them a respite of twenty years, on condition that they should only outwardly profess Christianity, and at the expiration of that period leave the country unmolested, or make a public profession of Christian conversion. In the meantime they should suffer no persecution. The Jews accepted, and the king kept his word. But he died in 1522, and in 1531 Clement VII. was graciously pleased to permit the Inquisition, which flourished in Spain, to be introduced into Portugal.

From that time the number of Jews who left Portugal, in order to be able to live in the Jewish faith elsewhere, continually grew. For a long period the prohibition put upon Jewish emigration (the greatest triumph of human cruelty) alternated with relenting fits and permissive edicts; but so considerable were the num-

bers of new Christians who emigrated from Portugal, especially to Italy, Turkey, and Holland, that the name of "Portuguese Jew" has remained (and more particularly in the Netherlands and in Hamburg) the generic appellation for all Jews who refer their origin to the Spanish peninsula.

The existence of the Jews in Gaul is one of the earliest facts in the history of the country. The *negotiatores* of whom Cæsar speaks were very probably Jews. Indeed, the entrance of the Jews into Europe is altogether prehistorical. We can only guess that Marseilles, the great *Calcutta* of ancient Rome, was the point whence they gradually spread from the south to the northern seas. Whether the Jews followed, or with more likelihood, preceded the Roman Conquest, they were to be found throughout the whole of Gaul long before the Gothic kings of Spain drove them across the Pyrenees. From the fifth to the tenth century we find them in Languedoc and Provence, thriving on the fruits of their multifarious commerce. The Carolingian emperors granted them rich possessions. Lyons was the center of their commerce. Jews and Christians lived on friendly terms there. They intermarried. The market-day was changed to suit the Jewish Sabbath. The Jews appeared at Christian festivals, and were even permitted to propound their faith. The Christian Bishops complained, and complained in vain, of the liberty granted to the crucifiers of their Lord, until the Carolingian Empire passed away, and disclosed in its death a system fatal to the Jews. That system was feudalism. Local governments were substituted for European and imperial unity. In the feudal society—the baron, the priest, the burgher, the serf, each had a place and filled it. The Jew had none. He owned no fealty and held no land. The burgher drove him from his trade, and shut him out from his guild. The baron made him his tool, and forced upon him the misery, with the gains, of the usurer. The theory of interest and banking was wholly misunderstood in the Middle Ages, and the Jew was detested for the very services he rendered to society. Strange stories, like those which arose in Spain, were invented, and soon pervaded Europe, how the Jews crucified the innocent children of Christian parents—how with malignant yells in

remote quarters they pierced the sacramental wafer. These stories, unsupported by any real evidence, were revived at Damascus twenty years ago with frightful results, and even in Europe, at Juliers, in 1740.

The celebrated *Ordonnances* throw strange light upon the relations of the Jews with the government from the twelfth to the fourteenth century. Philip Augustus, at his accession, found the Jews mortgagees of one-half of Paris. The course he adopted was simple. All debts due to Jews were declared void, all their lands confiscated; the king was to have one-fifth of the spoil, and the Jews were to leave France. Then the king got into

pecuniary straits, and the Jews were recalled on the payment of a large sum of money. This is a sample of the usual procedure. The regulations of St. Louis were more purely religious, but he stood alone in his conscientious persecution. Philip the Fair carefully protected the Jews against the Church till they were rich, then took their money and expelled them. Half a century later they repurchased their entrance, and were, even triumphantly, reinstated on condition of an annual payment. The comedy was reenacted (but for the last time) in 1394, after which little more is heard of the Jews in France until modern times.

From the North British Review.

PHENOMENA OF THE VEGETABLE WORLD.*

HARDLY any class of organic agencies is more wonderful or more interesting than the fungi, whose minute forms and insignificant appearance beneath and in the midst of the great bustling world of sense and sight escape our ordinary ob-

servation. In this obscure and subordinate position, kept down by the healthy energies of higher organisms, and prevented from increasing too rapidly and spreading too widely by a nice balance of physical conditions, they are important and indispensable auxiliaries in the operations of nature. Upon them devolves the duty of accelerating the natural processes of decay—absorbing into living tissues, and thus rendering innocuous, the poisonous gases continually exhaled into the atmosphere by dead and decomposing substances, and preparing from the corrupted masses of effete, organic matter, a fertile soil in which future plants may grow; the exuviae of one generation, elaborated by their mysterious chemistry, serving as the materials for the support and maintenance of the next. Standing on the borders of the mineral kingdom, and occupying the place of junction of the two great confluent streams of animal and vegetable life, they are obviously designed to arrest the fleeting particles which, having served their purpose in one form of organization, are fast hastening downwards to the night of chaos and death, and send them once

* Unger, *Die Exantheme der Pflanzen und einige mit diesen verwandte Krankheiten der Gewächse*. Vienne: 1833.

Philippart, *Traité Organographique et Physiologico Agricole sur la Carie, le Charbon, l'Ergot, la Rouille, et autres Maladies du même genre qui ravagent les Céréales*. Versailles: 1837. Brongniart, *sur le Développement du Charbon dans les Graminées*.

Tulasne, *sur les Ustilaginées et les Uredinées*. Banks on Blight, Milder, and Rust of Corn. In *Annals of Botany*.

Lambert on Blight of Wheat; Kirby on certain Fungi which are Parasites of the Wheat. In *Transactions of Linnean Society*.

Henslow's Report on Diseases of Wheat; Sidney on the Parasitic Fungi of the British Farm; Graham on the Injuries sustained by Plants from the Attacks of Parasitic Fungi; and other Papers in *Journ. Agricult. Soc. of England*.

Berkley on the Potato Disease—in *Journ. of Hort. Soc. of London*, 1846; and *British Fungi*.

Balfour's Attacks of Fungi causing Diseases in Plants. In *Class Book of Botany*.

Blights of the Wheat, and their Remedies. By Rev. EDWIN SIDNEY. Religious Tract Society.

more in new forms, and with new properties, to keep the vortex of life in ceaseless motion.

Such are their highly useful functions in ordinary circumstances; but when the balance of nature is overturned, and the restraints of her laws partially removed, they suddenly start up into gigantic, multitudinous life—are multiplied till they become overwhelming—and by the sheer force of countless numbers, ravage and destroy every thing before them. Just as the electrical forces are continually playing harmlessly around us, circulating through the smallest particles of matter as well as among its mightiest masses, giving health and energy to plants and animals, and motion to our earth and surrounding worlds, but when certain conditions are present, or certain barriers removed, the lightnings flash, the thunders roar, and the awful storm goes forth on its work of destruction; so the seeds and germs of these obscure and unnoticed agencies are floating harmlessly in countless myriads on every breeze—in the air of our houses—lying on the various objects around us, could we see them sufficiently magnified—on the earth—in the waters—every where; their mature forms are laboring incessantly and beneficially in dark and lonely places, concealed and overtopped, as it were, by higher types of life; but when atmospheric and other conditions favorable for their development are present, they burst the bands which previously confined them, and revel in a wildness and prodigality of life which is truly astounding. We are surrounded by, we are living in the very midst of, a world of organic forces, possessed of incalculable powers of harm, which may at any time be let loose and overwhelm us; but the same Power which safely imprisons the nascent earthquake in the rocky chambers of the earth, and chains the subtle forces of electricity in the bosom of the cloud, restrains the ravages of these mysterious powers, and employs them as useful and beneficial agents, except at rare intervals, when they are permitted to act as the ministers of His vengeance, and bring the guilty nations to repentance. Such a thought as this may seldom occur to our minds, owing to the long-continued and uniformed stability of nature's laws; but it is one which ought to excite in us, even in the most favorable circumstances, a deep sense of our helplessness and dependence.

If we compare the two kingdoms—the animal and vegetable—with each other, we shall find many striking points of resemblance between them, indicating that the life which pervades both is the same in kind, though different in degree. The stem and branches of a plant may be compared to the skeleton of an animal; the pith of young trees and shrubs to the spinal marrow the upward current of the sap in spring, and its descent in summer or autumn, is like the circulation of the blood, which fluid, it is worthy of remark, is green in the one and red in the other—the two most obvious complimentary colors; while the exhalation of oxygen, and absorption of carbonic acid gas in the leaves, which are the lungs of plants, resembles the respiration of animals. This curious analogy between the two departments of organic nature may be traced, not only in their structure, and the respective functions which they perform, but also in the derangements which occasionally occur in these, produced by unfavorable external circumstances. As animals are subject to diseases caused by filthy habits, vitiation of the air, overcrowding, or famine; so are plants rendered unhealthy by improper cultivation or unsuitable meteorological conditions. The epidemics of animals have their counterparts in the blights of plants. Animal epidemics are the terrible yet wise and beneficent means employed by Providence for sweeping away at once, and with the smallest amount of suffering possible, creatures whose constitutions had been enfeebled by a long course of unnatural living, and whose lives had in consequence become a burden to themselves, and thus paving the way for the introduction of more healthy and vigorous races, propagated by the individuals whose stronger physical powers enabled them to survive the general wreck. Vegetable epidemics, on the other hand, which are most frequent and destructive among the plants which are reared by man for his food, are wisely designed as wholesale remedies for the evils produced by unskillful culture and unfavorable climatic circumstances; degenerate forms being thus extirpated, and a hardier stock saved to become the progenitors of more useful varieties. Animal epidemics are supposed to be caused by an animal poison, the product of decomposed animal matter, excreted by the human body itself; so the blights of plants

are caused by vegetable parasites—the morbid agencies in either case being derived from the same order to which each respectively belongs. All animal epidemics, though possessed of distinctive characters, which warrant us in regarding them as specifically different diseases, have yet so much in common, as to indicate that they belong to one family or class—the same conditions which favor or prevent the propagation of one, favoring or preventing the propagation of all; so, on the other hand, all vegetable epidemics are caused by different species or forms of one great group of fungi, which require the same circumstances for their development, and conversely may be prevented by the application of the same remedies. We find, also, that while there have been several memorable plagues—such as the black death and the sweating sickness of the middle ages—which revolutionized society by their effects, and stand out as prominent landmarks in history, certain forms of fever and other contagious diseases seem to be inseparable from man's social condition, being present with greater or less virulence among large populations everywhere; so, on the other hand, in regard to vegetable epidemics, while several notorious plagues—such as the potato and vine diseases—have sprung up suddenly, raged universally over a large geographical area, reached a climax, and then to a certain extent subsided, there are forms of blight—such as those affecting the cereal crops—that are continuous, appearing season after season, though not to an alarming extent—found more or less in every field, and seeming to be so closely connected, physiologically, with the corn plants, that we can scarcely ever hope to see them completely eradicated. And lastly, to complete the list of these curious analogies, animal and vegetable epidemics are very frequently co-related—the one following or being produced by the other. The pestilence, by an inevitable necessity, follows close on the footsteps of the famine-blight; while the advent of widespread plagues in the middle ages was invariably heralded by a vast development of parasitic fungi—thus proving that the same abnormal conditions of the atmosphere which are injurious to plants in a state of cultivation, are also injurious to man in a state of society. One of the most interesting, and at the same time

perplexing problems in botany, meets us at this, the threshold of our inquiry, namely, the origin of the so-called vegetable epidemics. We have asserted—and this is pretty generally admitted—that fungi are the immediately exciting; but what are the predisposing causes? Are these vegetable parasites which appear on our blighted food-plants, the primary cause or the secondary effect of the diseases with which they are connected? To this question various answers have been given more or less satisfactory; and at the present moment it divides the schools of science. Fungi, as a class, vegetate on decayed substances. They are not, therefore, strictly speaking, true parasites, inasmuch as they are incapable of contending with the vital forces of plants when healthy and growing. They require a dead and decomposing matrix. They are incapable of eliminating the elements on which they subsist from living substances. Their seeds may circulate in the tissues of living plants, from the seed up to the flowering and fruiting; but they remain innocuous in an undeveloped state—kept in check by the strength of the vital principle, until symptoms of decay begin to appear, when immediately they break their fetters—seize upon the decomposing parts with their tiny fangs—develop themselves speedily into perfect fungi—multiply themselves into a colony, and luxuriate on the affected plant, until the work of destruction is complete. In most cases, the process of decay must be pretty far advanced; the withered leaf or branch must have fallen from the tree, and been exposed for a considerable time to the decomposing influences of the weather, before any fungi make their appearance upon it. But, though this be the habit of the family generally, there are striking exceptions. There is one group, whose peculiarity it is to grow only on living plants in the manner of true parasites. They appear on the healthiest and most luxuriant individuals, and are never found on dead or decaying substances. So far as the most minute microscopical examination can determine, they are not preceded by any change in the constitution of the plants to which they attach themselves, any alteration of tissue, any symptom of decay or death, any predisposing peculiarity whatever—their presence being influenced solely by circumstances of proximity, or by atmospheric conditions.

This exceptional fact places the question of the origin of vegetable epidemics on a more satisfactory basis. It indicates that the truth lies between the opposite opinions commonly entertained—that fungi in some cases are the primary exciting causes, while in other cases they are the secondary effects.* The blights that affect cultivated plants may be divided into two great groups, characterized by different phenomena, though to a certain extent correlated, namely, those which infest the cereals, and those which infest green crops, whether of the garden or field. The former are caused by a peculiar class of fungi called Uredines, which grow only on living plants; the latter are connected with another class of fungi called Mucedines, which generally require certain morbid alterations of tissue or function, and other predisposing causes, before they make their appearance. If we bear this arrangement in mind, it will enable us to understand something of the nature and habits of the different vegetable epidemics, and throw some light on that proverbial darkness in which the pestilence has ever walked, from the days of David till the present time.

In following out the division above proposed, we have first to deal with those diseases which are excited primarily by the growth of the uredines. This peculiar group of fungi have been called Hypodermii, because they originate beneath the cuticle of plants. Upwards of a hundred and fifty species are enumerated as belonging to it, divided into three genera, whose botanical characters are very fluctuating and indefinite, presenting singularly few variations or departures from the family type. Their appearance and mode of growth are so anomalous, that their title to the name of plants has more than once been disputed; minute and insignificant as some would deem them, they have furnished matter for volumes as large and controversies as hot as any of the entities which so long divided the rival schools of the middle ages. One writer, M. Unger, whose work is placed first on the list at the head of this article, attempts to prove that these so-called fungi are mere cutaneous diseases of plants, arising from a derangement of the respiratory functions, somewhat analogous to the skin diseases of animals, as they appear chiefly on rank luxuriant plants. The intercellular spaces beneath

the epidermis, according to this author, are gorged with the superabundant juices which coagulate, and resolve themselves, by expansion and exposure to the air, into compact homogeneous masses of very minute powdery particles; the so-called fungi being thus nothing more than a mere organization of the superfluous sap. This, like all other kindred doctrines so pertinaciously advanced by the advocates of spontaneous or equivocal generation, and so plausible at first sight, is found, on more minute and accurate examination, to be entirely without foundation. Every proof of analogy is decidedly opposed to it. These abnormal appearances are caused by true parasitic plants. They have a separate individual existence, entirely independent, so far as any organic tie is concerned, of the matrix on which they are produced; they have different stages of developement, a distinct and peculiar organization, organs of reproduction extremely simple in structure, but perfectly adapted for their purpose, and true seeds or germs by which they may be propagated. Though among the lowest forms of vegetation, entirely composed of cellular tissue, and having no parts corresponding to the roots, leaves, and stems of flowering plants, we have only to place them under the microscope to discover that they are as perfect in their own order as plants higher in the scale. The whole group may be described in general terms as a series of pustules or patches, breaking out on various parts of living plants immediately underneath the skin, which is ruptured, and rises around them in ragged puffy blisters. These patches are of different sizes, from a minute, almost invisible speck, to a large uniform eruption covering the whole of the plant affected, and of different colors, though black, brown, and orange-red are the most frequent. To the naked eye they appear simply as collections of powdery matter, as if the plants on which they are produced were dusted over with soot or ochre. When examined by an ordinary microscope, each of the grains of powder of which the mass is composed is found to be a round hollow ball, or pod-shaped case divided into compartments, and containing in its interior a number of smaller spherules, which are the seeds. The pod-shaped cases are connected with the surface on which they are developed by

means of short foot-stalks set on end and closely compacted, somewhat like the pile of velvet; while the raised cases are united to each other by means of silvery threads or filaments, extremely attenuated, which wind in and out among them, and are called the spawn or mycelium, being all that these curious plants possess in lieu of root, stem, and leaves. The whole vegetative system is represented in them by these gossamer threads, which are quite invisible, except to a very powerful microscope; and the whole reproductive system by these little cases, which appear to the naked eye mere grains of red or black dust. One has a feeling of wonder akin to awe in gazing on these primitive organisms. Life in them is reduced to the simplest expression, but not therefore rendered more intelligible to our comprehension; on the contrary, the nearer in such humble plants we are brought to its source, the more mysterious and perplexing does it become. We may reach its ultimate forms, but its essence eludes our search. We may dissect these forms under our microscopes, and analyze them by chemical tests, until we see almost the last atom into which the subtle principle has retired; but the minutest particle is an impenetrable shrine, an impregnable citadel, which baffles our utmost efforts to break into and reveal to the light of day. Life is indeed 'the perennial standing miracle of the universe,' for ever wonderful, for ever fresh, the enigma which the Sphinx of time is for ever proposing without hope of a solution—the mysterious Nile, which flows on its long solitary way beneath the gay sunshine and the solemn stars, cheering and enlivening the desert of this world, its sources lying far above us at an invisible remoteness, and its outlet carrying us into the shadowy regions of the silent Unknown!

The Uredines, whose ideal forms we have thus briefly sketched, are the fungi which causes the epidemics of our cereal crops, and are therefore the most interesting and important. Attention has been directed to these epidemics ever since the origin of systematic agriculture; their remarkable character, and the devastations which they produce, could not fail to force them upon the notice of the farmer. But it is only, comparatively speaking, of late years that their true nature has been understood. For ages

they were invested with a superstitious mystery. They were attributed to unfavorable combinations of the planets, to comets and lunar influences, and other equally grotesque and recondite causes, before which skill and industry were helpless. About the beginning of the present century, the mischief produced by them among the grain crops was so serious and wide-spread, that Sir Joseph Banks, the great naturalist, resolved to institute careful investigations into their true character and habits, with the view of devising means for their prevention. The task was entrusted to the hands of M. Baver, one of the most celebrated botanists of that period, who examined the diseased wheat microscopically, and published the results of his researches in a most interesting volume, illustrated by skillful and most accurate drawings of the different microscopical parts of structure; thus placing the vegetable nature of these appearances beyond dispute. The original work, still in MS., we believe, is preserved in the British Museum; but a popular abstract of it was published in the *Penny Magazine* for 1833. Since then, innumerable pamphlets and articles have appeared independently and in agricultural and scientific journals both at home and abroad, containing the observations of theoretical botanists, and the experiments and suggestions of practical agriculturists. The list placed at the head of this article will give some idea of the extent to which the literature of the subject has already reached, and the interest and importance that have been attached to it by thoughtful men.

The Uredines are not confined to any one species of grain, but range over the whole cereal group; one or two forms are found on all the cerealia indiscriminately, while other forms are restricted to the species on which they are produced, their appearance and mode of growth being the same in all circumstances. Wheat is infested with several uredos, corn and barley with two or three kinds. A peculiar species of *ustilago* affects maize or Indian corn; while the rice of the East is often seriously injured by another species. In every country some form or other prevails on the grain peculiar to it, so that the range of these blights is as extensive as the cereals they infest. From the dreary wastes of Lapland, where in the dim glimmering sunlight of the short hyperborean

summer a stunted and scanty crop of corn or rye is reared, to the sweltering rice-fields that shimmer under the glowing skies of India, the range of these ubiquitous fungi extends. They are also found at all altitudes where the cereals are capable of growing—on the miserable crops which the Indian raises in the lofty mountain valleys of the Andes, amid the icy rigor of an almost arctic climate, as well as on the level acres of golden grain which the balmy summer breeze ripples in light and shade along the sea-shore, one of the most beautiful and gladdening spectacles which this world can afford. There are no such restrictions confining these within well-defined geographical regions as operate in the case of other fungi. They have the power of indefinite extension and localization. Their extremely simple structure is capable of accommodating itself to the most varied circumstances, and to almost any range of temperature; so that the cereal blights have a far wider geographical distribution than the epidemics affecting animals, which can only spread within certain limits, the heat of the tropics offering an effective barrier to typhus, and the cold of a temperate climate putting an effectual restraint upon yellow fever. Nor do these fungi restrict their ravages to any one particular part of the corn plants, nor to any one stage of growth. Early in spring they are found on the young blades, later in the season they affect the glumes and paleæ of the ear. They attack the straw, the leaves, and chaff, the flower and the grain; and in all these situations they are more or less destructive, according to the character of the season and the circumstances in which they are developed. When they appear on the straw they close up the stomata or breathing pores, which serve for the gaseous and vaporous exhalations of the corn, and thus impart to it a sickly appearance. When occurring on the grain, they alter its substance altogether; the sap which should have produced the nutritious milky kernels being appropriated by the parasite, and converted in its tissues into dust and ashes, masses of black and poisonous decay.

In order to form a correct idea of cereal epidemics, it will be necessary to examine the various kinds of Uredines somewhat in detail. Beginning with the straw, which is first affected, we find growing on it a species called *Puccinia graminis*, familiar to every one under the popular

name of mildew. This blight is exceedingly common, though more prevalent on late varieties of grain than on early, and on light soils than on heavy ones. It appears in the form of a number of dark-colored patches, with sometimes a slightly orange-colored tinge, originating beneath the epidermis of the stem, which splits around them and raises them to the surface. These dark musty spots are found, when examined by the microscope, to consist of a dense aggregation of club-shaped bodies, their thicker end being divided into two chambers, each filled with minute spores or seed-vessels, and their lower end tapering into a fine stalk connecting them with the stem of the corn. When this disease is very prevalent and extensive, it proves remarkably injurious, destroying the hope of the harvest in the very bud as it were. The juices of the corn are intercepted; the stimulating effects of light and air are prevented, and the grain in consequence becomes shriveled and defective, yielding at the same time a superabundant quantity of inferior bran. We find it frequently mentioned in the Old Testament in the same category with the pestilence, as one of the most dreadful scourges inflicted by God upon a rebellious people: "I have visited you with blasting and mildew, yet have ye not returned unto Me, saith the Lord." In our own country it used to be a frequent cause of scarcity. In the year 1694, nearly all the corn grown in Scotland became mildewed, and a famine followed, whose effects were so dreadful as to earn for that season the ominous distinction of the 'Black Year.' From that period till 1701, the country appeared as if lying under a curse from the same cause, the crops retarded in their growth and prevented from ripening, not being ready for the harvest till November and December, even in the most favorable localities. A pestilence, consequent upon this terrible visitation, depopulated whole villages and districts, defying the utmost power of medicine. Hugh Miller, in his *Legends of Cromarty* refers to its devastations in the north, where the ruins of the houses of its victims may still be seen in many places. Thanks to an improved system of agriculture, it is now, however, robbed of its formidable power, and confined within very narrow limits of harm, being considered one of the minor pests of the farm. It is not confined to

grain exclusively; all the cultivated grasses are more or less subject to it; and this circumstance renders it very doubtful whether it can ever be extirpated. It is a common error to say, that corn and hay that have been stacked in warm damp weather, without being sufficiently dried, are mildewed when they take heat and become matted together by white fleecy cobwebs. The dust which flies about in clouds when the masses are lifted up and shaken, are the seeds of a fungus, but not those of the true mildew-fungus, the *puccinia graminis*. They belong to a species of mould somewhat similar to what grows on preserves, old shoes, or stale crusts of bread, or decaying fruit, in damp, ill-ventilated places.

The leaf and chaff of the cereals are subject to a disease called *rust*, red-rag, or red-robin (*Uredo Rubigo*), from the rusty-red or yellowish patches which it forms. It is so exceedingly common, that it is a rare thing to find a corn-field entirely free from it. It occurs at all stages of growth of the plant affected, appearing on the leaves in spring sometimes in such immense quantities that the fields look quite yellow with it, and later in the season attacking the glumes and paleæ of the ear after the grain is formed. Though formidable-looking, red-rust is in reality the least alarming of the cereal blights. When developed early, and restricted to the leaves and stem, the arrival of a few bright sunny days, by drying up the moisture in which it luxuriates, soon dissipates the evil, and restores the sickly and drooping plants to their former vigor. If, however, it should occur at later stages of growth, and infest the essential parts of the ear, it is more injurious, especially if cold wet weather, with little sunshine or wind, should prevail at the time. Strange to say, it seems to be more virulent and dreaded on the Continent than it is with us, although we should imagine the fine sunny skies of the south to be more unfavorable to its growth than our damp and variable climate. The late lamented Professor Henslow, who devoted great attention to the various blights of the wheat, and whose observations and experiments are therefore entitled to the utmost confidence, published, in the *Journal of the English Agricultural Society* for 1841, an able paper, in which he asserts that the diseases called rust and mildew, though popularly distinct, are in reality

specifically identical. He discovered several intermediate forms linking them together, and proving their common origin; the two chambered club-shaped bodies, formerly supposed to be peculiar to the one, occurring in several well-marked transition forms in the other. He supposes the rust to be an earlier stage of growth of the mildew; while it is not improbable, that the more mature form may be only an imperfect or early condition of fungi, more complicated, and higher in the scale. The fact that they can multiply themselves indefinitely in an embryonic state, does not militate against such a view, as ferns and others of the higher cryptogamia can propagate themselves in their earliest stages. A careful study of flowerless plants teaches us that many species have a tendency to simulate the principal distinctive characters of others allied to them. This is especially the case in regard to the hypodermian fungi. Botanists have devoted considerable attention to this special department, and a number of elaborate monographs have appeared upon the subject. But as yet little has been done towards a satisfactory establishment of true and well-defined species. Very great difficulties stand in the way of such a desirable end. The organisms themselves are so very minute and obscure; a slightly different form occurs on almost every herbaceous plant; considerable changes of appearance and structure take place at the various stages of growth; and the groups that are most marked and peculiar are found actually to be closely united by the constant occurrence of intermediate forms. Some authors, regarding the task of arranging such a multitude of cognate forms under something deserving the name of species, as hopeless, have cut the Gordian knot by the simple and easy expedient of regarding every form as a species, and classifying individuals according to the names of the plants on which they are found, at least assigning a distinct species to each natural order. We have had too much of this loose and empirical mode of systematization of late. The temptation to travel along such a royal road in the study of the more difficult branches of botany, has been too great to be resisted by a large number. The consequence has been a vast accession to our already over-loaded catalogues of species, not of divine, but of human creation. Stay-at-home

botanists, precluded from the discovery of new plants, and having exhausted the comparatively narrow and circumscribed field of British botany, could only find a sphere for their ingenuity in dividing and subdividing already existing species into varieties and sub-varieties, from the commencement nearly to the end of the Greek alphabet, arranging and re-arranging them into new genera and orders, and furnishing them with new names, until systematic botany has become a formidable and repulsive hedge of thorns, through which few care to penetrate to the gardens of the Hesperides beyond. Against this absurd system of refining and hair splitting, there has arisen of late years a strong and healthy reaction. Darwin has pushed it to an unjustifiable length, and drawn down upon himself, in consequence, the just censure of men of science as well as doctors of divinity; but in spite of the startling conclusions which he draws from his very modest premises, we are satisfied that he has done great and lasting service to the cause of science, by restraining within reasonable bounds the propensity to multiply and complicate species, which was fast becoming an intolerable nuisance.

Every farmer is acquainted with *Smut*, which is the most frequent form of blight in this country, and is found more or less in every field of corn, to which grain it principally confines itself. It is caused by the fungus called *Uredo segetum*, which attacks the flower, whose innermost parts it renders abortive, swelling the pedicels, or little stalks to which the florets are attached, far beyond their natural size. The whole of this fleshy mass is consumed by the growth of the parasite, which at length appears between the chaffy scales in the form of a black, soot-like powder. This musty mass is invested with a thin glistening skin, which is finally ruptured, allowing the dusty particles to be dispersed by the winds. It is needless to say, that the ears affected with this disease are entirely destroyed. Any one who sees them must be convinced of this; and yet there are not wanting persons, even in these enlightened times, who regard the appearance of a few such diseased ears among their corn fields with complacency, imagining that somehow or other they are the harbingers of a good crop. There have been frequent coincidences of this kind, no doubt; but the connection be-

tween the two circumstances is as remote as between the oft-quoted Tenterden steeple and Goodwin sands. The fungus appears early in the season, from the moment that the ear of corn emerges from its hose or sheath. In some seasons immense quantities of it may be seen in corn-fields in June, almost every second stalk being covered with the ominous black head instead of the usual green ear. It ripens and scatters its seed long before the grain reaches maturity; and by the time of harvest, not a trace of its existence remains to remind the farmer of the ravages it has produced. This disappearance of the fungus when the crop is reaped, especially if the harvest be good, is probably the true reason why the farmer is prepossessed in its favor. Were he better acquainted with its nature and habits, he would look upon each black head of corn with dread, as the advanced guard, the *avant courcers* of an immense army of destroyers, lying in ambush in the air and in the soil, and ready to take advantage of every favorable opportunity to dash his hopes to the ground.

A still more formidable and repulsive species of fungus occurs very frequently on the grains of wheat. Its botanical name is *Uredo fetida*, so called from its most disgusting odor, somewhat resembling that emitted by putrid fish, and so powerful that it can be readily distinguished in passing through a field where it prevails. To farmers it is too well known under the common names of bunt, smut-balls, or pepper-brand. It is exclusively restricted to the grain of wheat, which it attacks in its earliest formation, a fortnight or more before the ear emerges from the sheath. In such a place, its germs could not have been derived from the atmosphere, as the surrounding tissues are hermetically sealed. There is no other way of accounting for its presence than by the supposition that its seed enters the spongioles of the roots of the wheat when young, circulates in the plant, and is propelled through the tissues by the ascending sap until it finds a suitable place for vegetating in the interior of the grain. When it attacks the young ovum, all fecundation is destroyed by it, the parts of fructification are obliterated, with the exception of the stigmata, which remain unaltered to the last; and yet, notwithstanding this total degeneration of its interior substance, the grain continues to swell and to retain its ori-

ginal shape. The infected grains may be distinguished from the sound ones by their being generally larger, and of a darker green or brown color, and also by their floating on the surface of water if immersed, while the sound ones sink to the bottom. They rarely burst of their own accord; but if opened, they are found to be filled completely, not with flour, but with a dark-colored, fetid, dust-like charcoal. When the wheat is thrashed, many of the infected grains are crushed, and the seeds are dispersed in the form of an exceedingly impalpable powder, which adheres tenaciously to the sound grains by means of an oily or greasy matter contained in them. Bunted wheat has been ascertained by chemical analysis to contain an acrid oil, putrid gluten, charcoal, phosphoric acid, phosphate of ammonia, and magnesia, but no traces of starch, the essential ingredient in human food. When the black powder is accidentally mixed with the flour, it gives it an exceedingly disagreeable taste, and is probably injurious to health, though this has not been clearly determined.

On wet, stiff, clayey soils, imperfectly drained, and adjoining marshes and open ditches, an extraordinary disease, called ergot, occurs on wheat and rye, which has been attributed to various causes. It is an abortion of the grain, in which the enlarged and diseased ovary protrudes in a curved form resembling a cock's spur; hence its name. It is black on the outside, of a spongy texture internally, and contains so large a proportion of oily inflammable matter, that it will burn like an almond when lighted at a candle. This curious excrescence is generally supposed to be the hybernating vegetative system or spawn of a fungus, which induces a diseased condition in the ovarian cells of the rye, and afterwards develops in favorable circumstances an elegant little club-shaped sphaeria, called *Cordyceps purpurea*. In certain places it is extremely common on rye, and it is more so than has been suspected on wheat. It also occurs on many grasses; indeed, it is almost impossible to examine a field or meadow in the east or west of England without speedily finding specimens. Ergot of grasses and ergot of cyperaceæ, however, do not belong to the same species as ergot of rye, according to Tulasne. As a powerful medicine, when employed in small doses in certain cases, it is an ar-

ticle of commercial importance, and is of great service; but when mixed with grain as food, and taken in large quantities, it is a narcotic poison, producing effects upon the animal frame truly dreadful. Professor Henslow, by way of experiment, gave it to various domestic animals, mixed with their food, when it was invariably found to produce sickness, gangrene, and inflammatory action so intense, that the flesh of the extremities actually sloughed away. It is not, therefore, unlikely to have been the unsuspected source of several strange morbid disorders which have prevailed from time to time among the poor in those places where rye is the staple grain, and which have proved so perplexing to the physician. Professor Henslow published a series of remarkable extracts from the parish register of Wattisham, in Suffolk, in the year 1762, recording the sufferings of several persons from an unusual kind of mortification of the limbs, which was produced, in all likelihood, by the use of spurred rye as food. In some districts in France, gangrenous epidemics, accompanied by the most dreadful symptoms, used to be very prevalent in certain seasons; but owing to the pains taken to prevent ergot being sent to the mill and ground up with the flour, they are now almost unknown. Sheep and cattle allowed to browse in meadows where ergot exists, not unfrequently slip their young, and become violently ill; and pigs, running about certain lanes and hedgerows where the fungus often lurks in the shaded grasses, become diseased. Some places are so notorious for the casualties of this kind connected with them, whose cause is not suspected, that owners of animals are afraid to allow them to be at large. The necessity of carefully picking it out wherever it is perceived in samples of wheat, can not be too strongly or frequently impressed upon the farmer; and wherever gangrenous diseases or uterine derangements prevail, search should be made for it in the neighborhood, with a view to prevention. This curious disease, upon which more has been written by medical and botanical authors than upon almost any other vegetable production, affords one of the most extraordinary examples within the whole range of physiology, of a natural chemical transmutation; the nutritious grain being metamorphosed, by the agency of a fungus, into a hard horny substance, endowed with properties the very

reverse of its original wholesomeness, and ministering suffering and death instead of life and strength to those who partake of it.

Such are what may be called the chronic diseases of the grain crops of Britain, produced by different species of *Uredo*, appearing every season in our fields, and accompanying corn and wheat all over the world to the virgin soils of Australia, New-Zealand, and America, though seldom spreading to any great extent or inflicting serious damage at the present day. We have now to deal with a different class of fungi, the *Mucedines*, connected with the disease of our green crops, and generally requiring certain conditions of degeneracy or decay before they make their appearance. They belong to different genera and species, but may be characterized in general terms as consisting of miniature webs formed of a series of white silky threads radiating from a common center, the original germ, and gradually enlarging in the same concentric manner, throwing up from various parts of their surface little jointed stalks covered with dust-like seed. One of the most remarkable epidemics connected with these fungi is the potato disease, so familiar to every one. This root, superior to all other esculents in quality and productiveness, was for many years considered to be the most certain of all crops, and regarded as the palladium against those frightful famines which in former times so often devastated the land. To plant and to secure a crop was long an invariable cause and consequence. The tubers would bear almost any amount of rough treatment, and could adapt themselves readily to almost any soil or mode of cultivation; as an old writer observes, "they were more tenacious of life even than conch grass." Although certain diseases, as curl, ulceration of the roots, etc., are known to have attacked some varieties in former times, yet these having been local and partial, never excited alarm for the safety of the general crop. But all at once, in the years 1845 and 1846, it was attacked with an epidemic, which spread over the greater part of Europe, destroyed nearly the whole crop wherever it was cultivated, in every description of soil and in every kind of situation, and produced in those places where it formed the staple food of the people, all the horrors of famine. An attack on a crop so sudden and so universal, is without a parallel in the history

of cultivated plants. It came like one of those terrible hurricanes which occasionally sweep over tropical regions, carrying death and destruction in their train, breaking up in many districts the social and agricultural systems that prevailed, and producing evils that have not yet entirely subsided. Nor was this disease a temporary scourge. It has returned every year since with more or less fatality, so that the potato has become one of the most troublesome and precarious of all our crops. The cause of this epidemic is still very much involved in mystery, for many of the phenomena accompany it were very anomalous, if not contradictory. A thousand explanations, more or less plausible, have been offered by all sorts of individuals, scientific and practical; the air, the earth, and the waters, the animal and vegetable kingdoms, have by turns been blamed; and the subject has been so frequently discussed in newspapers, pamphlets, and social circles, that it has become thoroughly hackneyed. The theory, however, most generally adopted among the best authorities at present is, that an improper system of cultivation carried on for many generations has gradually induced changes in the cells of the plant, rendering it peculiarly liable to disease, while a parasitic fungus is present, accelerating the morbid action, and causing it to assume a peculiar form. That a predisposition to disease existed in the potato before the outbreak of the epidemic, is pretty generally admitted. We have every reason to believe that the plant has progressively deteriorated and become weakened in constitution ever since its introduction to this country. In proof of this we need only appeal to the experience and observation of every farmer for the last fifty years. During this period, the partial failure of sets when planted, the increased tendency of the tubers to decay in the pits, the exceeding rarity of blossoms and fruit, and the much smaller yield of the crop, are all indisputable evidences of the degenerate condition of the plant; the same symptoms having been observed in every country where it is cultivated, under every variety of conditions and circumstances, from the Arctic zone to the tropics, and from the sea shore to the mountain plateau. This inherent weakness is the accumulative result of several adverse influences operating through

successive generations. One cause is especially notorious. It is a law of nature that no plant can be propagated indefinitely by any other agency than that of seed. Plants can be reproduced to an incalculable extent by cuttings; but ultimately the power to reproduce in this manner becomes exhausted. The perennial plant put forth phyton after phyton, but the seed is necessary to its perpetuation. "Numerous lower animals are also reproduced to a vast extent by segmentation or allied processes, but ultimately a recurrence to sexual admixture becomes necessary for the perpetuation of the species." Now, the tubers of the potatoes are merely underground stems, wisely provided by nature as a supplementary mode of reproduction to insure the propagation of the plant, if unfavorable circumstances should prevent the development of the ordinary blossoms and apples. This mode will prove effective for a time, and it is one which, from the very nature of the case, will bear any kind of rough treatment; but recourse must be had in the end to the more natural and primary method, to save the plant from degenerating and becoming extinct. We have been trying, on the contrary, (as it has been well put by one author on the subject,) with a marvelous perversity, to make individual varieties cultivated in this abnormal manner live for ever, while nature intended them to live only for a time, and then from parents feeble and old we have vainly expected offspring hardy and strong. By these mal-practices we have gradually reduced the constitution of successive generations and varieties of the potato, and at the same time gradually increased the activity and power of those morbid agencies provided by nature for ridding the earth of feeble and degenerate organisms, and admonish and punishing those who violate her immutable laws.

The parasitic fungus, attending and accelerating the epidemic of 1845 and 1846, is the *Botrytis infestans*, consisting of a number of interwoven cottony threads or filaments, producing upright branched stalks bearing the seeds in oval cases. It first attacks the leaves, entering by the stomata or breathing pores, and covering them with brown blotches, as if they had been burnt by the action of sulphuric or nitric acid, and running its course in a few hours; so that the period for examination

of the leaves is often passed over. It speedily spreads from the leaves to the tubers, penetrating them with its spawn, and completely destroying them. The decay of the tubers, however, is often caused, not by the presence of the parasite in them, but by its action on the leaves preventing the elaboration of sap, and obstructing the admission of air and transpired fluids, until by this means the stem is overcharged with moisture and ultimately rots; thus depriving the half-ripe tubers of the necessary nutriment. The potato-botrytis belongs to a large genus of very destructive fungi, affecting most of our vegetables and fruits; but as a species it is a comparatively recent introduction. Facts derived from numerous sources lead to the conclusion that it did not exist in this country previous to the autumn of 1844. All the naturalists who examined it then declared it to be quite new to them. It is considered by the most eminent botanists to be of American origin, peculiar to the potato, and accompanying it wherever it grows wild in its native country, as the smut accompanies the corn in this. From South-America it was first brought to St. Helena by the north-east trade winds, which bring from the same continent those singular red dust clouds, which the microscope of Ehrenberg found to be composed of vegetable organisms, and which have served in an extraordinary manner as tal-lies upon the viewless winds, indicating with the utmost certainty the course of their currents, however complex. St. Helena lies in the same latitude with Peru, and is nearer the native habitat of the potato than any other country in which the disease has been subsequently experienced. In this island, finding the conditions of moisture and temperature favorable to its development, it increased with amazing rapidity, loading the air with myriads of its impalpable seeds. Thence it seems to have been carried by the winds to Madeira and North-America; and so has progressed from country to country, gaining new accessions of strength and numbers from every field, speedily making its dread presence known wherever it alighted. It reached England in the autumn of 1844, and seems at first to have been confined exclusively to the south-western districts. From Kent it traveled west and north, halting midway in the south of Scotland; so that the crops in the Highlands were

that year free from the pest. The whole of Ireland was devastated, and the fearful consequences of the visit of the epidemic to that unhappy country are yet fresh in the recollection of all: the hundreds of thousands reduced to the most abject poverty, dying of starvation in their houses and by the waysides; and the hundreds of thousands more compelled to emigrate, in order to obtain the simple necessities of life. In 1846, it proceeded throughout the north of Scotland, where its effects in certain districts were scarcely less disastrous; thence on to the Shetland and Faroe islands, and to northern latitudes, as far as the limits of the cultivation of the potato in that direction extended. On the Continent, it has been observed to progress in a similar manner; its geographical limits, as well as its intensity, becoming more extended and marked with each succeeding year. It is extremely interesting to trace the distribution of the epidemic from its original source in the mountains of South-America, to the various European countries over which it passed, as it affords a clear and convincing proof of its vegetable nature; this distribution, as we have seen, being gradual and progressive, not capricious and accidental, but spreading from place to place in obedience to certain well-known laws of climate, proximity and currents of air—exactly in the manner in which we should have anticipated. Why the fungus should have been introduced in 1845, and not in previous years, and why it should then all at once have acquired such fearful power, we can not positively tell—no more than we can tell why the memorable plague of London, or those deadly pestilences which swept over Europe, decimating the inhabitants, should have sprung up so suddenly and unexpectedly as they did. All the circumstantial predisposing causes are unknown; but it may be safely asserted, that the potato in 1845—deteriorated for generations, as we have seen it to be—had passed that limit of endurance which sooner or later will occur in the constitution of every plant cultivated in the same abnormal manner, so that it possessed no strength to resist the attack of the fungi which came in such immense numbers, armed with such formidable powers of destruction, and peculiarly favored by the great excess of moisture, sudden variations of temperature, and great electrical vicissitudes which then

prevailed. All the oldest varieties, worn out and enfeebled, perished at once, and they are now extirpated—a red Irish potato, once the sole variety cultivated, being now one of the greatest rarities; while the newer kinds raised from seed have been able to struggle on ever since, offering some show of resistance to the enemy, though every year threatening to succumb, and leave us altogether without this valuable article of food, unless we arrest the calamity by a timely rearing of new plants from seed, obtained, not from any varieties existing in this country—which would infallibly inherit their parent's weakness of constitution and predisposition to disease—but fresh from the genuinely wild potato on the South-American hills. This is the only effectual and lasting cure. It is to be feared, however—as such method will necessarily involve considerable sacrifices, and the exercises of patience for some years, till the wild potato has reached a remunerative size, and acquired a palatable taste—that it will not be generally adopted, at least until matters are much worse than they are at present.

We have said that the genus *Botrytis*, to which the potato parasite belongs, contains several species which are exceedingly destructive in this country. They are the most common and abundant of all fungi. For ages they have met the eye in innumerable fields and gardens. Onions, cabbages, turnips, beet-root, peas, gourds, spinach, almost all the green crops we raise, often suffer severely from this blight. In seasons favorable for their development, they spread like wildfire and destroy every thing before them. Various species of *Erysiphe* prove very destructive to fruit and forest trees, clothing their leaves with a flocculent cottony tissue. The peach is frequently hopelessly injured by this cause. Other kinds of fungi grow on the roots of apple and pear trees, producing premature decay. One fungus, *Rhytisma acerinum*, must be familiar to the most careless and unobservant eye, as occurring on the maple tree, causing those black unsightly blotches with which the leaves are covered. It is the most abundant and pertinacious of all fungi, confining itself entirely to the maple, and attacking every tree and every leaf with the utmost impartiality. Vegetable epidemics in the shape of black mildews, caused by species of *antennaria* and allied genera, are now and then fearfully fatal

to the coffee plantations of Ceylon, the orange groves of St. Michael, the olive woods in the south of Europe, and the mulberry trees of Syria and China. The leaves of these different trees—upon the produce of which the welfare and industry of whole provinces depend—are clothed literally with sackcloth and ashes. Myriads of dark colored, felt-like patches, sprinkled with dust, close up the breathing pores, prevent the free admission of air and the stimulating effect of direct sunlight, and thus dwarf and destroy the trees, causing annually the loss of many thousands of pounds. A peculiar species of oidium renders the cultivation of the hop exceedingly precarious. It luxuriates on the leaves and shoots of the vine, favored by the dampness and stagnation of the air, caused by the close overshadowing poles, and by the peculiar mode in which the hop is propagated—namely, by division of the roots and branches, having a tendency to weaken its constitution. It is worthy of remark, as showing either capriciousness of fungi, or the differences actually existing in the nature and habits of species closely allied, that, while the potato was universally destroyed in Kent in 1844, the hop gardens in the immediate neighborhood, exposed to the same atmospheric influences, were never so flourishing and remunerative. On the Continent, a very remarkable fungoid epidemic occasionally occurs, caused by a kind of mould, called *Lanosa nivalis*, from its singular habitat, and the woolly, flocculent appearance which it presents. It is developed beneath the snow on grass and corn-blades, appearing in white patches a foot or more in diameter, tinging the snow with a reddish hue, arising from the seeds of the fungus, which are of this color. Wherever it has run its course, it leaves a completely grey and withered plot behind. "When snows have come on without previous frosts, it has been known to destroy whole crops, particularly of barley and rye. In places where it prevails extensively, the farmers plough up the frozen surface, so complete and hopeless is the mischief effected on the young plants. Happily for us, it has not yet reached Britain; but that it will not, no one can predict, for all fungal diseases are very alarming, and all past experience of them warns us that they may appear when least expected, especially in a climate where

the seasons vary so much as they do in ours."

Shortly after the potato disease broke out in this country, the alarm excited by it was paralleled in the vine-growing countries of Europe, by the sudden spread of an equally destructive plague affecting the grape. The fungus, *Oidium Tuckeri*, concerned in this epidemic, made its first appearance, or rather was first observed, in the hothouses of Mr. Slater of Margate by his very intelligent gardener, Edward Tucker, after whom, in consequence, it received its specific name. It seems to have been previously unknown to botanists. Its origin is very obscure. It is not a new creation, but probably a modification of an old and familiar fungus, some member of the vast group of the mucedines or mould family, whose forms are so protean and so closely allied, that we might believe in their transmutation, without being accused of Darwinian leanings. This new form found peculiar conditions at the time favorable for its development, which never occurred at any previous period. We know not whether the germs of the fungus spread from those produced in the hothouses of Margate, or whether similar conditions elsewhere existing originated it without any connection existing between the places; but certain it is, than an immense profusion of the same fungus appeared almost simultaneously throughout the vineries in this country. Two years afterwards, the seeds borne across the Channel by winds reached France, where for a time their ravages were limited to the forcing-houses and trellised vines of Versailles, and other private establishments in the neighborhood of Paris. But in 1851 it unhappily reached the open vineyards in the south and south-east of France, where it destroyed nearly the whole of the crops, rendering them unfit for food, and wine manufactured from the partially decayed grapes undrinkable. It speedily spread from province to province with increased virulence, ravaging the vineyards formerly spared. The snow-clad Pyrenees offered no effectual barrier to its progress, but with resistless speed it forced its way into the finest provinces of Spain, where so deplorably were the vineyards blighted by it, that in many places they were abandoned in despair. It crossed the Mediterranean to Algeria, extended its

flight to the terraced vine-clad slopes of Lebanon, ruined the currants of the Greek Islands and the raisins of Malaga, and destroyed so utterly the far-famed vintage of Madeira, that this wine is numbered among the things that were. Every where the ravages of this pest were regarded as a national calamity. Thousands of laborers were thrown out of employment; vineyards were silent and forsaken that formerly resounded with the merry laugh and the cheerful song; bare poles were seen on the sunny hill-sides, or else covered with unsightly masses of decaying foliage, where formerly the fragrant vine wreathed its graceful verdure, and offered its tempting and beautiful clusters of fruit. The simple and scanty meal of the workman was deprived of what used to give it relish; and the distress in many places was awful. After raging for a number of years with similar if not increased violence, it subsided, like the potato disease, to a certain extent—whether owing to the remedies applied proving successful, or the conditions for its development proving unfavorable, it is impossible to say. Some places now enjoy complete immunity from it; and in other places the cultivation of the vine, formerly abandoned, is resumed with vigor, and with every prospect of success. A large percentage of the crop is, however, season after season, still lost from this cause; and probably the disease is now so completely established, that it is vain to hope for its speedy disappearance.

The fungus which causes the vine epidemic is very minute, covering the affected grape like a white cobweb. From its radiating filaments several jointed stalks rise vertically like the pile of velvet, the upper joints swelling, assuming an egg-shape, and giving birth to the reproductive spores. It makes its appearance first as a minute speck on the grape when about the size of a pea. It speedily enlarges and covers the entire surface of the berry, investing it with a network of interlacing fibers exhausting its superficial juices, and crushing it within its embrace. So richly is it furnished with the means of propagation, that a succession of seeds is developed by the same filament, and three or four ripen and are dispersed at the same moment; while, so loosely are they attached to their receptacles, that the smallest breath of air or the least brush of an in-

sect's wing carries them off to other grapes, to infect these with a similar blight.

We may remark here by way of parenthesis, that fungi have a special and inordinate predilection for the produce of the vine in all the stages of its history and manufacture. One species, as we have seen, luxuriates on the grape; another is concerned in the process of fermentation, which consists in the development of the seeds of the yeast, and the consequent resolution of the grape juice into an alcoholic product; a third frequents, like a Bacchic gnome or convivial Guy Fawkes, the vaults where wine is stored up, forming a most remarkable and picturesque feature in that vast temple of Silenus—the London Docks—hanging down in immense festoons from the roof of the crypt, swaying and wavering with the least motion of the air, like dingy cobwebs. This strange and softly comfortable form of vegetable stalactite grows in no other vaults than those devoted to wine. Private cellars are not unfrequently drained dry by a host of thirsty vegetable toppers in the shape of huge fleshy fungi, developed by the moist, dark atmosphere of the place, and the rich pabulum of saccharine food which they find there. The bottle of port brought up to table, whose venerable appearance the host eyes affectionately, and the guest with eager expectation, sometimes affords a melancholy illustration of the vanity of earthly hopes. A cunning fungus has been beforehand with them; and like the famous rat, whose inventive powers were quickened by necessity, which drew up the liquid contained in a bottle by dipping its tail into it, the vegetable, equally sagacious, develops itself first on the cork, and having penetrated it with its spawn, sends down long root-like appendages into the liquor, exhausting it of its rich aroma, and rendering it a mere caput mortuum. Nor is the wine left unmolested, even when it has been drawn into the decanter; a meddling fungus still follows it, and renders it sometimes mothery, the cloudy filamentous dregs left at the bottom indicating its presence. In short, in some shape or other, this fungoid vegetation perseveringly accompanies the fruit of the vine in all its changes and transitions from the German hills to the British dining-room; and, like an ill-odored exciseman, levies a tax upon it for the benefit of its own constitution. In this respect, these bibulous

fungi may be regarded as practical executors of the Maine Liquor Law, and may be ranked among the most efficient allies of teetotalism in that species of crusading or guerilla warfare in which it is so actively and praiseworthily engaged against one of the greatest social evils of the day!

After this detailed description of the specific fungi connected with the more remarkable kinds of vegetable epidemics, a few words regarding their mode of dispersion may not be uninteresting. It is a well-known physiological axiom, that the simpler and smaller an organism, the more bountifully it is furnished with the means of propagating itself. Exposed to numerous contingencies, to extremes of temperature, to excessive drought alternated by excessive moisture, failure of reproduction by one method must be compensated by the development of another, which shall answer the purpose in view even in the most unfavorable circumstances. Accordingly, plants of the class we are reviewing are provided with two, three, and in some cases even with four modifications of reproductive power, all equally effectual, though not all developed at one and the same time. They may multiply themselves by means of the spawn or mycelium, by self-division or lamination, which may be regarded as a species of germination or budding, or they may be propagated by seeds or their equivalents, produced in special receptacles. Every cell or tissue may contain its germs, and each germ spring up into new forms equally fitted for propagation in the space of a few hours; nay, some may pass through the course of their existence in a few minutes, and give birth to thousands even while under the field of the microscope. In truth, the common reproductive bodies called spores or seeds do not directly propagate the fungus. They germinate, however, at definite points, and after a time produce threads or filaments which throw out secondary and even tertiary spores, which are the true organs of reproduction, and whose minute size and greater profusion render them more serviceable in the economy of the plant. The number of germs or other reproductive bodies which parasitic fungi produce is incalculable, almost infinite. It has been ascertained that one grain of the black matter which fills up the ear of corn in smut contains upwards of four millions of spores or seed-vessels, which are again

filled with sporules or seeds so infinitesimally minute and impalpable, that no definite forms can be distinguished by the highest powers of the microscope. When a seed-vessel is ruptured, they are seen to escape in the form of an airy cloud, filmy as the most delicate gossamer; and on a fine summer day, a keen-sighted observer may behold them rising from diseased heads of growing grain into the air by evaporation, like an ethereal smoke, dispersing in innumerable ways, by the attraction of the sun, by insects, by currents of wind, by electricity, or by adhesion. One acre of mildewed wheat will produce seeds sufficient to inoculate the whole of the wheat of the United Kingdom. The atmosphere is freighted to an inconceivable extent with such germs, quick with life and ready to alight and spring up, so that the pores of our vegetables can scarcely ever perform their functions of inhalation without taking in one or more of these seeds, which can penetrate through the finest apertures. We have found a few at the point of every grain of wheat we examined with the microscope, taken from the finest and cleanest samples. There they remain dormant and concealed, till suitable conditions call them forth to life and energy. So tenacious are they of vitality, that neither summer's heat nor winter's frost can destroy them; and they are capable of germinating after the longest periods of hybernation. Furnished with such powers of endurance and dispersion as these, it is a fortunate circumstance that they require peculiar atmospheric and other conditions for their growth; and when these are absent, they will not develop themselves or spread, otherwise the whole world would be speedily overrun with them, and "the fig-tree would not blossom, and there would be no fruit in the vines, the labor of the olive would fail, and the fields would yield no meat."

The most important question connected with this subject which suggests itself to the agricultural mind, is, what remedies may be successfully applied to check the ravages of these destructive diseases? Sometimes they are prevented from spreading by the operation of natural causes, we devoutly believe, under the gracious control of the Great Author of nature, who ever mingles mercy with judgment. After a long continuation of ungenial weather, under the baneful influence of which these

destructive fungi spring up and carry on their blighting work, suddenly there come a few days of clear warm sunshine, and immediately the healthful play of nature's energies is restored; all morbid agencies shrink like the shades of night before the beams of the sun, and the face of the earth is clothed once more with smiling verdure. The diseases that appeared so suddenly and mysteriously, depart in the same manner, and leave apparently no traces of their presence behind. Sometimes, however, these fungi are allowed to inflict incalculable damage, and man is left to himself to find out as best he may how to confine their ravages within the smallest possible compass. For ages, ignorance gave them all sorts of grotesque designations, without the remotest conception of their true character and properties. The antidotes employed in such circumstances were necessarily conjectural; and even when the proper remedies were applied, the reason of their beneficial influence was unknown. In many parts of our rural districts, notwithstanding the vast advancement of agriculture, and the application to it of the discoveries of science, a lamentable amount of ignorance regarding these diseases still prevails. The crops are smutted; the hay is mildewed; and there is an end of the matter. It is enough for the farmers to know that the plants are mouldy, and can not be helped. Of course, an intelligent systematic course of remedies must be based upon a thorough acquaintance with the causes of the various diseases, the structure and peculiarities of the parasites concerned in them. It may be that we have not yet attained to a sufficient knowledge of these fundamental facts, notwithstanding our extensive experiments and observations; but certain it is, that the remedies proposed, and in many places carried out, are exceedingly varied in their nature and effects, being as often unsuccessful as the reverse. In all cases, however, the peculiar habits of fungi suggest to the farmer the necessity of properly cleaning his seed, washing it in alkaline ley so as to remove the oily germs of parasites adhering to the grains; thoroughly draining and tritulating the soil, so as to expose it most effectually to the beneficial effects of sunshine and rain; opening up confined inclosures, where the air is apt to stagnate and the shade to become too dense, to free ventilation and light; sowing and

planting early varieties, so that they may arrive at maturity before the autumnal fogs extensively prevail, and the avoidance of manuring immediately before setting the seed. These precautions will, in most cases, very perceptibly diminish the loss occasioned by the ravages of parasitic fungi. Improved domestic habits in town and rural populations are well known to have had a powerful effect in extirpating or checking the epidemics which formerly prevailed in this country; and in the same way, a better system of cultivation will arrest the plagues which affected our corn-fields.

There is one moral lesson, among many others, strongly suggested by the consideration of vegetable epidemics. They remind us, by the ravages which they are permitted to inflict, at once of the dangers and risks to which our crops are exposed; and by the narrow limits within which these ravages are usually confined, of the stability of the covenant-promise, that seed-time and harvest should never cease, so that thus our hopes are mingled with fears, and even in the matter of our daily bread we must walk by faith and not by sight. They show us, as has been elsewhere said, "how precarious is the independence of the most independent. As we approach the season of harvest, we are within a month or two of absolute starvation. Were the rust, or the mildew, or the smut to blight our fields; were each seed of the many millions which each of these parasites disseminates, to germinate and become fertile on the grains on which it alighted, the scourge would be more terrible than the bloodiest and most devastating war; the rich and the poor, the nobleman and the beggar, the Queen and her subjects, would alike be swept into a common ruin. Not all the vast revenues and resources of England would avail to avert the terrible consequences. All the other riches in the world, failing the riches of our golden harvest-fields, were as worthless as the false notes of the forger. But the covenant promise made to Noah, sealed with the bright signet ring of heaven, the 'bow in the clouds,' endures from age to age and from season to season, in all its integrity, even in the most unpropitious circumstances; and that kind and watchful Providence which supplies the large family of mankind with its daily bread, arrests the development and dispersion of the vegetable blights,

and leaves us, even in the worst seasons, a reasonable supply of the staff of life, thus presenting a sublime fact upon which

faith, which is better than independence, can rest in peace."

From Chambers's Journal.

STORY OF A RUSSIAN SUITOR.

My uncle, Mr. James Ludlow, was one of the richest and most respected of the English merchants at St. Petersburg, and he had often pressed me to pay him a visit. As long as I can remember, I had been an especial favorite of this uncle—my mother's brother—who had no son of his own, and who had always treated me with great kindness during his frequent visits to his native country. By degrees, however, these periodical trips grew few and far between; Mr. Ludlow's health was not what it had been, and his intercourse with my parents and myself was limited to correspondence.

I scarcely remember how it came about that I was led to accept my uncle's invitation to pass a winter as his guest in the Russian capital. Some undefined ideas of bear-hunts and wolf-hunts, of gay balls and sledging-parties, tempted me to face the journey and the climate; while my father was strongly in favor of my going. I suspect that Mr. Ludlow had written to my mother in more urgent terms than to myself, for she more than once "wondered how I should like my cousin Caroline;" while my father made more than one jesting allusion to the probability of my coming back a Benedict. Now, Mr. Ludlow happened to be a widower—a most unlikely man to contract a second marriage, and Caroline was his sole heir-ess.

The invitation was accepted, but a number of trifling causes combined to postpone my actual departure, and the winter season was already far spent when I arrived at St. Petersburg, and took up my residence beneath my uncle's roof. Before I had been many days an inhabitant of the northern capital, I was as heartily

in love with my pretty blue-eyed cousin as the fondest of match-makers could desire; but the worst of the matter was, that my affection was not reciprocated. Caroline—whom I had not seen since she was a little fair-haired child—met me with the frank kindness of bearing which our near relationship warranted; but I found no especial grace in her eyes, nor was I long in learning that her affections were engaged.

Mr. Ludlow, in his blunt, good-natured way, rated me soundly for the delay in my arrival at St. Petersburg, on which he laid the blame of the failure of plans which he now avowed openly enough.

"You see, Harry, my boy, it was the wish of my heart, years ago, that you and my daughter Caroline should love each other. You are my dear sister's child, and I have no son of my own to carry on the business which Ludlow and Gregg have conducted here ever since the Emperor Paul's reign. You have been brought up to business-habits, will be well off when your father dies—I hope that it will not be yet, this many a year—and I never heard any thing of your character but what pleased me. Carry will be well off, very well off, and is a dear, good girl, and a pretty girl."

"Indeed she is," said I, cracking a filbert with unnecessary vehemence.

My uncle nodded, and pushed the decanters towards me, as he answered: "I wish you could have had her, Harry; but I fear she's in love with that Russian fellow—confound him!"

What Russian fellow? Although this conversation took place on the tenth evening of my stay at St. Petersburg, we had already been a good deal in the gay so-

ciety of the town, and I had seen, with a jealous pang, sundry wasp-waisted young officers and diplomats doing their best to fascinate the rich and pretty English heiress. But when Mr. Ludlow named Basil Olgoff as the fortunate winner of Caroline's heart, I could not help uttering an exclamation of incredulous astonishment.

This Olgoff was a tall, dark-complexioned young man, about two years older than myself, and of a gloomy aspect and taciturn demeanor. He was a constant visitor at my uncle's house, but I had never felt the curiosity to ask any questions regarding him; and I could not conjecture how Caroline could be attracted towards him.

Indeed, among all those gay uniforms, resonant titles, and sparkling orders, Olgoff's plain black-coat, gaunt figure, and sad face, had appeared to the utmost disadvantage, and he was the very last person on whom my suspicions would have fixed. It was difficult to guess what merits Caroline saw in such a suitor. Disposed as I was to take a sufficiently modest estimate of my own powers of pleasing, I could not see any superiority in looks or manners on the part of Basil Olgoff over Henry Walton. He was a baron, to be sure, but what of that!

I suppose I must have spoken the last sentence, aloud, for my uncle readily rejoined: "What of that, indeed! Why, Harry, you must not set my Caroline down on a par with those silly English girls who fling themselves away on the first foreign puppy that flashes his trumpery title, real or fictitious, before their foolish eyes. We have seen too much of the grand world in these latitudes to be so easily gulled. My daughter might have been a princess twice, at least, since she came out in Russian society, had she and I fancied those who sought her hand, and who were higher and wealthier, ten times over, than Olgoff."

He then went on to tell me that the latter was a neighbor of theirs in the country. My uncle had purchased a small estate on the banks of the Volga, not very far from the city of Nevskoi Novgorod, and it was there that he and his daughter spent the summer. Olgoff lived hard by, on a property small indeed as to value and extent, but which had been handed down from father to son for a length of time most unusual in Russia, where fortunes are commonly of quick growth and rapid de-

cay. He was the heir of one of those ancient families of boyards, the old squirearchy of Muscovy, poor and barbarous in the eyes of the mushroom nobility of St. Petersburg, but who render to that brilliant and corrupt court scorn for scorn, and hatred for dislike. The Olgoffs were one of those families which Peter the Great had failed to remodel according to his imperial fancy. They had given up their beards and caftans at his will, but they had never flocked to his new metropolis among the Ingrian swamps, and they kept aloof from the frowns or favors of the sovereign. Basil's father had, however, been enjoined or forced into the military service, had risen to the rank of general, and had received the title of baron—a distinction little valued by a boyard of ancient stock, and which he esteemed the less from sharing it with the meanest of the czar's French and German sycophants. The old general had rendered some service to my uncle in times long past, and on this account the Ludlows had always been kind and hospitable to his son, their neighbor.

And now the mischief was done. My hopes were nipped in the bud; my uncle's plan for his daughter's settlement in life was overturned, and the house of Ludlow and Gregg bade fair to come to an end with the earthly tenure of its present chief. Mr. Ludlow was very much vexed, but he was the kindest of parents, and the idea of thwarting his daughter's inclinations never seriously entered his head. She was his only child, had been petted and indulged from the cradle, and he could not bear to give her pain, or to be harsh with her. He thought it his duty to speak to Caroline on the subject, but beyond a word of warning and advice he would not go. Paternal prohibitions and stern injunctions were as much out of his way as the impressive maledictions and fine speeches of a theatrical heavy father. He spoke, accordingly, praising my unworthy self, doing his best to set me, her cousin, in a pleasing point of view before Caroline's eyes, and at the same time expressing a not unnatural wish that she should marry a man of her own country and creed, in preference to an alien.

But Caroline's answer, though not quite direct, left no hope. She liked me very well, she said, as a cousin; she was in no hurry to be married, and so on. But it was plain to her father that her affections

were engaged, and that if Basil Olgoff chose to make an offer, that offer would be accepted. My uncle groaned in spirit, but left his daughter full liberty of choice.

"Olgoff's not a bad fellow," he would say to me in moments of confidence over the mahogany. "But a Russian! the difference of religion and nationality is so great, that such unions have a thousand chances of shipwreck; and though the lad is a good steady lad, and the soul of honor, as his father was before him, he has inherited some wonderful notions of his own about church-matters—is not, indeed, an orthodox member of the Russo-Greek communion, but is what they call here a Raskolnik—a dissenter, belonging to some wild sect. To us Englishmen, it matters little how these people differ among themselves about ritual and discipline, picture-worship, and genuflexions; but the Raskolniks are enemies of government, and I should have preferred that my son in law should be at least in good odor with the powers that be."

These words raised my curiosity. I knew as yet but little about the under-currents of religious feeling in Russia, but I made inquiries, and received copious information, if not always of an accurate nature. I learned that, in spite of the sheep-like docility with which the great bulk of the nation had followed the beckoning-hand of the czar-pontiff, many sects still set themselves in opposition to the state profession of faith. These varied much, from the Non-united Greeks to the strange heretics who followed the doctrines of certain wild prophets and martyrs, as singular, but more obscure than Kniperdoling or John of Leyden. All these dissenters were more or less under the frown of imperial power, according to their grades—the adherents of the old order of things being viewed with simple displeasure, while the partisans of more fanatical and dangerous teachers were actively persecuted.

Horrid tales were told of these last, tales of cruel torture, mutilation, and death, ruthlessly inflicted on voluntary victims, who thought to buy Paradise by creating for themselves a place of torment upon earth. But the authorities took every means to hush up such legends, and at the same time endeavored by strict severity to extirpate this moral cancer from society.

To which of these sects Olgoff belonged, I had not the remotest idea; nor, indeed, could I glean any information on the subject from my numerous acquaintances, who were in general only too communicative concerning their neighbors. Indeed, religion, except from the political point of view, was rarely spoken of; elegant skepticism, or an affectation of cosmopolitan indifference, reigned among the polished denizens of the St. Petersburg palaces, and it was understood that the orthodox United Greek Church was an excellent church for the mujikes, the merchants, the soldiers, and the "black people" in general. That Olgoff, in some outward respects, conformed to this church, was pretty certain; and beyond that nothing was known, though much might be suspected.

The winter went on with its biting cold, its snow-storms, its keen winds, its nights of starry splendor, and its constant round of festivity. There might be suffering in the suburbs, where the *tshernoï narod* left their wooden hovels to seek warmth by huddling in the steaming halls of the vapor-bath, and where bread and sour cabbage were dear, and *vodki* scarce, but there was no stint of revelry and mirth among the stately streets of the city. I stayed, although every successive week and day proved more and more clearly that Caroline's affections were engaged by the gloomy young Russian, and though it was manifest that she only cared for me as a near relative and a not disagreeable companion. Yet I stayed, though I can hardly explain the mixture of feelings which prompted me to linger on at a northern capital. My own hopeless attachment had a smaller share in this resolve than I was perhaps willing to allow, but I was in truth much interested in the strange semi-barbarous country, its wonderful contrasts, and quaint peculiarities; and, as habit lessened the pain of seeing another preferred to myself, I came gradually to take much interest in Olgoff himself. He seemed a problem worth solving, this dark, stern young man, whose reserve and gravity were out of tune with the light flippancy of metropolitan manners, and who seemed a living protest against the social system of the place. I have often watched my successful rival, somber and thoughtful, in a saloon full of lace, diamonds, and gay uniforms, of fluttering plumes and fans, and the mingled

hum of music and merry voices, until I could have fancied him some Puritan of the seventeenth century, saddening by his mournful presence the butterfly court of Charles II. When I call him my successful rival, I am not perhaps wholly accurate. In the first place, I had, I am happy to say, been too prudent or diffident to breathe one word of love in Caroline's unwilling ear; and in the next place, Basil Olgoff had never formally offered himself as a suitor. He was attentive certainly, visited often at my uncle's house, appeared at every ball or concert where my cousin was invited, and never showed the slightest sign of caring for any other feminine society, but he remained mute, and I often wondered why.

At last, towards the end of the season when the melted snow was pouring torrents of dirty water down the streets, till lately paved with a pure white crust of glittering crystals, when sledges were thrust into the coach-house, and carriages began to splash and struggle along the quay, Baron Olgoff spoke out. My uncle came to me in some dudgeon.

"Well, Harry, boy, you must give Caroline joy—she *is* to be a baroness, after all, for that dumb suitor of ours has found his tongue, and be hanged to him! Don't wince, nephew. I'd rather have given her to you, fifty times over, but I never thwarted my girl yet, and I could not find the heart to say no, as I longed to do, when she came an hour ago, all tears and blushes, to tell me of Olgoff's proposal. Heaven bless her; I hope she'll be happy, but I must say I have my doubts."

So had I. Very serious doubts indeed. Not that I was unjust enough to deny that Basil Olgoff was in some respects worthy of his good-luck. In spite of the young boyard's icy reserve, there were flashes of good and noble feeling which broke from him at times, and I had discovered that his principles and sentiments were modeled on a far higher standard than that of most of his equals in rank. But there was something hidden, something kept back. I often felt the conviction that Olgoff was not entirely frank with us, but for my very life I could not have explained my reasons for so deeming. However, I could not contemplate Caroline's sunny beauty beside his gloomy brow and dark watchful

eyes, without an undefined presentiment of evil.

I do not think my uncle felt precisely as I did. His objections to the marriage were plain enough. He had wanted Caroline to choose an English husband; if her cousin, so much the better, but at any rate he disliked her union with a foreigner, a Russian, and a member of a different church. It was painful to the sturdy British merchant to think of the old house of Ludlow and Gregg changing its name, of his grandchildren growing up to speak the Muscovite tongue, to have Russian feelings and habits, and to bow before gaudy pictures and flaring candles at the bidding of a Papas of the Greek fold. He could not bring himself to deny Caroline her free choice, but he deferred the actual wedding as long as he possibly could, hoping, as he confessed to me, that the young people might change their minds, or that something might occur to break off the match. He insisted that the time of betrothal should include the whole summer and autumn, and that when the family returned to St. Petersburg for the winter season ensuing, it would be quite time enough to celebrate the marriage.

Yielding on all other points, on this Mr. Ludlow was inflexible, and it was settled that the wedding should be deferred till the Christmas following. In the mean time the affianced couple would not be absolutely separated, since my uncle's summer abode was at a place called Vailinga, situated, as I have previously said, near New Novgorod, and on the banks of the Volga, while Baron Olgoff was his next neighbor. Somewhat to my surprise, Mr. Ludlow gave me a warm invitation to spend the summer, or at least a part of it, on this small estate, in a country where, as he said, game abounded and sportsmen were scarce, and where travelers seldom penetrate. I believe my worthy uncle, who was a tenacious, though a most kindly man, secretly hoped that in the course of the summer something might occur to break the engagement; that a longer acquaintance with Olgoff's apparently unattractive disposition might chill Caroline's feelings towards him; and that his daughter might be tempted to transfer her affections to her kinsman—myself. I entertained few or no hopes of the sort. Indeed I was fast

schooling myself into viewing Caroline with merely brotherly interest, but I felt an invincible apprehension on her account; and though I rather liked Olgoff, I could not but regard the attachment as an ill-starred one. Again, I was really curious to see provincial Russia, to enjoy the wild sports of the forest, and to make an exploring expedition among the spurs of the Ural, since I had a taste for geology, and was at least as much at home with the hammer as I was with the fowling-piece or rifle.

I accepted my uncle's invitation; we set out together as soon as the snow was thoroughly melted, and traveled by easy stages to Vailinga. My uncle's house, built of the soft stone common in the province, stood on a sort of bluff or rising-ground, fringed with trees, and so situated that a sinuous twist of the Volga almost converted it into an island. On three sides, indeed, the shining river made a moat around it, cutting it off from the village of Vailinga, which was only accessible by a ferry, without a long detour. The view from the terrace and windows of the house was fine; the eye roamed freely over the seas of swaying pines, whose dark tops were mottled here and there by the light green of birch woods, far away beyond which were bare and stony plains; while in the horizon towered, blue and gigantic, the crests of the Ural range, dividing Europe from Asia.

As for Vailinga itself, it was one of those villages so common among the steppes of Russia, of Hungary, or wherever the land is occupied by a people of Tartar descent. It was large enough to merit the name of town, but in straggling and rustic disorder, in its lack of public buildings, shops, and pavement, it was thoroughly a village. It had, however, a police-court with a small prison attached, two churches, and a vapor-bath. The latter was but a shabby affair; but the churches were large, and their Byzantine domes were gorgeously adorned with purple and gold, laid on in somewhat theatrical taste, but which shone in the sun like the speckled plumage of a starling. Most churches in eastern Europe, indeed, can boast of gay and tawdry decorations that contrast sharply with the mean ugliness of the huts around them, and so it was at Vailinga.

As for the residence of Basil Olgoff,

that was on the opposite side of the Volga, and within sight of my uncle's house. A quaint abode it was; that baronial mansion of the long-descended Olgoffs, with its one heavy tower of solid masonry—a tower that was traditionally said to have withstood more than one siege in the days of the Tartars—and the more modern buildings of wood, blackened with age and smoke, and strongly resembling a series of barns. There was a large garden in which a few flowers bloomed among the vegetables and fruit-trees, and close up to the sunny peach-wall came the dark rustling fir-trees of the forest. A melancholy future home, I thought, for a young girl like cousin Caroline.

The Olgoff property was not large, and I believe the young boyard was often straitened for means, but I am sure he was not actuated by mercenary views in paying his court to Caroline. So indeed my uncle, who was a just man, grumblingly admitted; adding, that the baron seemed to care no more what was settled on Miss Ludlow, or in what manner, than if every pine on his barren acres were worth its weight in silver. He was sincerely attached to Caroline; but his undemonstrative manner gave him a cold and unpleasing air, though my cousin herself would never listen to a word in his disfavor.

My stay at Vailinga was a pleasant one enough. There was plenty of sport, plenty of wild rambles among the woods or trips down the river, and we now and then received an invitation from some neighboring proprietor, or two or three families would drive or sail for leagues to accept my uncle's hospitality, for Mr. Ludlow had a wide-spread acquaintance. Then I found both amusement and interest in drawing forth legends, anecdotes, and odd traits of national character, from the peasantry around us, and found cause to be glad that I had the power of conversing thus. Of course, the people spoke no tongue but the Muscovite; but I had devoted much time at St. Petersburg, under the guidance of a shrewd teacher of languages, to the acquisition of the Russian dialect, and having some aptitude for the study, had made considerable progress. My uncle, on the other hand, had never learned above a few words of the language; French had always sufficed him in conversational intercourse, and he had

never cared to acquire a tongue which is despised even by those who use it.

It was not long before I began to learn, thanks to hints and chance words, that a great schism lay beneath the apparently dull uniformity of the local system. Most of the villagers were of course of the orthodox faith, but there were many who were more than suspected of secret heresy, and to whom the czar's supremacy in religion appeared hateful and monstrous. Several of those Raskolniks were pointed out to me, and were, as far as I could judge, inoffensive persons enough—a trifle more industrious, staid, and thoughtful than their neighbors. In some cases they were residents in the village, but in most instances they were serfs on the Olgoff estate, and were presumed to be under the especial patronage of the lord of the soil. There is said to be an intolerant spirit among the Russian mujiks, but I own that in this case I saw little proof of it. The dissenters were looked coolly upon, but not treated with any disrespect, and it seemed as if the peasants regarded the suppression of religious differences as the province of government alone. But there was one man in whose breast fiercer feelings existed, and this was the priest who officiated in the smaller of the two churches, Pope Niklas.

Pope Niklas was an ambitious man, it was said; more able and better instructed than the great bulk of the rural clergy, and of a respectable family in Moscow itself—the Russian Mecca. He was able to speak French—a wonderful accomplishment for a papas; but I never liked the man, often as I conversed with him. His aspect was rather imposing, in his dark robes, with his shaven temples, his long black hair falling in snaky profusion over his velvet cape, and his fiery eyes glittering under brows that would have become a grand inquisitor. It was said that he had set his heart on becoming a bishop; and, indeed, I could not but recognize that he was of the true Torquemada stamp, very unlike the tipsy boors who officiated in the parishes around him, and for whom the serfs had scanty reverence when outside their chapel doors.

I was talking to Pope Niklas once in the village street, when Basil Olgoff passed by in earnest converse with a man whom I had never seen before, but whose long gray beard and keen wrinkled face were

worthy of notice. The priest started, and muttered something like an anathema, while, as if by an involuntary impulse, he stealthily shook his fist at the receding figures.

"Eh! Monsieur Niklas, has the baron offended you then?" asked I, with a laugh.

"And you—you whom he has supplanted—do you not hate him?" asked the priest, giving me a searching glance that made me, too, start. I had never mentioned Caroline's name to the papas at all, and yet he had guessed my attachment. However, his cunning was at fault. I did not hate Olgoff, and I was not unjust enough to say that he, who had known Caroline longer than I, had supplanted me in her regard. Some impulse, however, checked me as I was about to deny the imputation, and I held my peace; while the priest, chuckling over his own keen insight into human motives, went on to speak more freely.

"The accursed Agag!" said he; "let him have a care what he does. That is the third time he has brought yonder arch-worshiper of Baal into my parish; but the orthodox are not always to be mocked with impunity."

I asked the papas what he meant.

"Stephen, son of Constantine, is the most famous preacher of his blaspheming band of heretics," was the answer; but the habitual caution of the papas had returned, and he would say no more.

A few days later an unexpected stir took place in the tranquil village. This was caused by the sudden arrival of a squadron of light horse, detached from the sotnia of Cossacks in garrison at New Novgorod, and whose tents were now to be pitched on the borders of the forest, hard by the outskirts of Vailinga. The commander of this force happened to be a young Russian of princely family whom I had often met in the clubs and ball-rooms of St. Petersburg, and who was communicative enough both with respect to his errand and his present banishment from the court.

"Figure to yourself, *très cher*, that you behold an unhappy exile from civilized society," said the little count, lashing his varnished boot with a gold-mounted riding-whip, and putting on a most amusing air of injured innocence. "I spent a little too much, lived a little too fast, and see the consequence. My monster of an uncle, the old prince, who lives on a tenth of

his revenue, was so shocked at the list of my debts, that he would only pay them on condition of this frightful sacrifice—of my exchanging into this hideous Cossack corps, and giving up the Imperial Guard, of which I was, I flatter myself, no unworthy member. So here I find myself—I, Emmanuel Galitzin—actually doing thieftakers' work, and sent here to root out a nest of heretics—I, a Voltairean!"

"Heretics!" I exclaimed.

"Yes, my friend; some sort of pestilent fanatics, *je n'en sais rien, moi!* But a famous preacher of these wild fellows, one Stephen Constantinovitch, has been traced here, and the wisecracks of the government imagine a rebellion to be brewing, and have sent my men who are half heathens, and myself, a philosopher as you know, to set matters straight, which is a droll idea."

Count Galitzin either did not know, or would not tell, the name of the informer who had set the authorities on the track of Stephen the preacher, but I could guess that the malice of Pope Niklas had prompted the persecution of the Raskolniks. In vain, however, did the Cossacks scour the forests like sleuth-hounds on the trail of a wounded deer; in vain did the priests of the different parishes make rigid inquiry among their flocks, for no trace of the proscribed man could be detected.

For my own part, I felt pretty sure that the hunted fugitive was still close at hand, for a great change came over Caroline's affianced husband, and I instinctively attributed this to the influence of his religious mentor. Basil Olgoff had always been silent and melancholy, but now the calm gravity of his manner gave place to the most abrupt alternations between unnatural vivacity and the very deepest depression. At one time he would be absolutely gay, mirthful, and amusing, showing a play of fancy and a store of anecdote that would have done credit to any lion of the *salons*, and at another he would sink into a state of such gloomy apathy that nothing could rouse him from his sullen meditations.

These changeful moods caused Caroline many an unhappy moment, aroused in my mind the gravest suspicions of Olgoff's sanity, and even made my uncle, not habitually an observant man, uneasy with regard to the future. His idea was that his future son-in-law might be in debt, and in his blunt good-natured way he placed

his strong-box at Olgoff's disposal, and was rather vexed when it was declined. Still the summer went on, and the Cossack tents still whitened the fallows across the river, and the patrols went tramping through the woods, but no arrest took place.

One day, how well I remember it! as I sauntered under the leafy shade of the trees in the broad village street, I heard the clank of spurs and saber, and Captain Count Galitzin came up, radiant and brisk. His first words were: "Congratulate me, Walton; give me joy of the probable termination of my exile in Vailinga. We shall finish with these pests to-night, and I shall have the felicity of conducting them, in chains, to New Novgorod, where at least there are dominoes and champagne, and where drinkable coffee can be had."

"To-night! how?" asked I.

Galitzin told me in his chattering style that the Raskolniks had a false brother among them, who, for a hundred roubles, had given the alert to government, and had betrayed the rendezvous of this wild sect. The fanatics had lately made many converts among the ignorant peasants around, and it was deemed needful to cut short their proselytism by a sharp and stern example.

"Apropos," said the Count, "that black-looking, sulky marplot, is to be there to-night, and must take his choice of a lance-thrust or a trip to Siberia. Better the former, for your sake, Walton, if you have an eye, as I suspect, to your pretty cousin and the savings of *ce digne* Monsieur Ludlow. Aha! good-bye; I go to prepare my men. The trap closes on the mice by midnight."

This was startling news. I could not doubt the exactitude of the information I had received, nor, as a man of honor, could I hesitate for a moment as to the course to pursue. I must warn Olgoff. For Caroline's sake, I must save her betrothed husband from the peril that was closing in upon him. I hurried to the ferry, crossed the river, and hastened up to the house. As I crossed the lawn, I heard, from a half-open window, that of the library, the sound of voices, Caroline's and Olgoff's. For a moment I stopped, and an indefinite thrill of jealousy ran through my veins; but I crushed the pitiful sentiment, and was advancing, resolved to lose no time in conveying my warning, when the window was violently flung open, and Basil Olgoff sprang out, and strode fast across the

green sward, with flushed face and wild gestures.

I was springing to meet him, when a smothered cry, and the sound of a fall attracted my notice; I hurried to the open window, entered, and found Caroline lying in a swoon upon the ground. A scene of confusion followed, several of the voluble but half-useless Russian servants crowded into the room at my impatient summons; my uncle came with a frightened face; we placed the poor girl on a sofa, and tried the usual remedies to revive her, and with success. Poor Caroline! she only regained her senses to commence sobbing as if her heart would break, and her expressions were so incoherent and broken by weeping, that it was long before we could distinguish their purport. At last we learned that Basil had bidden her adieu, had spoken fondly and in heart-broken accents, but with a dreadful firmness of conviction of the necessity of their parting, and had entreated her to pray for him, and to cherish his memory. Then he had torn himself away, abruptly as he had come, and the shock of parting had overcome her strength.

Mr. Ludlow was very angry at first. His notion was that his daughter's affections had been trifled with, and that some caprice had led Olgoff thus roughly to break off the engagement; but I did not share this impression. Drawing my uncle apart, I told him as cautiously as I could what Galitzin had related to me.

"Poor unhappy lad!" he exclaimed; "it was a sad day when I agreed to give Caroline to a Russian, especially one half-crazed, as he seems to be; but we must save him if we can."

This seemed no easy matter. I spent the rest of the day in a fruitless search for Basil Olgoff, but could gain no clue to his retreat. While Mr. Ludlow stayed to endeavor to console his daughter, I was vainly interrogating the young baron's servants, vainly ranging his grounds, or wandering from chamber to chamber in his house, but without gaining the slightest information.

Wearily and baffled, I returned home, and my uncle met me with an anxious face, to say that Caroline was quiet now, but so wretched that it made his heart bleed to look at her. Poor thing! her white wan countenance and eyes that had grown dim with weeping were sad to be-

hold, and she was quite changed from the gay, light-hearted girl I had always known her. Olgoff's conduct had been cruel and capricious, as I thought, and I felt a glow of anger as I saw my pretty kinswoman suffer thus for his sake.

The moon rose, and presently the night wind began to sigh through the trees, and the hours stole on fast towards the fatal time when the meeting of the wild enthusiasts should be betrayed. I chafed at the inaction to which I was condemned, and suggested to my uncle that I had better go across to the village, and try to interest Galitzin in poor Olgoff's behalf. It was a desperate hope, for the young noble had the true Tartar nature under his varnish of western elegance, but it seemed the only means left us. I quitted the room, and was leaving the house, when a little barefooted girl, who weeded in the garden, came tripping up with a piece of paper in her hand.

"English lord, I found this beyond the shrubbery, and I took it home, and my mother said I should give it to some of the family, as it has most likely been dropped, and perhaps they would give me a copeck."

There was writing on the scrap of paper, in Russian characters of course, but these were familiar to me now, and I read in Olgoff's hand, the broken sentences that run thus:

"Pity and forgive—the lot has fallen—so happy as your lover, your husband—midnight—at the Hetman's Oak—pray for me, as for the dead."

I turned to the child, and asked if she or her parents could read. The reply was in the negative. Satisfied, so far, I dropped some small coins into her extended hand, and she darted off homewards. I remained behind, sorely puzzled. It was evident that this scrap of paper was part of an incomplete letter which Olgoff had designed to send to Caroline, by way of farewell; that he had given up the design, and let fall the paper by accident. Probably the Hetman's Oak was the place of meeting for the Raskolniks, while the "lot," of which his incoherent words spoke as having fallen, implied most likely the mysterious reason for the renunciation of his dearest hopes. While I thus pondered, I felt a light touch on my arm, and started. Caroline was beside me, her face deathly pale, but with

her eyes unnaturally bright, and a calm resolve written in her features. I tried to hide the scrawl: it was too late.

"I have read the writing," she whispered: "hush! I know all. Let us go together, and we may yet save him."

She threw a cloak, which she had hastily caught up, over her shoulders, drawing the hood over her bright hair with an impatient gesture, and stepped cautiously out into the moonlight. I followed, and with quick steps we went towards the forest. We both knew well the place named, for the Hetman's Oak was less than two miles off, though in a very wild nook among the woods. But, once among the thickets, the moon served us little, the briars and in erlacing boughs rendering our progress very tedious and fatiguing. At last we approached the dell, dark and steep, and surrounded by gray rocks and huge trees, over which towered the gigantic trunk and broad boughs of the Hetman's Oak. The dense mass of foliage here defied the moonlight, but we could see something stirring in the glen beneath us; something black and shapeless, but which as by instinct we knew to be a crowd of human forms. Then a dull murmur of voices suddenly swelled into a wild and plaintive chant, some hymn of this strange church among the deserts. It rose and fell, now low and faint, now shrill and loud, but always sad; and then a gleam of ruddy light broke out from a kindled pile of fir-cones, and we could dimly discern a number of persons, nearly eighty, as I should judge, gathered around a kind of altar of rough stone, beside which was piled an immense heap of logs and brushwood. Nor was this all.

The sudden light showed priest and congregation: it fell with lurid radiance on the wrinkled face, the gray beard, and black robes of Stephen the preacher; on the coarse russet garb and stern features of the serfs, the begrimed countenances of the charcoal-burners, only half-human in aspect, and the two or three members of the assembly whose garments revealed a higher rank. No children were present, and only two or three women. But our eyes roved hastily over this motley throng, and at length were riveted on a kneeling figure, wrapped in a long white mantle, and bare-headed, which bent beside the altar in an attitude of devotion or of sorrow. Something told us that

this was he whom we sought. Caroline was springing forward when I caught her wrist.

"Hist!" said I, "do you hear nothing?"

"Nothing," she replied.

I listened; the sounds had ceased. Then the kneeling figure in white arose, and in the dying light of the fire we caught a glimpse of Basil Olgoff's face, pale and distorted with suppressed but passionate emotion. Laying his hand on the young man's head, Stephen commenced speaking, and so profound was the silence, that every note of his sonorous voice reached us distinctly. The language was quaint and mystical, but through its obscurities I thought I could discern that Basil Olgoff, in penance for his sins of compliance with the "impious" church of the orthodox, for his fault in plighting his troth with a foreign maiden, and as he on whom had fallen by lot the duty of atoning for the offences of the congregation, was to abandon property, rank, and earthly happiness, and devote himself henceforth to "the work of the Lord." And Stephen, solemnly and slowly, dictated the words of a terrible vow.

But before Basil's trembling lips had framed the first syllables, Caroline uttered a shriek that rang over the forest, and, bounding through the trees, cried aloud: "Husband, Basil! they are robbing you of hope and happiness. You are duped by these wild men; do not speak the words."

A dead silence followed, and then fifty outstretched arms pointed us out, as we stood on the edge of the dell, and a hoarse roar of fury and terror arose, while we saw Basil forcibly held back by the priest and others, and twenty grim forms came bounding towards us, armed with hatchet or pike.

"Fly, Caroline—we are lost!" I cried, trying to drag her away; but just then a shout of dismay arose from the crowd below, and with it blended the thundering tramp of many horses, and the clash of weapons, and the Cossack hurrah. The fanatics fell back and huddled together, as Count Galitzin and his lancers came spurring down the glade, and recklessly urged their sure-footed steeds over the slippery and broken ground.

What followed was a confused scene of horrors. I remember the summons to yield, the crackling volley from carbine

and pistol; the yells, screams, and imprecations; the floundering of the wounded horses as they rolled down the bank, crushing the riders in their death-agony; and the dreadful struggle that went on, hand to hand, man to man. Some recollection, too, I have of seeing Olgoff in the thickest of the fray, unarmed, but opposing his defenceless breast to the stabs and shots of the soldiery, as one who seeks death as a deliverance. And then I remember a glare of red light flashing up suddenly, with a roar of burning wood, and showers of sparks falling through the eddying smoke, and dark forms looming through the blaze, like actual demons.

I seemed to be holding Caroline back by main force, while she wildly strove to break away and plunge in the curtain of stifling smoke and flame. Then a riderless horse, dashing by in its blind terror, bore me down and hurled me against a pine-trunk; and when I regained my senses after the stunning fall, Galitzin was near me, wiping the blood from his sword, and giving orders in a subdued tone, while the trumpeters were sounding a shrill note of recall, and Cossack after Cossack came to the muster.

"Ah, my friend," said the Russian officer, more seriously than usual, "you may be thankful the wind blows from this quarter. The conflagration has rolled off the other way, and will consume many a

square verst of woodland before it dies out. Had it taken this course, we should have found you burnt to a cinder."

"But Olgoff—but the fanatics below?"

"The poor wretches! in their despair they fired the pile of wood which they always raise beside their altars," said Galitzin, with an involuntary shudder, "and most of them rushed into the flames, as if the hot embers had been a bed of roses, sooner than be taken. Such is their idea of winning Paradise, as I have often heard. Pah! such a sight disgusts one with soldiering. I saw Olgoff and Stephen through the thick of the flames, where my wounded men perished, too. But what is that—a woman!"

Behind the tree, poor Caroline was lying insensible, and with a stain of blood on her bright hair and pale brow. We bore her home, and she lived, but her reason was utterly gone. To this day, she speaks of Basil Olgoff as absent on a journey, and soon to reappear and claim her as his bride; and she twines flowers and wreathes them in her hair before the mirror, and then weeps, she knows not why. That hideous night saw the ruin of two young lives. The ghastly story was hushed up, according to the invariable policy of the Russian government; nor was it until after my uncle's death that I myself cared to break silence on the subject.

From the British Quarterly.

G O S S E ' S S E A - S I D E W O N D E R S . *

PERHAPS some of our readers may chance to take up a volume entitled *Ten-*

* *Tenby: a Sea-side Holiday.* By PHILIP HENRY GOSSE, A. L. S. London: Van Voorst.

A Manual of Marine Zoology for the British Isles. By PHILIP HENRY GOSSE. Part I. London: Van Voorst.

A Text-Book of Zoology for Schools. By PHILIP HENRY GOSSE. London: Christian Knowledge Society.

The Aquarium: an Unveiling of the Wonders of the Deep Sea. By PHILIP HENRY GOSSE. London: Van Voorst.

by, whilst attempting to beguile the idle hours of a sea-side sojourn. It is a book which, we presume, will be found in many a marine hotel, and on the drawing-room tables of many a watering-place. But there are numbers to whom the name will convey no immediate conception of the nature of the work. "Who is *Tenby*?" some will exclaim. Others will inquire, as children do in the well-known social game, whether *Tenby* belongs to the animal, vegetable, or mineral kingdoms?

And the young ladies—who doubts what direction their conjectures will take? *Tenby* will turn out to be a fine, handsome gentleman, half paragon, half vagabond, who falls in love with a maiden of exquisite beauty, half angel, half milliner. The pair will of course encounter a prodigious quantity of misfortunes. The damsel will have a cross papa to keep in play. The hero will have a brute of a governor, who threatens to cut him off with a shilling unless he marries the woman of his aversion. There is a jealous rival who will require killing before the tale is concluded. There is a consummate villain who must be hanged in the last chapter but one. Meanwhile the maiden pines. The damask fades from her cheek. An elopement is attempted. It is stopped by the police. The damsel gets worse. Change of air is tried. The doctor applies all kinds of random remedies, never suspecting that the patient is laboring under an inflammation of the affections. The lover hints at suicide, but determines to go into parliament and bury his woes in a brilliant political career. Just at this juncture, however, he receives notice of the governor's decease. Hero succeeds. Cross papa succumbs. Maiden recovers. Doctor dismissed. The day is fixed, and the faithful couple wind up their sorrows with a splendid wedding. Is not this *Tenby*?

It is not. *Tenby* is quite another sort of thing. It is a small and sleepy town on the Tembrokshire coast, without the slightest pretensions to importance in itself. But small and sleepy towns on any coast are not the themes about which you generally write books. Life at the seaside is made up of such a number of trifling transactions, that nobody deems them worthy of being chronicled in print, and laid before the public in all the dignity of post octavo. Who cares to hear of excursions in search of "good apartments commanding an excellent marine view," though those excursions may involve almost as much vexation as if you were exploring the interior of Africa.

Why then should the little town of *Tenby* have a volume to itself? We answer the question by asking why a small and obscure village like *Selborne* should have had the honor of contributing an entire work to the literature of the land? Because, says the reader, there was a man named Gilbert White, who had the knack

of lifting up the veil which covers the face of Nature; who wandered about, peeping into the nooks and crannies of creation; and who showed that marvels and curiosities were scattered around us with a prodigal hand, though hidden from view by the thinnest film of familiarity. And how pleasant is the savor which that book leaves behind it, particularly when read in youthful days! How fresh and fragrant is the memory of the good Gilbert, and what smiling hours were those we spent in his company, when he led us in the dew of the morning or the cool of the evening through the meadows and along the hedges, charming us with his gentle talk, and, like an unsuspected wizard, waving his magic wand until every object began to brighten under his spell, and the air seemed to rustle with lovely things, and the lowly landscape bloomed into enchanted ground. Now, what White did for *Selborne*, Mr. Gosse has in some respects performed for *Tenby*. This little spot has been described as the "prince of places for a naturalist." And Mr. Gosse is well known to be an enthusiastic naturalist. He is particularly great in marine zoology. His aquariums have found their way into numerous households, and given an aspect of philosophical dignity to many a boudoir. You expect even ladies to come out strong in science, and to talk imposingly about zoophytes, and echinoderms, and the metamorphosis of cirripeds, wherever these watery menageries appear. His various treatises have done much to interest the public in the dwellers in the deep and the tenantry of the shore. Like most men who commune freely with Nature in her more playful moods, and particularly in regard to her more sportive productions, he writes in a pleasant, genial vein, and flings so much sunshine over his pages, that you follow him with a gleeful step, as if certain that his presence would insure a perpetual May. Each chapter gives promise of "fresh woods and pastures new." A fine vein of fancy runs through his writings, and his poetic appreciation of the Beautiful enables him to portray the marvelous creatures, for whom he appears to live, in their gayest and most engaging forms. But better than all is the warm and fervent spirit of adoration which flushes his treatises, and which seems to make the "dark, unfathomed caves of ocean" to glow with the fires of devotion.

Standing on the open plain of the universe, with suns and planets drawn up in glittering array, cold must be the man in whom the pulse of piety does not beat with a quicker throb as he gazes upon that magnificent host; but is it not cheering to find that "the dim, dark sea, so like unto death," is as richly peopled with wonders as the solid land, or the crowded skies; that the worms and polypes which dwell in its waters can warm the soul into adoration not less than the stateliest organizations of the shore; and that the workmanship of the Divine Hand can be as distinctively traced in the structure of things which are born of the mud and nurtured in the slime, as it could be in the anatomy of an archangel? If "Earth with her thousand voices praises God," Ocean takes her part in the choral homage which Nature pays to Nature's Lord. And who that listens to the tones which come gushing and bubbling from her depths would not wish to know something of the marvels that are hidden beneath her billows?

"——— My soul is full of longing
For the secret of the sea;
And the heart of the great ocean
Sends a thrilling pulse through me."

Let us, then, indulge in a brief stroll on the beach, with Mr. Gosse for our guide, and glance for a moment or two at some of the curiosities it presents. Few objects are better known to sea-side rambles than those lumps of jelly—sea-bubblers, as they are popularly termed—which, as they lie shrivelling in the sun, seem so unlikely to have been the abodes of life. Can mere bags of brine, we ask, have ever been vivified things? Can that tremulous tissue, filled with liquid, have been as much entitled to the honors of vitality as the bulky whale or the wise elephant? It can not be doubted. But then we must see the creatures in their native element, like swans in the water, if we wish to survey them to advantage. There is a huge medusa, the *Rhizostoma Cuvieri*, which is occasionally found on our coasts. To watch one of these fellows whilst floating in his pride would impress the reader with more respectful notions of the blubber brotherhood than he may have gleaned from the stranded corpses of ordinary specimens. In the great rhizostome conceive of an expanded umbrella or parachute, made of

stiff jelly, and measuring a foot and a half across; or fancy the head of a mushroom enlarged to that extent, (which would, of course, be a delightful diameter for so savory a vegetable,) but constituted of a greenish-blue substance, resembling the skin of a boiled calf's-head when cold, and partly translucent like glass. A border, or flap, of about three inches in breadth hangs from the rim of this living cupola; and, if observed, it will be seen to contract and dilate in turns with great regularity. It is by the strokes or pulsations thus produced, and the consequent ejection of water from the cavity, that the animal is enabled to propel itself through the waves. A process, called the peduncle, hangs down from the interior of the dome, occupying the place of the stem in our imaginary mushroom, or of the stalk in our illustrative umbrella. In the great rhizostome this part of the animal is very large, and its upper portion is so shaped as to form a cavity of some size, with four separate openings; but below, it divides into eight curious arms, crisped like cauliflower heads at the top and bottom, and colored of a pale salmon-red. These arms severally terminate in organs which exhibit a singular resemblance to leaves, being veined with vessels and their branches; but they are composed of the same cartilaginous matter as the upper portions of the creature. For eyes, this medusa is provided with little red globules of jelly, sheltered on each side by long pendant lobes, like a horse with its "blindlers." And when the arms of the peduncle are minutely examined, the observer will discover hosts of tentacles, carrying those "threadbearing capsules" by means of which many marine animals are supposed to paralyze their prey. Some naturalists have assumed that the rhizostome is nourished by the absorption of food through certain pores, either in the peduncular leaves or at the extremity of the "dendritic" fringes. The particles thus obtained are supposed to be conveyed along certain canals into the cavity where the business of digestion is performed. In fact, according to this view, the creature feeds after the fashion of a vegetable, which imbibes nutriment by means of its roots. Hence the name. The question is unsettled; but we can not help agreeing with Mr. Gosse, that there seems no reason why the rhizostome

should be a perfect battery of missile threads, if these weapons are intended to be launched against creatures so minute that they will readily enter the orifices which are presumed to serve as mouths.

Another interesting question also has been raised respecting the proceedings of these monster medusæ. Small fishes—whiting, for instance—are frequently discovered within the four openings or chambers which lead to the stomach. For what purpose are they there? Some are of opinion that these cavities serve as places of shelter, and that the whiting, when in danger from enemies, make use of the medusa as a floating asylum. Mr. Gosse, on the contrary, is inclined to believe that the fish are prompted to enter by their own instinct, or are entrapped by the arts of the animal, the true object being to bring grist to the digestive mill. The question, as all must admit, is one of considerable gravity. The honor of the great rhizostome is seriously involved. Is the creature a model of marine generosity, permitting its recesses to be employed by imperilled fishes as places of retreat? or is it a cunning, scheming scoundrel, luring the little things into its interior, and selfishly thinking of its own stomach all the while? Between these two theories of its behavior there is all the difference in the world; and we should therefore wish the point to be impartially considered. In support of his insinuation, Mr. Gosse relies upon the fact, that if little fishes are sometimes found alive in the medusa, others are decidedly dead. And not only are they in a deceased condition, but, horrible to relate, they bear the “*appearance of partial digestion!*” This looks ugly. We don’t like it all. We don’t wonder Mr. Gosse italicizes the monstrosity. But, fortunately for the animal, there are other witnesses ready to come forward in its favor. Mr. Peach, the well-known naturalist in the Coast Guard service, whose valuable labors whilst in that humble position have done him so much honor, has some important testimony to offer. From his statements, it would appear that the creature is not only innocent of all sinister ends, but that its conduct is perfectly magnanimous. For, on one occasion, when certain species of medusa (not the great rhizostomes, however,) were very abundant at Peterhead, he observed small fishes playing round them, and rushing under their umbrellas and

amongst their tentacula whenever assailed or alarmed. The danger over, out the fishes darted, and began to gambol as before. In no case could he discover a whiting fairly impounded in the stomach of a medusa, but all seemed to be free to come and go as they liked. Indeed, Mr. Peach relates a very affecting illustration of his views. A small whiting, whilst accompanying a *Cyanea aurita*, was assaulted by a young pollack, or “baddock,” but contrived to evade his attentions by “dodging” round the medusa. Unluckily, a brother baddock appeared in the field, and by their joint maneuver the poor fugitive was cut out of harbor, and driven from the protection of his gelatinous friend. A chase followed, numerous other enemies, as Mr. Peach reports, joining in the hue and cry. The whiting was soon run down; but as the pursuers could not swallow it, they left it for dead. It recovered, however, and swam back slowly to the medusa, where it sought shelter as before; but the pack of pollacks caught sight of their victim, and made another onslaught, which unhappily proved too successful, for the poor fish was dislodged, and ultimately destroyed.

Now, if this view should be confirmed, we appeal to our readers whether the medusa are not the humanest creatures alive? Tell us of another which keeps open house for the reception of distressed animals, and which extends its hospitality to things so unlike itself in character and social position. We fervently trust that Mr. Peach’s evidence may be sustained by further observations. For our own part, we venture to think that the awkward fact of semi-digestion may be glossed over for the present, if not provisionally explained. May not a whiting sometimes seek refuge when wounded, or when it feels that its end is at hand? And will it impeach the character of the medusa if the latter should say—“My friend, you may enter when you choose; you may leave when you like. I am always open. My cavities are quite at your service. Should you happen to die in my interior, well, I may avail myself of your body for meat; but what will it matter to you when defunct? It should give you pleasure to think that you can repay me in this cheap fashion for the protection I afford to your tribe.” Certainly, if we consider the bad character which the inhabitants of the sea sustain—for they exist

by mutual destruction, and the ocean is the theater of innumerable murders daily—it would be pleasant to quote the behavior of the medusa as a proof that virtuous principles are not entirely banished from the world of waters.

Proceeding a little further in your ramble on the shore, we will suppose that you are attracted by an object composed of a small, flat, round disc, with five rays fixed like spokes on the central lump. It is, or was lately, a living thing. The orifice on one side of the disc is the mouth, and the stomach occupies the interior, forking into the rays as if all possible room were required for digestive purposes. From its obvious resemblance to a star, it may be recognized at once as a star-fish. The vulgar call it five-finger: the learned *Asterias rubens*. It belongs to the class which naturalists designate Echinodermata; but which people who are not well up in Greek are content to know as creatures skinned like hedgehogs. The integument investing this living asterisk bristles with spines or prickles, and these are doubtless useful, like crutches, when the creature is on its travels. But a more striking apparatus has been fixed in its frame, and this is so complex and beautiful in its character, that the observer can hardly bring himself to believe it belongs to one of the most plebeian of animated tribes. Along the lower surface of each ray there runs a furrow, which is perforated with a multitude of holes regularly arranged. Through each of these orifices a little membranous tube, expanding at its extremity into a small knob or disc, can be protruded. When these knobs are pressed against an object and flattened, each acts like a cupping-glass or a boy's sucker, and produces a vacuum, which enables the animal to move from place to place, as a fly is supposed to mount a perpendicular wall, or to crawl across a ceiling, in utter defiance of gravity. These tubes or feet are worked by a sort of hydraulic contrivance. Each of them communicates with a little bulb placed within the substance of the ray, and filled with water. When this globule is contracted, as it may be by a muscular effort, the fluid is, of course, driven into the tube, and the latter is elongated, and forced against the external object. But when the compressing force is relaxed, the liquid returns to the bulb, and the elasticity of the tube tends to draw up the suction extremity,

and consequently either to move the object, or the body of the asterias itself. It is found that there are upwards of three hundred of these remarkable organs in each ray; and in an average-sized sea-urchin (another member of the class of Echinoderms,) it has been estimated that there are not fewer than one thousand eight hundred and sixty suckers. Yet this vast staff of tubes is completely under the control of the creature; it can employ any, or all, as it chooses; and it can shape its thousand-footed course with as much certainty and address as the brute who has but two pairs of legs to manage.

Whether Argus could work his hundred eyes with separate effect, or Briareus could employ his hundred hands in administering independent blows, is a question of some interest even as to mere mythological men; but should we not think a person clever if he had a thousand limbs, and could conduct all their operations with unhesitating facility, and in perfect harmony with any given end?

Still more extraordinary is the power which some of the star fishes possess of dislocating their own structure; and least of all should we expect to find such a faculty resident in beings of so despised a rank. The brittle-stars, as their popular name implies, are particularly expert at this work. They can not only detach their rays at pleasure, but shiver them into numerous fragments by a mere act of volition. What should we say if a man could, by an effort of his will, disjoint his fingers and toes, or, on the impulse of the moment, fling off his limbs in separate portions so as to leave nothing but a shorn trunk? But if the privilege were possessed, who would exert it except he were bent upon cutting out a little work for the coroner? Singular as it may seem, however, there are Echinoderms which will commit this species of suicide on the slightest provocation, and sometimes without any visible inducement whatever. On the first occasion when Professor Forbes captured a *Luidia fragilissima*, and had placed it on his rowing bench for the better contemplation of its beauties, the rash animal laid violent hands on itself, broke up its frame in an instant, and left the savant nothing but a heap of shattered members. On catching a second specimen, the Professor resolved to deal cautiously with it in the hope of averting another melancholy catastrophe, but when

the prisoner perceived with his small speck of an eye (if the object which tips the extremity of each ray can be called a true organ of vision,) that he was in the toils of a philosopher, *Luidia* determined to die, and accordingly made away with himself by an immediate disintegration of his structure. Would that some Sir Peter Laurie could take these creatures in hand, and insist upon suppressing the wicked practice to which they are addicted!

Leaving these guilty creatures, however, we will suppose your attention is now arrested by a number of crimson-tipped stalks, projecting from little holes in the limestone rock. They are living things. In the unclean but picturesque nomenclature of the fisherman, they are designated "red-roses." A naturalist, however, would address the animal in a more classical way—not that it would be a whit the wiser, for it would never even suspect that it answered to the sounding appellation of *Saxicava rugosa*. You wish to know something about the creature, and attempt to touch it. Red-nose objects, and expresses his indignation by an angry squirt of water, as if he were a syringe in a state of great excitement. This done, he dives into his hole, and is safe from your incivilities. Try another. Lay hold of that specimen which has protruded its snout as if to tempt you to his capture. You maneuver skillfully, and make a dart at his nose, which certainly does look as if he made free with Bacchus, or at least drank something rather stronger than mere brine. You have caught him you think? Not you, indeed! The little fellow has drawn his insulted organ through your fingers, and hidden himself deep in his rocky den. What is to be done? You must unearth the creature by chisel and hammer, if you wish to take a lesson in his zoology. The task is not easy, for the stone is hard; and when red-nose is reached you will see nothing that is particularly imposing in his appearance. He is one of the class *Conchifera*—being a bivalve with rough shells of a dirty whitish hue, and a proboscis consisting of two associated tubes, distinguished by the ruddy terminus from which he derives his popular title. But red-rose is a remarkable fellow in his way. Take him in his own line of business—that of a mining engineer—and he is positively superb. He drives smooth polished shafts in the hard rock, and the difficulty is to say how he

accomplishes the undertaking. Apparently he has no tools which are equal to the task. His shell is brittle and delicate. His body is soft and supple. He carries no phials of acid about his person to eat into the stone. Could Mr. Brunel have bored his way beneath the Thames, yielding as the soil was, had he and his men been required to excavate their tunnel without any implements whatever, or with none that were stronger and stouter than mere cockle shell? Yet red-nose scoops out a gallery in the flinty rocks with as much success as if he were practicing upon a Cheshire cheese. Whether this is done by the rasping of his shell, or by the action of his foot, or by means of some chemical secretion, or by the constant wear arising from little ciliary currents, or by devouring the particles—for all these suppositions have been adduced, though many think the first solution most probable—it is certain that a settlement of red-noses is scarcely less astonishing than we should consider the ancient Petra, were we told that all its strange rock-edifices had been hollowed out by the fingers of the people alone. But many of the conchifers are remarkable for their burrowing propensities; and there is an extraordinary bivalve, the ship-worm (*Teredo*) which has acquired an unenviable celebrity from the havoc it makes with vessels, and docks, and piles, and every wooden structure necessarily immersed in the sea. In a few weeks a piece of timber will frequently be perforated in all directions. In Holland this little creature is reckoned as a national enemy, and many fears are said to be entertained by the inhabitants lest the labors of the wretch upon the gates and woodwork of the dykes should lead to some diluvial disaster.

Proceeding further in your stroll, you pick up what seems to be a leaf deeply indented, and pitted all over, and on both sides, with little hollows, which are scarcely perceptible to the naked eye. Seen through a microscope, these dimples are found to be oval cells, or basins, which are arranged in regular series along the surfaces of the leaf. Round one extremity of each excavation, the wall rises much higher than it does at the other; and at that part four blunt spines are planted in a sloping direction, so as to project over the two neighboring cells. For what purpose were those curious little cavities con-

structed? You should see that brown leaf when flourishing in its native site—far down in the depths of the ocean—and not when dried and dead, as you find it in the baskets of sea-weeds which are manufactured in every marine haunt. Then you would discover that each cell was the cradle of a sprightly animal, and that the weed itself was a densely populated city of polypes. Upwards of forty thousand individuals, as Mr. Gosse computes, may be collected on a single leaf, having a moderate area of three square inches on each side! "If," says he, in his lively illustrative way, "you will please to suppose some twenty thousand cradles stuck side by side in one plane, and then turned over, and twenty thousand stuck on to these, bottom to bottom, you will have an idea of the framework of this leaf. And do not think the number outrageous; for it is but an ordinary average." Nor, if there were a huge human nursery with forty thousand cradles all ranged in baby-streets, could there be more striking provision made for the protection of the little occupants. A transparent membrane, serving as a coverlet, is stretched over each cradle; but there is a semi-circular slit near the upper extremity, through which the infant polype, when prepared to enter upon active life, may make his *début*. There he goes! The membrane heaves. The little creature pushes his way through the opening, and stands erect. From his summit a set of long tentacles is protruded. These are studded with cilia—the short hairs or bristles, which are of such vast importance to many of the minuter inhabitants of the waters, by creating currents and bringing particles of nutriment within reach of their mouths. Of course the first business of the young thing is to call for food—for we are all born hungry—and then the animal commences in good earnest its strange but joyous career of digestion. The polyzoon we have been describing is known as the broad hornwrack, or leafy sea-mat (*Flustra foliacea*). What becomes of the old proverb, "villior algæ?"

In *Tenby*, however, Mr. Gosse does not confine himself exclusively to the denizens of the sea and of the tidal shore. He goes out to angle for animalcules in fresh-water ponds. The reader will do well, if he has a microscope, to follow his example. No extensive fishing-tackle will, of course, be required, for a simple phial or

two, fastened to the extremity of a stick, will enable him to capture a world of animated minims in a trice. Any pond enriched with a goodly quantity of duck-weed, or other aquatic plants, will afford innumerable samples of *Rotifera*, or wheel-bearers, which, small as they are—for even tolerably large specimens may only reach the fiftieth of an inch in length—rank amongst the most striking structures in the whole range of organized productions. Suppose you happen to catch a yellow philodine (*Philodina citrina*). The creature may be roughly compared to a pocket spy-glass, for it has the power of sheathing the upper as well as the lower portion of its frame by sliding them into its interior. The neck, with its thick swelling ring, is crowned by two of those remarkable wheels which give their name to the class, and which readily cheat the eye into the belief that they are revolving on an invisible axis with immense rapidity. This apparent rotation, however, is now well known to arise from the successive bending and unbending of the cilia, or minute hairs planted upon the rims of the wheels. The purpose of the movement is, obviously, to determine a current of water towards the mouth of the animal, or to create little mimic maelströms, in whose eddies, as already hinted, matter fit for prey may be entangled, and so sucked down into the digestive abyss beneath. The wheels are also employed in propelling the creature from place to place, in addition to the means of progression afforded by the foot. They are as veritable paddles as ever belonged to a man-built vessel; but whilst human engineers must work *theirs* in a body, the rotifer can regulate each separate cilium according to its volition, can operate with few or many as it chooses, and can "shut off its steam," or reverse its motions, with a facility no mortal adroitness can hope to imitate. Not less swift is the process by which it folds itself up when disturbed or insulted. They are touchy brutes, and the least indignity is sufficient to drive it into seclusion. In an instant the wheels with the upper portion of the animal, are drawn into the trunk, as if the neck and head of a man sank into his body whenever he was assailed. Then, when the annoying cause is removed, the sliding parts are cautiously protruded. The wheels emerge last of all, showing that they have been complete-

ly introverted, like the finger of a glove folded into itself. In a moment the creature is busy with his cilia as before, but if some rude infusory should happen to elbow him again, down go the wheels, the ring and neck disappear, and the stumpy little oval thing before you gives no sign of the delicate and marvelous mechanism with which it is endowed. The color of the philodine is another source of attraction. The body is of "clear transparent yellow when viewed by transmitted light, with both the superior and inferior extremities colorless; when reflected light was brought to bear upon it, however, it became an object of great beauty. The citron hue became positive and brilliant, separated abruptly from the translucent portions, while the whole animal took a most sparkling appearance, reflecting the rays of light from various points of its surface, as if it had been carved out of a precious stone." Nor is philodine's beauty at all diminished by the two red or crimson spots appearing just above the yellow portion of its frame; these are presumed to serve the purpose of eyes, though they differ as much in opticle power from the visual organs of the higher animals as the simplest lens does from a finished compound microscope.*

The power of contraction already mentioned may be exemplified in marine infusories as well as in fresh-water rotifers. Mr. Gosse describes a singular little creature of the genus *Zoothamnium*, which he found attached to the stags-horn polype in the capacity of a parasite. Fairy fancy could not have devised a more elegant creation. Imagine a little tree of living glass, perfectly colorless, throwing out branches in spiral succession from its delicate stem. From these branches there spring numerous small cones or bells, which may be compared to miniature wine glasses or drinking horns. Each bell has a circle of rotating cilia within its rim.

"In the axils of the branches, or rather of some of them, are seated other bells of the same essential structure, but of different form, being shaped like globose pitchers, with a small circular mouth surrounded by a short upright

rim; these are also very considerably larger than the ordinary bells of the mimic tree. An observer of playful fancy might imagine that he beholds a tree covered with trumpet-like blossoms instead of leaves, with here and there a ripe pear-shaped fruit. Beside the ciliary motion of the bells, the whole tree is endowed with a motile power, which it exercises vigorously. Suddenly, while we are gazing at it, with all its branches extended, and all its open-mouthed bells expanded, the passing of a vagrant animalcule, or a slight jar on the table, or even the shutting of a door in a distant part of the house, causes the whole array to contract almost to the base, when it slowly rises till it stands as before. In this process of extending itself after contraction, we see very distinctly that the stem itself is bent in a spiral manner, though when fully extended this is scarcely perceptible."—*Tenby*, p. 77.

What a marvelous oak that would be which should instantly shrivel into a shapeless lump with its leaves, and acorns, and branches all folding into its trunk, or its stem curling into a contracted mass, because a passing sparrow had glanced through its boughs!

But let the explorer examine as many organisms as he chooses, there is one circumstance which can scarcely escape his attention. He will find that the great feature in their constitution is—*stomach*. As he descends the staircase of animated existence he will meet with creatures in whom the higher senses seem to grow dim, and at last to die out; but even when he reaches the humble zoophytes he will observe that they possess some sort of a digestive sac. Indeed, many of them are nothing more than mere pouches for the reception of food, with an apparatus of tentacles for its procurement. All the rest of the animal seems to be a mere appendage to that ravening cavity. It would seem, therefore, as if the stomach were the fundamental organ of animated nature. When Adam reviewed all creatures at the primæval christening of the brute races, we can fancy him noting the changes in their constitution with an inquisitive eye, but marveling greatly when he saw that whatever sense or faculty might be omitted, *this organ ran throughout the whole series*. The hands might harden into hoofs, the legs might be cut from the frame, the brain might dwindle into a few ganglia, the heart might be excluded from the system, the eyes might be accounted needless adjuncts, but still the stomach survived all alterations, and flourished in spite of

* We ought to say that *Tenby* contains many colored lithographs, which not only add to the attraction of the volume, but afford an insight into the structure of the creature described such as language can never convey.

all retrenchments. And so it is! This immortal apparatus is, after all, the great connecting tie—the bond of brotherhood—between the loftiest and the lowliest of terrestrial existences. It reminds proud man that he is, in some sense, but an expanded and ennobled polype. It tells him that he is related, not by blood, but by gastric juice as it were, to the whole animal creation. Such a reflection should do him good. When the gourmand perceives that every animal down to the zoophyte is the proprietor of a stomach, and that some of them are nearly all paunch, he ought to consider whether it is right to “make a god” of the organ which least of all raises him above the common level of life.

We wonder whether anybody has ever thought of personifying the general stomach under the similitude of a great ogre. If the separate organs of all creatures were incorporated in one vast digestive functionary, we should like to know whether all the monsters of mythology, or all the dragons of mediæval superstition, could endure the least comparison with this omnivorous giant? Who could measure the mountain of food he consumes for his daily meal, or gauge the quantity of fluid which descends the common throat of creation? The cattle are swept from a thousand pastures; the corn and grass are gathered from whole provinces; the fish are dragged from the waters, and the fowls from the air; and so the ogre lives, ever feasting, yet ever hungering—constantly clamoring for more like the “daughters of the horse-leech,” yet as constantly regaling himself at a table which groans under every species of provision, from venison to vermin. Still, spite of all this enormous consumption, the balance between the universal stomach and the productive powers of nature is carefully preserved. The ogre breeds no famine. He eats up no particular race. There are still sheep to gratify his cravings for mutton, and oxen, his desire for beef. Incautious flies continue to rush into spider's webs, and bullocks are certain to stray into the lion's path. The political economy of nature is so perfect that the supply equals the demand, and the devourers are marvelously adjusted to those who are destined to be devoured. The eatable part of creation is perpetually reproduced, like the boar Strymner, whose flesh was nightly consumed by the heroes

of the Scandinavian Valhalla, but whose body was found next day as fat and as plump as ever.

Let us, therefore, speak with all reverence of the great monster of digestion. He is terrible in his might. His ceaseless activity is appalling. Compare him with other organs of vitality, and his awful universality will make you shudder at his power. Sum up all the lungs in creation, and embody them in one great pulmonary abstraction—take the hearts, and fancy them cast into one huge organ of circulation—pick out the brains, and mould them into one vast cerebral mass, and yet these, like others, must yield in vigor and extent of action to the sleepless ogre, who rules in regions where they are unknown, and whose caprice could dry up the sources of their energy at any moment he might think proper.

It is in the lower classes, therefore, where the more intellectual organs are wanting, that the might of stomach is best displayed. You can not say, in their case, that they have any other business in the world than to eat. And well they perform that pleasing duty! Life with them is made up of dinners and suppers. The history of a zoophyte, written by himself, would be little more than a history of his meals. He might tell us how he lay in wait for a brother of the same order; how he entangled him in his tentacles; how he overpowered the victim, and enjoyed him exceedingly; or how one day he caught an indigestible polype and suffered from dyspepsy; and occasionally, perhaps, how he himself escaped from the fangs of a stronger brute, who was cruising in search of a repast. But in every page of the narrative we should have proof that the stomach was the cardinal fact in his theory of existence, and that he looked upon that organ as the most wonderful “institution” ever devised.

In the absence of any such autobiographies, it is quite amusing to read the accounts which observers have given of the proceedings of a polype when sitting down to his meal. The hydra—an inhabitant of fresh-water pools—is little more than a digestive cavity, to which several hairs or threads are attached for the purpose of seizing any worm or aquatic insect it may desire for food. These filaments are about a quarter or half an inch in length, and the creature, when touched, can fold itself up into a little

globule scarcely larger than the head of a pin. Now the hydra is a gluttonous brute. "A polypus," says Trembley, "can master a worm twice or thrice as long as himself. He seizes it, draws it to his mouth, and so swallows it whole. If the worm comes endways to the mouth, he swallows it by that end; if not he makes it enter double into his stomach, and the skin of the polypus gives way (dilates.) The size of the stomach extends itself so as to take in a much larger bulk than that of the polypus itself, before it swallowed the worm. The worm is forced to make several windings and folds in the stomach, but does not keep there long alive; the polypus sucks it, and, after having drawn from it what serves for his nourishment, he voids the remainder by his mouth." Baker, the old microscopist, writes in a rapturous way about the skillful angling of the hydras, and tells us how he used to supply them with worms on purpose to watch their operations, and what "inexpressible pleasure" he drew from that "fine entertainment." Dr. Johnston, the author of the work on *British Zoophytes*, relates (as Goldsmith did before him,) that sometimes two polypes happen to seize upon the same worm, and commence absorbing it from opposite extremities. When the mouths meet a pause ensues. If the worm should not break, how is the difficulty to be settled? Retreat is of course out of the question, for both are too ravenous to relinquish their prize. Well, the mouths begin to dilate. He who is quickest seizes his opponent by the snout, and sucks him in with the remaining moiety of the worm in his interior. It is no part of his scheme, however, to retain his brother polype, but, having extracted the worm, the prisoner is dismissed by the way he entered.

The same author gives an equally disgusting instance of voracity in a creature of a somewhat higher order. He had a specimen of *Actinia gemmacea* brought him, which had managed to bolt a valve or shell of *Pecten maximus* as large as an ordinary saucer, although the actinia itself was naturally not more than two inches in diameter. The shell divided the stomach into two compartments, the skin being stretched over it like a mere wrap-page. But wonderful to say, in this exigency a new mouth, furnished with two rows of tentacula, had opened out in the

lower part of the stomach, so that the creature had dexterously turned its own enormity to account, and set up two distinct absorbent establishments both of which had doubtless been in full activity for some time when the little glutton was apprehended.

But the stomach, however capacious, would generally be a sinecure organ, unless the owner were furnished with the means of capturing his prey. That princely viscus would have to pine in solitary grandeur, like the "belly" in the fable when its auxiliaries had revolted, were it not for the staff of foraging implements with which it is provided. We have seen how the ciliary fibers contribute to the victualing of animals by the production of currents, out of which the nutritious particles are to be picked. But the contrivances for procuring a meal, particularly in cases where a creature is adherent—that is, fixed to objects—are as varied as they are consummately dexterous. Look at a barnacle when fishing for food. The common acorn shells (*Balanus*) open their valves and throw out a beautiful apparatus of jointed and feathery limbs, curving and extending like many-fingered hands about to gather up the utmost possible quantity of gold. Should any strolling infusory or annelid happen to be entangled in this living casting-net, as it has been aptly termed, the bristles which lock into each other across the interspaces render escape impracticable. In an instant the apparatus is drawn into the shell of the barnacle, and the captive is compelled to render up its juices to its dainty devourer. This cunning piece of mechanism is all the more remarkable because its fibers must be endowed with exquisite susceptibility, since contact alone is sufficient to make it aware of the presence of prey. The barnacle certainly equal Pope's spider which, with touch

"exquisitely fine,
Feels at each thread, and lives along the line."

But then the drag-net of the cirriped is a fact in natural history, while the sensitive gossamer of the spinner of cobwebs is a fiction of the poet's brain.

We have already spoken of the hosts of suckers the star-fishes can command. These implements, however, are not mere agents of locomotion; they serve on the commissariat as well. Let a succulent

shrimp or a tender young crab chance to come within reach of *Asterias*, and his fate is speedily sealed. The rays curl over the poor wretch, the mouth opens for the reception of its living meal, hundreds of the suckers emerge from their holes to assist in dragging the victim to the cavern of doom, and, spite of its struggles and writhings, the unhappy crustacean is soon ushered into the digestive den of his captor. Great, however, as the number of suckers may be in the case of a star-fish, there are small creatures in which this vast array is far surpassed. The *Clio borealis*, a tiny pteropod, has the honor of ministering to the wants of the whale, in company with certain medusæ whom the monster consumes by the million. Yet small as the creature is, each of its six tentacles exhibits about three thousand red spots, which resolve themselves under the microscope into pellucid tubes. From every one of these about twenty suckers can be protruded. Multiplying the figures thus given, the reader will find that the *Clio* is furnished with three hundred and sixty thousand implements for the capture of creatures still minuter than itself! It has been well said, that this "is an apparatus for prehension perhaps unequalled in the creation." And yet untold troops of these animals, with their myriads of suckers, and in all the prodigal mechanism of their construction, are swallowed by the whale at a single gulp.

The cuttle-fish is equipped with eight or ten long tapering arms, each of which exhibits one or two rows of singular suckers. They are composed of muscular cups, communicating with cavities by means of openings in the center. A piston is so contrived that it fits into each orifice with the greatest accuracy. Feeding as these terrible cephalopods do upon fishes of considerable size, it is necessary that they should be able to retain the latter in spite of their smooth and slimy coats. This the pistons enable them to do by producing a vacuum in each sucker the moment it is applied. The long flexible arms twine around the victim with frightful facility, their air is pumped out of the cups with a nicety of management which is scarcely credible, and the pressure of the atmosphere then rivets the struggling fish in the toils of its destroyer beyond the possibilities of escape. In one genus (*Onychoteuthis*) these cupping-glasses are armed with sharp hooks fastened in the

center, so that when the suckers touch an animal their talons are driven into its flesh, and, slippery as the creature may be, it must infallibly succumb to this compound apparatus of death.

Equally striking are the projectile threads of many zoophytes, which are presumed to operate as weapons of aggression. Every person, perhaps, who has been at the coast has seen a *Sertularia*, for the article generally figures in baskets of sea-weeds, under the impression that it is a genuine marine-plant. And when you glance at its branched and jointed stem, and consider its vegetable appearance, it is not easy to suppose it to be other than an insignificant alga. But this seeming plant was once crowded with living things. In each of the cells or vases which were set at intervals on its stem, dwelt a rapacious polype who had no notion of dining with Duke Humphrey if he could get his meals in the Apollo. But how could so helpless a fellow secure even the scantiest workhouse fare? Look at his tentacles under a high magnifying power, and the secret would be readily explained. Those organs would appear to be studded with numerous warts, or little protuberances, which constituted his artillery; for in each of these warts a capsule of an ovate form is imbedded, containing an extremely "elastic wire of excessive tenuity, but of great strength, coiled upon itself, but capable of being projected with great force by being actually turned inside out. It "is a hollow thread," says Mr. Gosse, "and as it is ejected the surface which was the interior becomes the exterior; and as this surface in many cases (probably in all, if we were able to detect the structure) is armed with barbs or bristles, and furnished with a subtle poison (manifested by its effects,) the flexible javelin proves a formidable and effective weapon of offence, capable of benumbing the vital energies of the animals whose tissues it enters, and of rendering them an unresisting prey." What can be more surprising than to find that a seeming sea-weed was once a little Cronstadt, and that each polype it carried was a living fort, capable of discharging the oddest projectiles in the world?

The precise object, however, of these missile filaments, and the mode in which they operate, have been the subject of debate. Mr. Gosse made some interesting

observations on the proceedings of certain sea anemones, which throw light upon this novel species of attack.* Marine visitors and the proprietors of inland tanks are well acquainted with the flower-like forms and beautiful hues which these creatures present when fully unfolded. The parasitic anemone generally fastens itself to the back of a crab, and of course travels about with its bearer, though the bulk of this Old Man of the Sea is not slight, as he frequently measures four inches in height by more than two in breadth. The anemone in question is quite an arsenal in the flesh. When touched or irritated, he opens fire from the warts which speck his body, or from his mouth and tentacles, emitting threads like white sewing-cotton. These are hurled in a straight line for a distance of from four to six inches, but are not necessarily detached from the body of the owner. Mr. Gosse saw some of them sucked into the warts again. Like harpoons they were launched, but having done their work, the ropes were drawn in and coiled up in their places again.

In what, he asks, resides the adhesive power which is felt by all who have handled an animal of this species? "Doubtless in the barbed threads, which are sheathed in innumerable myriads in every filament. The force with which these javelins are projected, their elastic strength and their excessive tenuity, enable them to penetrate animal tissues even of apparently dense texture; and their barbed bristles enable them to maintain a firm hold." A beautiful little wrasse, the cork wing (*Crenilabrous Cornubicus* — a fearful appellation for a creature sometimes not more than a couple of inches long,) was one of the occupants of an aquarium belonging to this gentleman. In the same watery institution there lived a parasitic anemone. One day Mr. Gosse perceived the fish with a filament sticking to its mouth, the unwary thing having probably just touched that animated battery. It appeared to be in great agony; it shot to and fro with a frenzied air, then it lay down on its side, but soon started up as if with intent to swim. The mischief, however, was done, and though the wound was anything but the ecclesiastical width of Mercutio's, the little corkwing re-

signed its breath after a brief interval of suffering.

But if the observer is startled by discovering the existence of such a grim machinery of death, he must remember that to each of the proprietors it is the machinery of life. It is not for us to touch upon that terrible problem, why the law of destruction occupies so prominent a place amongst the great statutes of nature. This kind of legislation is too deep for man, and it becomes him, therefore, whilst he remembers how his own sins have provoked the curse under which the world writhes, to mark well the marvellous skill displayed in the adjustments of that curse, so that it shall ever be tempered with mercy, and alleviated by tokens of creative beneficence and love. Taking that law, therefore, as it stands, and admitting it as one of the great facts of our planet that some animals must perish in order that others may be supported, who can think of the lavish provision which has been made to enable the meanest zoophyte to obtain its daily food without feelings of the profoundest surprise? Who can think of the Divine Wisdom, descending, as it were, into the depths of the ocean, and working its wonders amongst creatures which are destined to live and die in a region where night reigns, and where human intelligence rarely dives? If mortals had been making a world, they would never have dreamt of finishing-off the inferior orders with the same care and polish as the superior. Their elephants would have been clever, and their lions magnificent. Their butterflies might have been beautiful toys for the children, and their horses splendid porters for the men. But their beetles would have been poor; their spiders would have spun the clumsiest webs; their barnacles would have been left without the means of earning a meal; their star-fishes would have found their suckers out of order after a single day's practice; and their polypes would either have been wholly neglected, or their fabrication would have been intrusted to apprentice hands, with instructions to get them up in the cheapest fashion possible. But how different is the reality! Nowhere can we discover any symptoms of haste, or any instances of crude and imperfect workmanship. Those living atoms, which the unaided eye can rarely detect, are found, when examined, to be as exquisitely moulded as if the animalcule

* *Aquarium*, pp. 115, 143-148

stood at the head, instead of the foot, of creation. Well might Professor Forbes remark, "that the skill of the Great Architect of nature is not less displayed in the construction of one of these creatures than in the building-up of a world."

If mere beauty of appearance is in question, the waters need not yield the palm of loveliness to the land. The deep has its butterflies as well as the air. Fire-flies flit through its billows, as their terrestrial representatives dance and gleam amidst the foliage of a tropical forest. Little living lamps are hung in the waves, and pour out their silvery radiance from vital urns which are replenished as fast as exhausted. The transparency of some of the inhabitants of the waters gives them an appearance of fairy workmanship which is perfectly enchanting. The Globe Beroë (*Cydippe pileus*) resembles a little sphere of the purest ice, about the size of a nutmeg. It is furnished with two long, slender, curving tentacles, each of which bears a number of filaments, twisted in a spiral form along one of its sides. Eight bands are seen to traverse the surface of this animated orb, running from pole to pole like lines of longitude on a terrestrial globe. To these bands are attached a number of little plates, which serve the purpose of paddles, for the creature can work them so as to propel itself through the waters, and either proceed in a straight line, or, like a steamboat, turn in any direction, or, unlike that vessel, whirl round on its axis and shoot downwards with infinite grace and facility. But, not to dwell upon the beauty of mechanism, is there not something fascinating in the idea of crystalline creatures? Suppose we had transparent horses, or diaphanous dogs, or cats with a glass exterior, which would permit the circulation of the blood, and the working of the organs, to be distinctly seen?

Stranger still, the explorer will learn that the very worms which dwell on the shores, or live in the bed of the ocean, are sometimes models of elegance and of gorgeous painting. Hear what Mr. Gosse says on this subject:

"The worms present many points of popular interest. One is the great splendor of color displayed by many of them. The *Serpulæ* and *Sabellæ* exhibit in their radiating coronets of breathing-organs, not only the most exquisite forms and the most beautiful arrangement, but often glowing hues, usually disposed in bands

or lines of spots. The *Pectinaria* carries on his head a pair of combs that seem made of burnished gold. The *Phyllodoce* are of various tints of green, sometimes very bright, relieved by refulgent blue, as of tempered steel. But it is in the rainbow hues that are reflected from many members of this class that their chief glory lies; for the bodies of many of the *Eunicæ* and the *Nereidæ* glow with changing colors of great brilliancy, and their inferior surface displays the softer tints of the opal or the pearl. The sea-mouse (*Aphrodita*) one of the most common as well as the largest of our worms, is clothed with a dense coat of long bristles, which are fully as resplendent as the plumage of the humming-bird."—*Marine Zoology*, p. 84.

Perhaps there is more truth than the ancients suspected in the myth which represented the Goddess of Beauty as rising from the foam of the sea.

Let us therefore thank Mr. Gosse sincerely for his admirable contributions to marine zoology. We trust that his picturesque language and his lively descriptions of the curious creatures he has endeavored to popularize will tempt many a listless saunterer on the beach to turn naturalist for the season at least. Too often it has been supposed that a hunter of cirripeds and annelids is a rather ridiculous personage, whom La Bruyère would have delighted to depict. He would have been ranked with the entomologist who was overwhelmed with grief and bad temper because a favorite caterpillar died; or with the ornithologist who passed his days amongst his birds, *averser du grain et à nettoyer des ordures*, and his nights in dreaming that he was moulting his feathers or hatching eggs. To some, a passion for polypes will seem as coarse and inelegant as one for bugs and beetles. But a very little acquaintance with the marvelous creatures themselves, or a very slight attention to the teachings of a man like Mr. Gosse, will serve to correct such a hasty and contemptuous conclusion. Those who have often walked by the sounding shore, little suspecting with what living wonders it is lined, will alter their opinions when they learn that the tiniest of these creatures is entitled to an entire *Bridge-water Treatise* to itself. They will find it good to listen to such an expositor as Mr. Gosse. We can not but hold that persons like himself render a great moral service to society, apart from the additions they make to the stores of human knowledge. We look upon him as a sort

of lay preacher who finds sermons in the sands, matter for homilies in the smallest infusories, and good in every worm and weed which the waters contain. May he succeed in inspiring others with his own enthusiasm, and in covering many a beach with ardent and congenial explorers! for himself, he is entitled to say that—

“He who findeth out
Those secret things hath a fair right to glad-
ness;
For he hath well performed, and doth awaken
Another note of praise on Nature’s harp
To hymn her great Creator.”

And Tenby, too, is deeply indebted to Mr. Gosse. The honor he has conferred upon the place is deserving of some recognition. How will it show its sense of the obligation? We should very much

like to know. A statue? A little too expensive. A subscription-portrait, to be hung up in some public apartment? Flattering, but useless. An elegant silver tea-service, with an inscription brimful of gratitude? More valuable, perhaps; but, as a testimonial, dreadfully common. Then what does Tenby say to a superb silver-mounted aquarium—a little marine Crystal Palace in its way—containing the choicest and rarest specimens of zoology which the coast affords? That would really be a delicate and appropriate acknowledgment! We vote, therefore, for the aquarium. Meanwhile, we would venture to suggest that Tenby should order a whole edition of Mr. Gosse’s production, and that whenever he chooses to visit that locality he should be maintained at the public expense, and lodged luxuriously in the Prytaneum of the place.

From Fraser’s Magazine.

THE POLISH CAPTIVITY.*

THE indirect and secondary results of a great war, as of a great disease, are apt to be more permanent, and ultimately more important, than the immediate and visible result. When, in 1856, the English nation grumblingly consented to peace with Russia, they were not as yet aware how deep a wound the war had inflicted on the enemy; and the terms of peace then won, though a sensible good, appeared small in comparison to the vastness of the effort which had been made. Three years more revealed to Europe the weakness into which the Russian empire was reduced; but it was supposed to be temporary. The loss of military population, though severe, is repaired in ten years’ time. Material resources are replaced more rapidly than the population, if meanwhile peaceful counsels prevail; and the

proposed liberation of the serfs, though embarrassing to the tax-payers and to the treasury for a few years, was certain to bring about a large increase of intelligent industry and diffused wealth. Hence it appeared that Europe had a *few* years’ respite from the incubus of Russian predominance; and the Emperor of the French, with his enterprising allies, Cavour and Victor Emmanuel, sagaciously seized the opportunity to weaken the hold of Austria upon Italy, while Russia could exert no opposition.

Napoleon triumphed, and effected more than he had known, more than he had desired. In consequence, the Russian war has effected more than we knew, more than even we desired. He enabled the Italians and Garibaldi to found the kingdom of Italy, and their success stimulated the Poles to desire reunion under national institutions. Alexander II., a well-intentioned, mild prince, whose rule over his native Russians is a pleasant contrast to

* *The Polish Captivity under Russia, Prussia, and Austria.* By Sutherland Edwards. Two vols. London: W. H. Allen & Co. 1863.

that of his harsh, pedantic father, took fright on discovering Polish aspirations, and allowed himself to be carried into a policy, first as severe, next as inhuman, as his father could have sanctioned in his worst mood. For two years the Poles felt the blow impending; and, after a period of heroic non-resistance, were roused into spasmodic effort by the fatal cruelty of a universal conscription, which aimed at the slavery and banishment of their principal intellect and manhood. Europe still knows not what it is permitted to hope for Poland, but we already see what alternative is inevitable for Russia. The Emperor has thrown away the scabbard; conciliation is impossible. The struggle has spread over a far wider area than the imperial court had expected. The violence of the imperial counsels is even exceeded but the ferocity and brutality of the Russian soldiers. No Pole, however disposed to inaction by wealth, or timidity, or age, or even by sex, is exempt from outrage and unprovoked violence. No neutrality, no submission, any longer shelters the high-born or the owners of property, nor are the peasants any the more spared. Thus the entire nation is forced into the camp, wherever insurrection has begun, to do battle against Russia. Now therefore the alternative is encountered: *either* Poland becomes free, *or*, if Russia once more place her foot upon the prostrate nation, the whole force of the empire will be ordinarily preoccupied in the effort of retaining supremacy. Even in the Crimean war a hundred thousand men were thought needful to garrison the Duchy of Warsaw alone. In the future, after a new conquest, Lithuania, and Samogitia, and Volhynia, and Podolia will all need powerful armies of permanent occupancy; nor will three hundred thousand men be an excessive garrison. With such a drain upon her resources, Russia loses all high power to interfere in Europe for another fifty years. This is not a direct result of our recent war; yet without that war, this result would not have come about. Turkey and Germany, if they understand the meaning of events, have now an auspicious time for arranging their internal affairs without control from Russia. Would that we were able to think that in either country the ruling powers had wisdom and patriotism to profit by the opportunity; but such is not the usual

course of human affairs. In any case the future is not to be measured by the past.

The English and the French, high and low, have long pitied Poland; but owing to the difficulty of getting reliable information, we never could judge definitely whether her restoration was possible, nor knew what to wish for reasonably. So long as Poland meant the Duchy of Warsaw—that which, in 1815, was called “the kingdom” of Poland—so small a power could not possibly be independent side by side with Russia, nor even be safe from Austria if there were no Russia. The great revelation in the last two years is, that “Poland” now means, not four millions, but thirty millions of people. The word Poland itself has now great significance and spiritual force, which, in the midst of a contest cruelly unequal, yet enables us to hope.

Great nations which have a common language, common religion, common sentiment and manners, with a common history in the past, do not choose to be broken up into many little ones for the convenience of their neighbors, and by the decree of diplomacy. Italy, even without a past in which she was One, insists on absolute union; the same spirit is visible in the little nation of the Greeks, at Athens and at Corfu. Dean Milman, as a very youthful poet, wrote, in his tragedy of *Tazio* (nearly half a century back,) that the degraded land (Italy) could never be purified until it was free; nor could be free until it was united. The Italians deeply learned that lesson, and put unity in the foreground of their desire. In 1848, when Milan might have been free, she refused to accept her own freedom by bargaining away that of Venice, and preferred to risk all rather than deliberately renounce a part of Italy. All is not yet won: Venice and Rome remain unrescued, but still are claimed by the Italians; and where mutual attraction is so strong, no reasonable doubt can remain of ultimate, and not distant, union. The example of Italy, as we have observed, has undeniably had an electric influence on Poland; yet it could not have had much force had not common principles been at work. Poland, in fact, on several grounds, has a stronger case than Italy—morally stronger we mean; for, alas! no Piedmont has yet appeared to stand up for her, and strike suddenly at the right crisis. But

Poland has, what Italy had not, a history in the past as having been one of the great powers of Christendom, and has been oppressed by her neighbors only ninety years; while Italy had undergone four centuries of degradation, three of vassalage. Italy, moreover, had not to complain that Austria forced upon her an offensive form of religion, and put dishonor upon her native clergy and hierarchy; but the Emperor Nicholas' persecution of Polish Catholicism was such that the late Pope refused to see him. In fact, his floggings of the nuns at Minsk, as typical of his whole truculent oppressions, are proverbial in Europe; nor, even under Alexander, has the religious oppression been relaxed. In consequence, at this moment, religious resentment adds its force to the spirit which animates the insurrection, and is likely to secure a compact coalition of all the provinces which, a century ago, formed the empire of Poland. Again, Poland can appeal to the European treaties of 1815, not, indeed, as promising her the unity which she claims, but as guaranteeing the national institutions which would solace her temporary division, and sustain her hope of ultimate reünion. The history of this half century amounts to a full demonstration that the popular instinct of both Poles and Italians is correct in putting unity before freedom or any particular legislation. National freedom is the true end, but unity is the only possible means, and therefore is the thing for which the popular instinct makes its great struggle. According to M. Guizot, even in 1831 the Polish insurgents informed the Duc de Mortemart, French ambassador to St. Petersburg, that they had taken up arms not for the rights of Warsaw alone, but for those of all the Russo-Polish provinces—concerning which the ambassador was not empowered to make representations. If, indeed, Russia, Austria, or Prussia would, one or all, give to its own fractional Poland any portion of nationality, the Poles would not despise it; but to except such a thing from their *liberality* (we humbly represent to all diplomatists) is now really too absurd, when it has not been obtained from any of the three Powers even after they had bound themselves to it by a *treaty*. To pretend that we expect it, is not only an hypocrisy, but plays their game, and is mere injustice to Poland. The case of Cracow is decisive, is demonstrative, and ought to forbid all

such smooth-tongued epistles as figured in the *Secret Correspondence with Russia*, published in 1854.

Cracow, be it remembered, was reserved by the Treaty of 1815 as a sovereign Polish city. If European treaties are of avail—if they are justly called “the title-deeds of nations,” Cracow was as safe as Switzerland, or Belgium, or Piedmont; and it was so very small a territory that in no case could it have caused military alarm to the weaker of its neighbors in his weakest hour. It could not furnish resources for even a single campaign. Nevertheless, Austria was unable to endure that the Poles of Galicia should see, even in miniature, that free Polish nationality which she was bound in treaty herself to establish, and did not. Its existence was a permanent rebuke, which constantly reminded her of her perfidy; nor could she endure a free Polish press in Cracow. Mr Sutherland Edwards sums up the fortunes of this sovereign city in the later era, thus:

“In 1833, and again in 1837, the three despots [Russia, Prussia, Austria] introduced various reforms in the constitution of the Republic; which they completed in 1839 by dissolving the Diet. . . . In 1846 Cracow, while in a state of profound quiet, was bombarded by the Austrians, and was afterwards given to them as a reward by the Emperor Nicholas—to whom it did not belong.”

No protest against the deed was made by any of the powers which signed the Treaty of Vienna. Lord Palmerston, in Parliament, gave as his reason for not protesting, that a ship of the line could not sail up to Cracow. These words, which excited unseemly laughter from some members of Parliament, have drawn upon him grave and bitter reproof from other critics. While we regret and deprecate this tone of apparent jocosity and *poco-curanteism* in the noble lord, we find it impossible to review his whole course towards Poland without believing that his jest concealed a deep earnestness. He had thoroughly learned that the three powers will yield nothing to justice, nothing to treaties, in the matter of Polish nationality. Nothing will move them but fear, and the sight of military force impending. He had protested, and protested in vain already, and now he would no longer waste words in favor of a treaty which could not be sustained. We hope he will persevere in

that course. The Treaty of 1815 is, to our diplomacy, the starting-place of argument; but now that it has been so scornfully and so obstinately broken by all three powers, it is no longer the limit of our wishes, nor, should opportunity favor, of our demands and aims.

We will here, once for all, state to our readers that Mr. Sutherland Edwards' book, on the "Polish Captivity," is a convenient, able, and agreeable summary of all that is most important and most interesting to be known concerning Poland, and concerning her domestic and legal position. We have no idea of undertaking the task of giving the cream of his book to our readers, but much rather exhort them to read it themselves, which, we believe, will quite repay the trouble. It contains—beside a little speculation about which opinions will be various—a mass of fact, and various documents, which may not easily be found together elsewhere. The Treaty of 1815 itself is already antiquated to this generation, and some important clauses of it, on which he insists, are probably very little known to the English public, while their history is still less known. A few words may here not be amiss. After Napoleon the Great had basely and most foolishly thrown away (as Kosciuszko knew he would throw away) the opportunity of reestablishing Poland when his vast and victorious army reached Smolensk, he hereby ruined his own cause with that of Poland. The Emperor Alexander, two years later, appeared to have both power and will to unite the scattered limbs of Poland under his single scepter, and Kosciuszko felt it a patriotic duty to exhort him to it. If Alexander had introduced Polish nationality into all the old Polish provinces under his scepter, and united them with Warsaw, we may judge by the example of Kosciuszko how certainly Russia would have attracted to itself Galicia and Posen. In dread of this event the allies (especially England and Austria) insisted on cutting Poland into five parts, and then—to comfort the Poles on the one hand, and on the other prevent their gravitation towards Warsaw—inserted in the treaty a positive provision that every section of Poland should have Polish national institutions. This compromise was probably the utmost that our plenipotentiary, Lord Castlereagh, could extort. Our helplessness before Russia was the penalty for having perse-

vered in hostility to Napoleon on his reappearance from Elba. Germany and Europe have been saved from the overwhelming preponderance of Russia, not by the treaty, nor by the high spirit of the other princes or peoples, but by the intensity of despotism inherent in the administration of Russia under its very best monarch. Alexander did exact of the Congress the insertion of a clause, by which he was empowered to give to his kingdom of Poland any extension that he chose from his own dominions; and this proves that he was seriously designing to move in the direction acceptable to Polish patriots. Posen is a very small fraction of old Poland: Galicia is, perhaps, a ninth part of the whole. If Alexander had had heart to do what no despot known to us has ever done—if he had established over all Russian Poland the rule of the free constitution guaranteed by him to Warsaw, and had honorably submitted "to reign without governing" in that great territory—then, on the one hand, an enthusiastic loyalty for him would have arisen among the Poles; on the other, his influence with them in all matters of foreign policy, while conceding to them full domestic freedom, would have been immense, as combining the positions of their King and their mighty ally, Emperor of all the Russias. If Galicia and Posen resolved to join their brethren, and Great Poland resolved to receive them, with Russia as a support in the background, Germany would have found itself helpless, and the whole of Eastern Prussia must probably have gone back to its natural and ancient position as a fief of Poland. This, according to Mr. Sutherland Edwards, not only was the wise course for Alexander I., but, if we rightly understand him, is the only reasonable hope for Poland under Alexander II.

We can not admit to him that nothing more was needed from Alexander I. than to act as Austria was acting towards Hungary. Every Austrian monarch, according to the Hungarians, violated their constitution, and from every Diet came solemn, periodical protests; until finally Austria deliberately chose to plunge into a treacherous and fatal civil war, rather than observe her oaths—which was all that the Hungarians asked or wanted of the dynasty. No such ambiguous half-freedom could have won for Alexander I. the zeal and loyalty of Poland. It needed not only

an amiable prince, but a man of the sternest morality and profound convictions—proof against the flattery of courtiers and the routine of statesmen—to act towards the Poles as honor and interest alike demanded. Interest, did we say? But this brings in another side of the question. How would the Russians have been affected by such a proceeding? The Russian nobility would have found themselves excluded at once from all public posts in Great Poland, and from its European embassies, and in their own land would have been comparatively cut off from Europe; while they saw the Polish nobility and people in enjoyment of a constitutional and social freedom wholly denied to them. Alexander I. well remembered that his father was assassinated by the Russian nobility; and, curious enough, among the proofs of his father's unsoundness of mind is reckoned his good-will to Poland. The Muscovite monarch who had strength of mind to unite Poland and make it free, must have found it absolutely necessary to give equal freedom to St. Petersburg and Moscow itself. If Alexander I. had done this, the glory of our Alfred the Great would have grown pale before him; neither Solon nor Washington would have compared with him. To censure him for not being so great and good is very idle; yet, short of being such, it is hard to know what more could have been expected of him than he did, when once his ambition had plunged him into his false position at Warsaw. Having rudely seized the kingdom by violence, and having won the assent of the Poles by the free constitution he drew up for them, it was of course his duty to adhere to it; but the same immorality which led him to seize his prey, merely because he had the power, made it inevitable that he would violate his pledge as soon as fidelity involved consequences obviously and highly inconvenient. Mr. Edwards (misled by the case of Hungary) much undervalues the difficulty of "governing absolutely in Russia and constitutionally in Poland;" but we now point at the difficulty of maintaining freedom in the duchy of Warsaw (or little kingdom of Poland), and not extending the same freedom to all Russian Poland. With one language and literature—especially with Polish national institutions faithfully upheld in all—a free parliament and free press in Warsaw were a little heaven sure to cause

fermentation through the whole mass. Alexander I., driven on by vanity, brought on himself a task, which, unless glorified by heroic wisdom and splendid successful firmness, doomed him to appear as a foolish and perjured thief.

We may here suitably borrow the remark of the Earl of Shaftesbury, from his able speech in the House of Lords, that by solemnly engaging to establish Polish institutions in the portions of Poland annexed in the earlier spoliation, Russia has debarred herself from using the plea of her English advocates, that Lithuania, Livonia, Volhynia, Podolia, are as truly Russian as Polish. We are saved from the need of asking in detail what is the number of Ruthenian peasantry in this and that province. Neither Prussia has a right to pretend that Posen is German, on account of its German immigrants, nor Russia to say the same of Volhynia on the score of Ruthenians. How much nearer Ruthenians are to Russians than to Poles, we can not learn by anything in the imperial policy. Certain it is, that in the Congress of Vienna, Russia admitted all these provinces to be nationally Polish. The same thing is testified now beyond dispute, by the conduct both of the oppressor and of the oppressed. Many years back, the Russians had to forbid in Lithuania, and even in Witepsk, Polish costumes and singing of the insurrectionary hymn, and have punished the Podolians for desiring Polish schools. Nor has there been any cessation of pressure against Polish religion.

The saying of Talleyrand, that a blunder is worse than a crime, like many other paradoxes, is either an immoral falsehood or a deep truth, according as it is interpreted. In many great political events, a blunder denotes something intrinsically incongruous; but a crime, something done in a criminal manner, and only on that account to be deprecated. When a nation superior in enlightenment, in freedom, and in all political institutions, conquers a border state much inferior to her—say as England conquered Wales or Oude—this is generally done in a criminal way, and must be called a crime; but if the conquering power imparts its own freedom, and fairly shares all its advantages, its crime is soon forgiven, and the event does not prove to be a blunder. Not but that in every such case the crime is still to be deprecated, and sternly re-

buked; nor has any one a right to call it necessary. Where the result is beneficial, it could have been won by patience and by just negotiations, aided often by intermarriages not to be blamed. Strength and justice united are precisely the magnet to which all weaker powers run gladly; and much more, if other superiority in art and knowledge and public institutions be superadded. Nevertheless, we must take mankind as it is; nor does it avail, when we find all empires to be agglomerated by indefensible usurpations, to dwell obstinately on the criminality of the process, when the result is good and natural. When a superior is conquered by a really inferior people, the result is unnatural, and the conquest is a blunder, except when the conquerors consent to lose their own nationality, and to be absorbed in that of the conquered; as was the case, perhaps, with the Goths in Italy, and Normans in Sicily, who contributed energy, while they borrowed knowledge and refinement. But the Austrians and Croats in Italy, and the Russians in Warsaw, have had nothing to give to the conquered—or, in fact, had given nothing—for the freedom which they despoiled; and the longer they rule the more they are hated. No amalgamation takes place—time has no softening power; hence nothing but convulsion is in store.

The three Powers which have been foremost in the last two centuries—for Philip II. wounded Spain to death, when she might long have held supremacy—are France, Germany, and England; nations as preëminent in literature and in mechanical art as in arms. Since we regret to have some hard words against Germany, we include France and England in our censure, as indicating (what is probably the truth) that prosperity is the common cause which makes them disliked by other nations. The French, as individuals, are very amiable; as a nation they are extremely clever; their administration has long been highly energetic; though otherwise, in English estimate, they have not had much to boast of politically. How great power they have of assimilating and permanently winning a foreign people once appropriated, is shown not only in Brittany, but more strikingly in Alsace, which, in spite of Germany at its side, is proud of being French. Who, after this, might not have expected the French to be acceptable to their neighbors? Yet,

we believe Spaniards, Italians and Germans feel a strong repulsion for them. That the English are somewhat unpopular in Europe, we fear, is hard to deny; but it is here more to the purpose to say, that in India, where we have complete dominion, the haughtiness and conceit of higher officials, with the rudeness of younger men, and actual violence of many, are a grave hindrance and embarrassment to the good intentions of the Queen's Government. But certainly in Europe neither French nor English are so extremely disliked as are the Germans by their neighbors; and this, it seems, chiefly on account of their airs of superiority and unendurable self-conceit towards all the weaker powers.

How intense is the repugnance of the Italians for them need not to be said. The Hungarians, when asked why they would prefer alliance with half-barbarous Croats, Serbs, Bosniats, Wallachians, Bulgarians (if by any means they could bring about a Danubian Confederation,) rather than alliance with Austria, reply, that no German will deal with them as with equals. To the Germans they are nothing but a Scythian people, made for German glory. The ruder races do not despise Hungary, and can be won by justice; but Austrians can not. Their conceitedness makes all fair treaty impossible. Well, one might say, the Hungarians impute to Germany what is only true of Austria; but when we move northward, we find that the Danes make like complaints of Prussia and of Prussians, and still worse is the outcry of the Poles. According to Mr. Edwards, it is hard to find out whether the Prussians are more hated in Posen or the Austrians in Galicia; the ostensible liberality of Prussian principles makes no difference, while Polish nationality is crushed and sneered at. Of the three dominant powers all are hated impartially; but Russia is the only one from whom the Poles, even in theory and in the dreams of the future, ever expect or hope any thing. Kossuth has publicly asserted, that if a terrible destiny should shut the Hungarians up to choose between submission to Austrian or to Russian tyranny, the nation will unhesitatingly prefer that of Russia; and, according to Mr. Edwards, the Poles say the very same thing. It does not concern us to censure or to approve such national antipathies; but, if they do exist in a marked form, no

statesman should overlook them. Germany may strengthen herself immensely by internal fusion, which is the thing to be desired by Germans themselves, and by all Europe, except Denmark; but Germany will never get strength from Poland, and to struggle for it is an error. Few are so unwise as to expect wisdom from the present King of Prussia; but we regret to say that the sentiment of even the most liberal Germans towards Poland is any thing but generous; nor have we ever met in them any sincere desire for an independent Poland, though, as a barrier against Russia, it would have been to them of the utmost value.

Alexander II., if he had heart for playing the part towards Poland which Mr. Edwards suggests to us as Poland's sole hope, is on one ground better situated for it than Alexander I., in the very fact that constitutional life is already waking up in Russia itself, and might now be granted to Poles and Russia alike, with less danger and more graciousness than to either separately. We may afterwards add some details concerning the present position of this internal Russian question. It is certainly possible that the alarm caused to the Russian bureaucracy by the spread of the Polish insurrection may overpower their inveterate dislike of a real constitutional *régime*, which would keep them in check; but hitherto the court party has shown no signs of concession. The students of St. Petersburg and the nobles of Tver were arrested and imprisoned for their petitions; and, up to our last information, it remains doubtful whether Moscow and Petersburg are to gain constitutional rights. If the Emperor, or rather the Civil Service, which has every thing to lose, prove obstinate in refusal, this may just turn the scale in favor of Polish liberty, which, while we write, is in anxious uncertainty, yet less desperate from week to week. It is true that they have against them not merely the dynasty, and the officials, and the Muscovite nobility, but also the Russians in general. We fear that even patriotic exiles turn a deaf ear to the Polish claim of Lithuania and Volhynia, and would yield to them nothing but the little Poland of 1815. Nor can any one who looks at the map wonder at this. Precisely because the robbery of Russia from Poland is so great, it does not suit the Russians to make restitution. By the interposition of so great a country,

they would be entirely shut out from contact with Germany, and would be no longer dreaded on the Danube. Hitherto they have comforted themselves for the want of liberty for the pride of predominating in European politics. They already feel humiliated by their total loss of power in Europe since 1856; and if old Poland be reëstablished, it seems to doom them to permanent nothingness. Such a statement is greatly exaggerated. Russia in Europe, without Poland, while she is loyal and united, containing above forty million inhabitants, would be sure of commanding all reasonable respect; but, to those who are accustomed to unreasonable influence, it of necessity seems a terrible downfall. Moreover, it would probably terminate for ever their ambitious plans against Turkey, which have but been postponed, to be renewed in another and safer direction. Therefore, unless the struggle for domestic liberty preoccupy them, it seems too certain that all the patriotism and pride of Russia will rally round the Emperor against the demand of the Poles to be independent. We may in this connection profitably remember our own settlement of Canada. After the deplorable war of 1838, the most liberal of our noble statesmen, Lord Durham, was sent out, taking with him the most liberal of secretaries, Charles Buller, with powers understood to be all but absolute. His celebrated report, written in the most impartial and enlightened spirit, virtually justified the colonists, and condemned the Home Government; urged that every thing should be conceded that the colony had claimed, and more still; *nevertheless*—that the Upper and Lower Provinces be consolidated, and French nationality be totally overthrown, as the perpetual germ of disaffection and war. It is true that he saw the English element to develop itself three times as fast as the French, and that the latter was too small ever to have the dignity of a nation. On that account, to foster it seemed to be a spurious and erring liberalism. But it is easy to understand, that to well-intentioned Russians a Polish nationality *internal to Russia* appears productive of confusion (nay, we have not yet admitted such an idea in Wales or Ireland); while to claim that they now give up, and part entirely with the Poland over which they have held seventy or ninety years' dominion, is to

ask more of their liberality than to ask England to part with India. So much we say, not as justly applying against Poland, but as softening our censures of Russia. If the Government does but fight for that, to which the best patriots and liberals of Russia earnestly cling, we may be obliged, in the cause of humanity, to wish for Russia a total overthrow; but we need not think the Russian policy worse than that of other Great Powers. It is not the policy, but the violence of detail which is atrocious.

The present practical question is, for how many months can the insurgents sustain the struggle? Will it disable them from sowing or reaping their crops? On the answer appears to depend the chances and hopes of unfortunate Poland in the terrible and unequal conflict, unless speedily aided by other powers. It is already clear that there is no violence of war, such as devastation of crops, and burning of villages, from which the Russians will abstain, should it seem to conduce to victory. On the other side, they leave to the population no choice but to join the camp, as best they can; and make it certain that the Russian forces will be immensely out numbered, be their superiority what it may in arms and training. Hitherto, the success of the Poles has exceeded the hopes of the most sanguine. We can not overlook the sad possibility, that, if the national spirit of Russia be roused, three months may add largely to her armies; and meanwhile, the policy of Prussia is taking a form more and more fixed as an actual ally of Russia, though unavowed. If an area of moderate extent could once be obtained in Poland, clear of Russian force, as a center in which arms could be made and distributed, the insurrection might soon prove to be irreducible. But even if it prolong itself through the summer, the gravest questions arise as to the duty of the Western powers to interfere.

Whether England has or has not a high duty to perform, evidently depends upon our ability. This is probably what Lord Palmerston meant, when he enunciated his apparently selfish doctrine, that the Treaty of Vienna gives us the right to interfere, but does not impose on us the duty. The duty can not rest on England alone, but on all who signed the treaty. Now, of the five great powers who were party to it, three are the culprits who

need to be chastised for the violation, and France was then the conquered power. The dynasty, newly put on the throne of France, but since expelled, signed it, no doubt; the present occupant of the throne occupies it against the express provision of the treaty! No zeal for the treaty, as such can be expected from France: who then can visit England with rebuke, if she is slow to come single-handed, as champion of the treaty-rights? It is a truly embarrassing position, and may seem to be a *reductio ad absurdum* of European settlements, until a vast revolution shall have passed over the kingdoms in detail. But even to advance hand in hand with France, however eager in this cause, is on another ground difficult; for the French nation does not disguise its desire to make its aid to Poland a means and ground for stripping Prussia of her Rhenish Provinces;—an act extremely similar to the Empress Catherine's first appropriation of Polish territory:—yet it is too possible, that the Russian policy of the perverse King of Prussia may give to France a pretext for an act, which would bring no aid to Poland, except, indeed, by diverting the power of Germany westward. Lastly we set aside the treaty ourselves in the matter of Belgium; not indeed for any advantage to England, but through the pressure of events; and we have rejoiced to see it set aside in Italy, on which the treaty had imposed a most unjust and galling yoke. Thus we are thrown back on to general moral right; which is, we apprehend, at bottom, what Lord Palmerston meant, in a sentence which seemed to lay down that we were at liberty to do as we found it convenient.

The noble lord has indeed, in the last two years, spoken with the utmost frankness on the subject; has avowed the undisguised violence by which Alexander I. constrained the Congress to consent to his possession of Warsaw, and the haste with which he broke his engagements after extorting consent. With equal frankness have both the noble lords, Palmerston and Russell, condemned the cruel tyranny of the Polish conscription, by which the Russian Government precipitated this outbreak of despair; for such it was. And again, since we wrote the last sentence, Earl Russell has replied to Lord Shaftesbury in a tone, which has generally satisfied the sincere friends of Poland among us; and they are the English nation. But

while we thank both of the ministers for their very tardy out-spoken sincerity, we regret that they stopped short where they did (perhaps from fear of arousing too strong a war-spirit in the nation,) so as not to exhibit the full strength of our moral position against Russia, and the right which we have to deal out to her, even without actual war, the smallest share of amity which international law permits. We have to complain, not merely that Russia is inhuman to Poland; not merely that, in common with Prussia and Austria, she breaks and has broken for forty-eight years, the clauses of the treaty which were made in favor of Poland: but, that she has broken ever since 1856, and is still breaking, the most cardinal article of the peace of 1857, which was called "The neutralization of the Black Sea." We beg of our readers a careful attention to the moral aspects of this matter.

Many military men and many eager politicians, in the late Russian war, disapproved of directing our efforts against Sebastopol; but whatever might on other grounds be objected, this course had at least one great moral argument. In point of fact the Western Allies entered the war, not because of the invasion of the Principalities, but because of the battle of Sinope, in which the Turkish fleet had been destroyed by a sudden attack, while the allied fleets remained inactive at Constantinople. Their inactivity was caused by their profound belief that the Emperor Nicholas' promise "to remain on the defence within the Principalities," bound him to abstain from aggressive war in the Black Sea; while they were doing their utmost by persuasion (and we fear, by something more than persuasion) to keep down the warlike spirit of the Turks. There was much in our conduct which we can not justify; it was all too favorable to Russia; in consequence, when the battle of Sinope had been fought, and we were hereby exhibited to the Turks as traitors who had come to ruin them, Lords Russell and Palmerston spoke out in parliament, as men should speak in a great cause, with intense indignation against Russia. From their point of view, which we believe was just, Sebastopol was virtually a robber's stronghold, from which had preceded a terrible armed force for the destruction of the Turkish fleet. Sebastopol was previously understood well by the Turks themselves to be their

mortal danger. Nearly two years before, Kossuth (who drew his inspiration from the Turks) avowed in America, that they could well defend themselves by land, but were helpless against the Russian fleet; and told the Americans that a squadron of their ships stationed at Constantinople, would keep the city safe. Thus, after the battle of Sinope, to prohibit the Russians from having in the future any war fleet in the Black Sea, was not merely a fit punishment for the past, but was a needful security for the future. To destroy the docks and marine fortifications of Sebastopol was an essential preliminary; and they were destroyed. To forbid the maintenance of an armed fleet was the cardinal article imposed by the allies, and at length, most unwillingly, was submitted to by Russia. Lord John Russell, on discovering that Austria in no case dared to join the war, had been dismayed, and had proposed peace without this article; and M. Drouyn de Lhuys assented. But the Western Allies sternly disowned their own ministers; both of whom had to leave office; the war was continued, the Sebastopol docks were at length demolished; Kilburn was taken; Nicolaieff and even Georgia were threatened; the forces of England were put on a greater and greater scale, till at last the stubborn spirit of Russia was subdued, and Alexander II. consented to the "neutralization of the Black Sea;" which, with the clause by which he abandoned so much of Bessarabian territory as to free the navigation of the Danube, constituted the essential conditions of peace. We need not add that the power which may not have a fleet of war can not establish a legal blockade; yet, for a length of time past, Russia has blockaded the Circassian coast, and captures English merchantmen. Earl Russell has been asked whether there is any legal blockade; he says, there is none. He has been asked whether he will defend English ships engaged in lawful traffic; he declines to say yes; but replies that the ships must go at their own risk. When Russia thus feels her way, and learns from our indisposition to a new war how much she may dare, it is difficult to see why she should scruple to rebuild Sebastopol as soon as her finances admit it. This would not be a more flagrant breach of the peace than she has committed already.

The importance of the subject in relation to Poland is, that Russia is engaged

in unjust aggressive war against Circassia also; while her chief object in the war is, through the conquest of Circassia, to gain easy and sure admittance into Turkey, from a side on which the Western Powers can not stop her. We are disposed to think that recent events extremely lessen the dangers of Turkey from Russian ambition. We do not wish to urge too strongly those topics concerning Armenia, Persia, Constantinople, which ten years ago were most appropriate and necessary. Still, if treaties of peace are to be broken with impunity, lest a free people, like the Circassians, be able to retain their freedom, international trust is destroyed. Even on such general grounds we can not afford to teach Russia to despise the peace of 1856, and tamely allow her to trample it down for her own convenience. How much indirect aid we might contribute to Poland by putting down the blockade in the Black Sea, we have no direct measure; but when so petty a people as the Circassians, fighting generally with sword and bow, unable to get artillery or to breach a wall, still continue year after year, to defy the utmost efforts of their great antagonist, it is manifest that a free commerce with Europe and with Turkey would add to them a considerable advantage. Moreover, Russia would not so break the recent treaty of peace, except for a great object. Thus, without other means of knowledge, we think it reasonable to measure the importance of the free traffic by the rudeness of the perfidy. We further regard it as certain that, in her present weakness and danger, Russia will not, if she can help it, drive us into actual and avowed war. Let it be remembered how we dealt in the siege of Antwerp, Lord Grey being Prime Minister, and Palmerston Foreign Secretary. Mr. Urquhart may tell us it was piratical; suppose it was; but it was certainly a more humane process than ordinary war, and involved nothing treacherous. We assured the King of Holland that we had no "war" with him; that his ships, and subjects, and all his possessions were safe; but—we intended to drive his troops out of the citadel of Antwerp; and as he did not desire to expose himself to our general attack, he submitted to this *limitation* of the war. So, if we insisted on forcibly putting down the blockade in the Black Sea, while avowing that we have no war with Russia elsewhere, we have an invin-

cible belief that the Emperor will, however reluctantly submit, without forcing a war. We are presuming that the Sultan, after a frank exposition of the case, will see it to be his duty to allow our fleet to pass freely into the Black Sea.

Not only would the diversion of Russian arms, caused by the establishment of free-trade with Circassia, be a sensible help to the Poles, but it is impossible to calculate what might be, over and above, its moral effects on the other populations of Southern Russia. It is not our place to stir up the subjects of the Russian Empire to rebel; any fixed scheme of [that sort would be highly blameable. But after long experience has proved that the best and the worst Emperors of Russia are alike regardless of public treaties, it ought not to grieve us—nay, we are at liberty to rejoice—if some of the conquered people, unsolicited by us, should throw off the yoke. If free trade with Circassia were firmly upheld by the English fleet, who shall say that a Garibaldi might not presently appear among the Cossacks? They, as the Poles, have a religious quarrel with the Russian Church, and with extreme difficulty maintain their national institutions. While the Polish insurrection spreads, slight successes of the Circassians, and the presence of an English fleet, might have direct effects of great magnitude.

So much, then, appears to us *the very least* which we ought, at any rate, at present to enforce. It is, moreover, a form of action in which we could confidently and graciously invite the coöperation of all the allies—France, Turkey and Italy—by whose aid the peace of 1856 was enforced, without any fear of ministering to sinister ambition. We could propose combined action by a composite fleet; and if that were declined, we could without offence act alone, and are strong enough to enforce it alone, if the Sultan do but yield us passage. On all these grounds we regard the case of Circassia as an important clue to our present and most immediate duty.

But it is not too early to deliberate what course may, before long, be incumbent on us, if the Polish insurrection be unsubdued, and European opinion rise to the necessary mark. Sweden does not forget—ought Europe to forget?—the process by which Russia became mistress of Finland. Alexander I., that most

amiable of foxes, having been admitted as a friend, kept possession by force. If the Finns in general still remember with regret their old connection with Sweden, nothing could be more *righteous* than to help them to regain it, even at the expense of an avowed Russian war. While it is quite impossible to advise or desire any active step of initiation from us in so delicate and momentous a matter, which, even if we were sure how the Finns are minded, might involve us in a task beyond our power, it is yet wholesome that Russia should know that obstinate resistance on her part to Western opinion may chance to entail another loss beside that of Poland. We could not desire a minister of the Crown, in the present state of things, to hold out such a threat; from a private Member of Parliament it might come with advantage. Since we began to write, the possibility has shown itself that Sweden, encouraged perhaps by France, will take out of the hands of England the grave responsibility of initiating such a struggle, and that the thing for us to consider will only be, how to act under the contingency. To stir up the Finns to insurrection, and then abandon them, would be a cruelty; and however we might rejoice in a diversion favorable to Poland, we ought to protest with our whole moral force against making the Finns a mere cat's paw. If a regular government engages in such an effort, it should be with adequate forces, and with a stern resolution to persevere. But supposing Sweden and France to be thus minded, it seems to us the part of half-heartedness and virtual treachery for any Englishman to oppose on the vague principle that "the area of war must not be enlarged." To say this is to yield up every thing to Russia. When an empire has aggrandized itself on every other side by so vast and unscrupulous annexation, and has failed to attach its subjects, it can not complain of being forced to disgorge some of its unjust spoil; and it may be easier to take away two or three provinces at once than one at a time. In other words, to extend the area of war may be the only possible mode of victory; which is indeed the theory on which the Polish insurgents are proceeding. Had the Indian insurgents in Delhi and Lucknow understood this in the summer of 1857, the results of the Indian war might have been widely different. A Franco-

Swedish war against Russia would, it may be presumed, attempt simultaneously to reinforce the Poles through Courland and Samogitia, and also to occupy Finland. In that case, what part remains for England?

It would be a service at once to humanity and to Poland, if, without actual war, by a threatening attitude of expectation, we forbade Prussia to aid against Poland, and forced France to direct her martial ardor against Russia, not against the Rhenish provinces. If simultaneously we kept open the Circassian trade, Poland and Finland might, by the arms of France and Sweden, become independent of Russia, with glorious advantage to Europe.

But a real neutrality in such a strife is unworthy of England, which is bound to aim openly at the freedom of Poland; and unless Prussia honorably abstain, we are far from being satisfied that England should be passive. It is not wholly needless here to protest against the pseudo-liberal doctrine which pretends that non-intervention is a great and beneficial principle recently adopted in Europe, which forbids aid to Poland. Non-intervention is at best a *policy*, not a *principle*. Where the intervention of England for one side will bring two or three more powers on to the other side, and inflames a local struggle into a general and doubtful war, we may be forced to abstain from aiding a good cause; but neither we nor any other power ever did or ever shall adopt non-intervention as a principle. To do so, is to declare that there shall be no international police, no steady movement towards a state of things in which international tribunals shall enforce right upon powerful nations. As a fact, as late as 1859, France intervened in Italy against Austria, and was blamed for stopping short at the peace of Villafranca. It may have been *prudent* in England not to join the King of Sardinia in that war; but there was nothing in our prudence to boast of. In truth, that we felt jealousy of France was still less praiseworthy, when nothing enabled France to appropriate Savoy and Nice, but the fact that she had been the sole ally of Italy. When the French Emperor espouses a good cause, we make his ambition harmless by helping him in it; certainly not by carping at him. It is earnestly to be hoped that we shall not repeat this error.

But how would Austria act? Austria

has always pretended to desire an independent Poland; but her most inconsistent conduct implies that she had never known her own heart. The Empress Maria Theresa protested in writing against the signature which she had just given for the first division of Poland; yet Galicia, which she accepted so reluctantly, was not for an hour treated as deserving Polish institutions. In 1815 the Austrian dynasty affected to desire the restoration of Poland; in 1848 it solemnly declared the same thing; yet never to this day can it endure even the semblance of Polish nationality on the smallest scale. Hence in the Crimean war the Galicians believed from the beginning, that, if the Western Allies had attempted to resuscitate Poland, Austria would have actively joined Russia, though she now reproaches them for not having done this. On the whole, we have a painful expectation that, if the cause of the Poles meet any hopeful success, Austria will at last throw her whole force on to the side of Russia. Should this happen, the English Government will once more have occasion to ponder, with what sort of wisdom they have constantly discouraged Hungary, and have nurtured against Western Europe, against Constitutional Government, against free religion and hereditary national institutions, the power which for three centuries has been the strength of obscurantism and of tyranny. In a struggle reaching from north to south, human wisdom has to follow not to lead. But if Hungary and Italy should rise upon Austria, at the crisis of Austria joining Russia, we earnestly hope that the English ministry will at last give up its disastrous anxiety to maintain the Austrian empire.

We are at the same time conscious of deep national humiliation, at remembering the part which England played towards Poland in 1831, which was the very reverse of magnanimous; which we can not defend to a foreigner, however much we may deprecate loading Lord Palmerston with the exclusive blame. It will be remembered that the old Whig doctrine was that of Messrs. Cobden and Bright—absolute censure on our taking part in continental quarrels. Mr. Canning, for a short moment, awakened the national ardor to defend Portugal; and his mere threat of war, and of appealing to the spirit of freedom, saved Portugal without war. With this exception, the spirit of

the nation from 1815 to 1830 was that of intense unwillingness to interfere abroad. After Mr. Canning's death in 1827, the Whig principles became every year more in the ascendant, until the movement carried Lord Grey into power, pledged to parliamentary reform, *peace*, and *retrenchment*. Scarcely was he firm in office—the struggle for reform being initiated, but the victory not won—when the King of the French proposed to him (in July, 1831) to intervene on behalf of Poland. We can not wonder that Earl Grey, under whom Lord Palmerston was then Foreign Secretary, gave a decisive refusal; yet we are not able to applaud his conduct, nor to shield it from foreign censure. Of all defences the worst is, that the ministry was *preoccupied* by the Reform Bill. This may be true, but it condemns our institutions. If we have international duties, we ought to have organization adapted for them. If our executive government is too busy in home legislation to fulfill foreign duties, of what worth are we to Europe? A somewhat better reply is that which says, that we were not yet healed of the wounds received in the public cause, and had a right to plead exemption from service; and, if the nation had been appealed to, and had thus answered, it might have been hard to blame it. But no minister, we hold, had a right to answer for the nation, and leave upon us such a brand of ignominy; and the case was made worse by the secrecy observed for thirty years. Until 1848 the admirers of Lord Palmerston used to claim credit for him, as having desired to save Poland in 1831, but as having been prevented by *Louis Philippe*. Perhaps they ought to have said, by *Lord Grey*. But his lordship enjoyed the credit of this, until the republican revolutionists in Paris published documents which proved the impediment to have lain with the English Government.

Nevertheless, this was generally disbelieved in England, until in 1861 the ministry, after much pressure, reluctantly published the papers, which show that Lord Palmerston, in declining to aid Poland, gave as his reason that the British Government were not prepared to use force against "a good and faithful ally." Yet this ally had kept Finland and Warsaw by force; and in 1814-15—but that Napoleon returned from Elba—would probably have been expelled from Warsaw by force. The "Holy Alliance,"

which Alexander immediately after originated, was the opprobrium of Europe. Its intrigues and violence overthrew the constitutions of Sicily and of Spain, to which England had been a party, and kept Europe in convulsion or in dismay. Not only had the leading Whigs made one long protest against it for fifteen years, but Mr. Canning, as Foreign Secretary, had sent the Duke of Wellington to Verona to denounce its conduct. Lord Aberdeen, as a Tory minister, esteemed to be a peculiar friend of Russia and Austria, had felt it necessary in 1829 to enter a vehement protest against the terms imposed by the Emperor Nicholas on the Turkish Sultan. The good and faithful ally (Lord Palmerston, 1861, tells us) broke his convent in 1815, "almost as soon as it was concluded; and the greatest violation of a treaty that had ever taken place in the history of the world was that which occurred in the case of Poland." The phrase of Sir James Mackintosh, that the partition of Poland was "the great crime of the eighteenth century," was echoed by all the Whigs; and very ordinary statesmen knew how much was pending when Poland rose. Surely, then, it was the duty of a constitutional minister to lay the matter before Parliament, and elicit the deliberate opinion of the House and country. No reasonable man can doubt that, in a struggle which was at first favorable to Poland, she might have been saved by little effort of the great powers. The Austrian dynasty professed good will, and the nation of Hungary was zealous, as was France; but the positive refusal of England held them back. For this neglect not only has Poland suffered, so has Hungary. England also and France had to bleed in the great Russian war. From the wounds of that war Russia is not by any means yet recovered, either in men or in finance; she is greatly weaker than in 1831, while France and England are immensely stronger. Steam navigation gives us facilities which did not then exist; and the improvements in cannon and in iron sheathing add to us advantages, beyond those of even a few years back, in an expedition where nothing would be met but old fortifications, as on Courland or Finland. Whether our powers be considered, or our duties, the grave question opens, whether we are not bound to active and great efforts, partly to redeem our past

neglect, partly to secure the future of Europe, which may be overclouded for a long while, if in this crisis we wink at injustice on so great a scale, inflicted by a power which is already unscrupulously violating the terms of the peace made with us in 1856. Yet we continue to pay to Russia about £70,000 a year, by virtue of the treaty of 1815, which she has so ill-respected.

In contrasting the present Polish struggle with those which have preceded it, we find great diversities. In all the former wars they had at least the nucleus of a regular government and regular army; in the present they had nothing of the kind, but began from mere scythemen. But in the first war they were extremely disunited, and even in the last no enthusiasm pervaded the peasants. At least it has been said that from this cause they could not fill the ranks of the army adequately, in 1831, after success in two great battles. Now, while the civil conflict between democrat and aristocrat is, we fear, bitter enough, this disappears in face of the enemy, and, as far as we can learn, has no disuniting effect; and, though we distrust our own power to judge how much has been yet won, the area of this war is clearly far greater than that of 1815. We regret to hear the report that the internal Polish dissention has led to two committees in London, of which the one gives its money direct to the insurgent government at Warsaw, the other to the discretion of Count Andrew Zamoyski. Every beaten cause is sure to have strong divisions; each throwing on the other the blame of failure; nor do we censure Poland on this account. Each party, looked at separately, appears truly moderate. The original nobles were, like that part of England which exercises the franchise, a real nation, and not an aristocratical order; and the aristocracy proper has abounded with patriotic men, always foremost to suffer for their country. The constitution of 1791, devised and carried by it, was a noble work; which, when contrasted with the simultaneous efforts of the French, shows a far wiser estimate of what was attainable and practical. Moreover, what could not be done for the peasants all at once, has been carefully studied in these later years, especially through the Agricultural Society of Warsaw. On the other hand, the democrats, however stigmatized as "communists," do not, as far as

we can learn, demand any thing for the peasants but what Kosciusko claimed, and what the most patriotic Russians also claim for the Russian peasants. Englishmen look at this question too much through an English medium. The state of our peasants, living by daily wages, does not appear to foreigners as the normal condition of mankind, nor by any means desirable. Small freeholds are regarded in America, in France, in Germany, in Switzerland, as a far more natural and reasonable state for the millions of cultivators. Why are Poles and Russians to be denounced as "communists" for being of the same opinion? and with what propriety is the word communism used of a small freehold, held as property by one man? Those who so speak probably start from the assumption that the land is the *property* of the lord who has rights and duties upon it, and that the cultivator who has also duties upon it has no rights or property in it. This theory appears to have triumphed in England, but we can not felicitate our nation upon it; and in truth it is rather in spite of, than because of, its triumph, that we can hope for any general prosperity. If masses of Englishmen were to be driven into exile, we fear that no nation would exhibit to the foreigner more intense contrasts of party spirit; nor do we wonder to learn that democratic Poles are apt to believe every thing worst of the more prosperous aristocratic exile. Yet both the one and the other are patriots, and, we trust, are likely to coöperate faithfully.

Nor are the simple-hearted Russians in themselves less interesting. We can strongly recommend our readers to peruse the details given by Mr. S. Edwards, concerning the deliberations of the assemblies at Moscow, at Zvenigorod, and at St. Petersburg. The general fact of interest is that, when the Emperor puts five questions of detail for the nobles to answer,

the nobles ingeniously manage to avoid giving any other reply, than that a national representative assembly, chosen from all classes and parts, is wanted to answer them. They remember that, two centuries and a half ago, a "Zemskoi Sabor" (an Assembly of the Country) was gathered at Moscow; this phrase is once more in everybody's mouth. The Zvenigorod address suggests also the importance of provincial representative assemblies, which shall prepare materials for the Moscow assembly; in other words, a complete apparatus of local parliaments and central congress. A single year's free talk of this kind must produce a revolution of mind in Russia, which no despotism will permanently quell; and, though the immediate results are still dark, we can not doubt that Russia must ere long, become a constitutional country, with free peasants—perhaps mainly freeholders—and great additional development of wealth and of mechanical skill. Let her but resign her ambition against Poland, and give herself to develop the vast capabilities of the Ukraine, and of the plains of the Don and Volga, and a vast increase would ere long follow in population and in all resources. If once internal freedom take deep roots in that great country, even could she win all Poland to herself, her predominance would no longer be frightful to mankind. We might still have occasion to deprecate her too great influence westward; but should be able to contemplate tranquilly her probable overflow upon Western Asia, as perhaps the providentially-appointed mode of rescuing long-afflicted lands. But while obstinately struggling to crush a country of thirty million inhabitants, the Emperor Alexander is more likely to convulse and dislocate his whole empire, than to prepare it for conquering and renovating the worn-out dynasties of the Mussulman.

From the Temple Bar Magazine.

D A U G H T E R S O F E V E .

CLAUDINE FRANÇOISE (FORMERLY CALLED MARIE) MIGNOT.

It is probable that there are few Frenchmen of any tolerable amount of historical reading who are not familiar with the name, at least, of my present subject; but still fewer are those who could give any precise account of her career, extraordinary as that appears to have been. The reason of this is, that though historians and memoir-writers treating of public affairs and remarkable personages in the seventeenth century are brought to make here and there incidental allusion to Marie Mignot, as she was commonly though erroneously called, they throw no light whatever on her history.

So now to my story, in the slender outline of which, if the tender-hearted among my fair readers find not much food for their sentimental sympathies, those who love the strange and wonderful will find romance enough to suit their disposition.

Somewhere about the second decade of the seventeenth century there was born to a poor peasant woman residing in a hamlet situated at about a league from Grenoble, the capital of Dauphiné, a daughter, who, thus having planted her little naked foot on the lowest round of the social ladder, was destined to climb it steadily, until she had reached the highest summit to which a mere subject can aspire. Could any of the herbs which it was the trade of this poor mother to gather in the marshes and ditches about her lowly dwelling have imparted the gift of seeing into the future, how her heart would have beaten with pride, how her eyes would have opened with astonishment, as the wondrous fortunes were revealed to her of that little squalid urchin whom, according to the custom of her countrywomen, she was wont to hang up to a peg on the hovel-wall tightly swaddled up, like a miniature mummy, there to pull and make wry faces unobserved, till its mother returned from her foraging expedition and released it at

once from its hook and its misery! Had Perrault, the graceful chronicler of fairy deeds, written his charming history of *Cinderella* at that time—which he could not, being as yet unborn—the mother of little Claudine Françoise, looking into the future, as we imagine her, would have assuredly drawn a parallel in her own mind between the despised house-drudge of the story—bursting forth from her chrysalis covering of serge besmirched with ashes, to shine, in beauty and fine raiment, the queen of the ball-room, the chosen bride of a *bonâ-fide* prince—and her own child, who, with almost equal suddenness, but by no other witchery than that her own native beauty and grace, should quit the rags and tatters and all the wretched circumstances of her lowly lot, for brocaded silks, brave equipages, and the pride of place. The meager tradition to which we owe our knowledge of the early history of Claudine Mignot denies us every iota of information concerning her infancy and juvenile training. She does not appear upon the scene until close upon her sixteenth year, when, under the name of La Llauda—in the provençal *patois* of her native village the synonyme of Claudine—she is renowned throughout the countryside for her exquisite loveliness. That, besides mere beauty of face, she must have had that native charm of manner which belongs to characters of exceptional mold, we may be allowed to believe, judging from her subsequent history. Otherwise she would hardly have been sued *en tout bien tout honneur* for her hand by a lover so far her superior in position as the secretary of the treasurer of the province of Dauphiné, as was in fact the case; for to this person does Claudine stand in the relation of plighted spouse when we first hear of her. The name of the enamored secretary has been lost, nor have any particulars been handed down of the manner

of their first meeting. Not indeed that this is a very grief-worthy hiatus, for the courtship was in the end an unhappy one, and the suitor was destined to prove the truth of the old rhymed saying :

"He that wills not when he may,
When he wills he shall have nay."

Wherever the charms of the lowly damsel may have first struck the susceptible secretary, the wooing must have been carried on at a good round pace ; for the bride-elect is scarce sixteen when the day is fixed for the solemn betrothing of the couple, according to ancient French usage. And here the first hitch occurred in this ill-omened love-suit, through the squeamish delicacy of the lover, who, offended at a breach of good manners committed on this occasion by the heroine of the day, broke off the negotiation. What the particular offence against social etiquette was, although tradition has left it veiled in no prudish mystery, we can not here reveal, without claiming a Rabelaisian license which our age entirely denies. Let us merely venture to say, that no amount of *naïveté* on the part of the village-girl would account for the transgression having been willful ; and therefore, to have seized on so airy a pretext for the rupture was contemptible on the part of the secretary, whose subsequent ill-treatment, when it comes to be related, will consequently meet with no sympathy. After a lapse of a few months, the delicate nerves of the peasant-girl's genteel wooer having recovered from the shock they had suffered on this critical occasion, his passion seems to have revived ; for a reconciliation was brought about, and the marriage was once more on the point of realization, when came the secretary's turn to be slighted, and that in the most emphatic manner possible, and without hope of subsequent re-patching. The master whom this capricious lover served was Pierre de Portes d'Amblerieux, treasurer, as aforesaid, of the province of Dauphiné ; an old bachelor, and well found in worldly goods, acquired in part by the gains of his office, part by inheritance. Him the secretary besought for his consent to the marriage he was now again warmly bent on ; a step the more necessary in his position, as the intended bride held so exceedingly humble a rank in the hierarchy of social status, and the steps of the social staircase were

at that time far higher and steeper than now, and apt to endanger the necks both of those mounting and those descending. The treasurer, though an old bachelor, was still capable of sympathizing with a youthful passion ardent enough to devour all worldly obstacles, and he therefore good-naturedly not only granted his consent to the proposed nuptials, but promised to defray the expenses of the wedding-feast. The delighted secretary, anxious no doubt to vindicate his good taste in the eyes of his kind-hearted chief, at once craved permission to present to him the village beauty who had thus wooed him down from his back-stair Olympus. Nothing loth, no doubt, to feast his eyes on the blushing charms even of a rustic belle not yet sixteen, the genial old treasurer appointed that the presentation of La Llauda should take place at a mansion which he possessed on a property situated at St. Mury, in the commune of Meylan, her native region.

The interview took place ; and D'Amblerieux' judgment of Claudine's fascinations so thoroughly coincided with that of his secretary, that his venerable but still combustible bosom became aglow with passionate admiration. I here frankly declare that I greatly admire this kind, susceptible-hearted, fine old French gentleman, who is smitten thus suddenly with an uncontrollable passion for the lovely village-maid betrothed to his secretary ; and I am prepared to do battle in vindication of the course he pursued, which by some poor-spirited moralist will, I have no doubt, be taxed with treachery. Treachery—a fig ! I maintain, that when the chivalrous old treasurer, kindling with the volcanic ardor that now burst forth like a Hecla through the snows of sixty years of celibacy, determined that the peerless beauty who had accomplished this miracle should become his bride, and thereupon sent the secretary on a wild-geese chase to some distant province, he was acting as an instrument of Providence, chosen to rescue from an unworthy fate one who, by her graces of mind no less than of body, was unmistakably reserved for a higher destiny than to become the drudging wife of a fourth-rate provincial bureaucrat. Claudine, too, conscious of her true worth, dimly foreseeing in her prophetic soul that rank and wealth were to be her lot and *excelsior* her motto, had as little need to feel any qualms of consci-

ence when she listened to the declaration of D'Amblérieux, abruptly-kindled but devoted, honorable love, and closed—probably after some slight maidenly hesitation, the result more of surprise than doubt—with the energetic proposal of the gallant old courtier to become Madame la Trésorière off-hand, without further parley or dalliance. The contrast between the shilly-shally, fast-and-loose courtship of the secretary, and the military determination, rapidity, and dash of his superior, must have helped to add favor to the new lover in the eyes of the village-girl, already dazzled by his wealth and position; and we must remember that the passion of love in the breast of a child of sixteen not artificially excited by romantic tales would hardly be very deep-rooted, so that the perfidy to her early vows must have been fraught with the smallest possible injury to her conscience. Then, could the wound inflicted by the secretary's humiliating rupture of the engagement between them have yet healed? Was there any love after this between them? Was she not marrying him to save her honor, and was he not marrying her to save the sum he would have been compelled to pay for his breach of a marriage-contract when no valid cause could be shown! For if the French law admits no right of action for breach of promise of marriage, it decrees that compensation shall be made when, after solemn betrothal (*fiançailles*), one of the parties shall refuse, without a reason good in law, to fulfill the engagement so entered into. If this were so, how could Claudine hesitate? On the one side, the most signal reparation to her offended pride, deliciously sweet revenge upon the offender, wealth, rank, and a doating husband. On the other, the memory of childish vows of love very much blurred and blotted by subsequent tears of pain and mortification, and a peevish husband with yet his way to make in the world. Had the peasant-girl been taught the highest and most refined views of moral obligation and social proprieties, such as belong to young ladies in a far higher station, I don't think even then she would have resisted the tremendous temptation here offered. Only the manner of escaping the engagement would have differed: papa would have intervened; pretexts would have been invented; and matters would have been more decorously conducted, for the integrity of that inval-

able panoply against the slings and arrows of a scurrilous world—appearance.

So Mr. Secretary was jilted in a very dexterous and masterly manner; and, for my part, I do not pity him. D'Amblérieux, immediately after the interview which had converted the easy-going old bachelor into a sighing furnace of love, sent him off on a pretended mission of the most urgent business to Grenoble; but all that the poor secretary was unwittingly charged with was an earnest injunction on the friends of D'Amblérieux, to whom he carried letters, that the messenger should be carefully detained until further notice. Meanwhile, as no time is to be lost, least haply the maiden should relent, an express is dispatched the same evening to M. Scarron, the Bishop of Grenoble, requesting that he will return per bearer three dispensations from the publication of banns, one for each publication required by law. Between the return of the messenger with the necessary document to give validity to a private marriage, and the espousal of La Llauda, the peasant beauty of the hamlet of Bachet, by Pierre de Portes d'Amblérieux, treasurer of the province of Dauphiné, the shortest possible interval, we may be sure, intervened. A polite note was immediately after received by the secretary, acquainting him with the happy event with which, together with his own piteous discomfiture, the province would shortly ring; apprising him moreover that his services, whether as secretary or otherwise, would no longer be required; and inclosing, for application to the part afflicted, a draft on the treasury of Dauphiné for a sum which tradition specifies not, but which was sufficient to persuade the secretary to explode noiselessly, and retire into that obscurity wherein until now he has been left almost wholly undisturbed.

There is very good authority for treating the defeated secretary with as little sympathy as I have here done. His case seems to have excited at the time none of that popular commiseration which, had he in the least deserved it, would have converted him into a fit subject for plaintive ballads. There is, on the contrary, still extant a satirical comedy, written in the dialect of Dauphiné, and published in 1633 at Grenoble,—probably in the very year of Claudine's brilliant marriage,—which is evidently founded on

the circumstances we have just related, and in which the rejected lover is manifestly intended rather to be laughed at than pitied. This piece is entitled *La Pastorale et Tragicomé de Janin*, although it was more popularly designated by the name of its heroine *La Llauda*, and was the first successful production of Jean Millet, a Dauphinais poet, whose works are well known to those who are learned in the literature of the south of France. The interest attaching to the real incidents which suggested the subject of the work won for it more favor than its intrinsic merit would otherwise warrant; for although almost all written in the *patois* of Dauphiné, it has run through as many as four editions, besides numerous piracies and imitations. A copy of the latest of the authentic editions is in the British Museum, and from it I have made a few extracts, which may prove interesting to the reader, whether as specimens of a local literature of considerable extent and frequently high merit, little known save to the inhabitants of the province itself in which it has sprung up and to philological students, or as conveying an exact impression of the language in which, to have been understood, both D'Amblieux and his secretary must have addressed the village beauty whose affections they strove to win. Llauda, in the play, is a shepherdess, who is wooed by Janin, a shepherd, but falls out with him on account of the too practical nature of his addresses; when, just at the opportune moment that the over-pressing lover is under a cloud of disgrace, she is encountered at the corner of a wood by Amidor, a nobleman, who, struck with her beauty, falls in love with her, and straitway woos and wins her plighted faith. On discovering this state of things, Janin becomes violently enraged, hurls missiles at the fond lovers from his sling, and finally seeks the assistance of a sorceress, who lends him a magic flageolet, the sound of which irresistibly compels all who hear it to dance, and instructs him, moreover, how to cast a spell upon the lovers at the very moment the priest is pronouncing over them the nuptial benediction. Neither the dance-compelling piping of the flageolet, nor the baleful malefice of *l'aguillette*, is of any avail to prevent the final happy union of Llauda and her high-born suitor; and Janin, having exhausted his spite, throws himself

down from a high rock, and brings the pastoral tragi-comedy to a conclusion.

As soon as Llauda was transformed from the humble tenent of a villager's cottage to Madame la Trésorière, the wife of an important personage in the province, and mistress of more than one lordly mansion, she was not content with reigning over the affections of her husband by her beauty and amiability alone, but she resolved to become in every way worthy of the high position to which he had done her the honor to raise her, by devoting herself with all her energy to the task of supplying those deficiencies in her education which were the necessary result of her extremely lowly origin. Madame Dunoyer, the authoress of an odd sort of collection of gossip and scandal not over trustworthy, entitled *Lettres Historiques et Galantes*, and who is the only writer who gives any account of Claudine Mignot, states that she put herself under the tuition of all sorts of masters, acquired all that the science of that day could teach, and, so long as she continued the wife of the old treasurer, employed all her time in the cultivation of her intellect. If we call to mind that learning and science, philosophy and literature, were at that time represented by Casaubon, Salmasius, Descartes, Spinoza, Gassendi, Grotius, Bernoulli, Bayle, Pasquier, Bellarmin, Vannini, Campanella, we shall form an adequate idea of the intellectual heights to which the brave-hearted and righteously-ambitious peasant-girl aspired to climb, and which there is no reason to doubt she succeeded in reaching. Not that I for an instant believe the delicately-moulded and once stockingless extremities of the fascinating Llauda were ever concealed in the cerulean hose of female pedantry; but it is quite certain that she became a thoroughly and even exceptionally accomplished woman, able to hold her own in the brilliant intellectual circles which marked the seventeenth century in France, and to which M. Victor Cousin has given us the *entrée* in his admirable biographies of Madame de Longueville, Madame de Sablé, and Madame de Chevreuse—a society in which, as the sequel will show, she was destined to take her place, and retain it during a considerable part of a long life. To her success in this brave effort to adapt herself to her new position by solid acquirements, as well as by the lighter graces and refined sentiments of a liberal educa-

tion, must be in a great measure attributed her continued ascendancy over the mind of the treasurer D'Amblérieux; for had she not thus clothed her mind as richly as the fortune of her husband permitted her to clothe her person, not all the radiant beauty of Aphrodite herself would have kept aloof at sundry unpropitious moments the inconvenient memory of her squalid nurture in the herb-woman's hovel, and her tatterdemalion girlhood. The collateral D'Amblérieux, male and female, clamored finely, no doubt, in the ears of the rich old treasurer at his thus bemeaning himself to the level of *une petite sotte de paysanne*; and he might, thus benevolently operated on for the cataract of love-blindness, have repented his bargain, had he not daily seen it increase in value till it grew into that priceless treasure—a beautiful, accomplished, and devoted wife. As it was, he shut his ears and his doors against his remonstrant relatives, and repaid the exemplary conduct of his high-spirited little wife with his entire and undivided affection, as was plainly manifested in the last act of his life, by which he constituted her heiress to the whole of his property, or, according to the French legal term, *légataire universelle*. Had either of the two children—both females—who were born to the old treasurer survived, there would doubtless have been some limitation to this bequest. As it was, the widow of D'Amblérieux became absolute mistress of his entire wordly wealth, which was very considerable. Of course an attempt was made by the family to overthrow the will, and in the year 1653 Claudine had to make a journey to Paris in order to solicit an *arrêt d'évocation*, or, as we should here term it, to sue out a writ of *certiorari* for the removal of the cause to a higher tribunal.

A law-suit was not alone to occupy her attention. At the end of this journey, destined in all respects to exert so important an influence on her fortunes, Claudine was fated, ere many weeks had passed over, to become judge and party both in a suit of another kind—a love-suit; and the party moving the court was once again a lover well stricken in years, but doubtless green and hale yet, and whose age, like old Adam's, was "as a lusty winter, frosty but kindly." This venerable gallant was no other than Maréchal François de l'Hôpital, Seigneur du Hallier, Comte de Rosnay, a brave old warrior, now in his sev-

enty-fifth year, and whose protection and support Claudine had besought in defence of her rights; for justice in France was at that time any thing but even-handed, and the disappointed relatives of the departed treasurer were powerful. Here again was an offer which it was almost impossible for Claudine to reject, although, by once more sacrificing her still blooming charms to an elderly spouse, it would seem as though ambition were her master-passion and sole guiding motive. Yet is this an utterly gratuitous interpretation of the step she now took with, it must be admitted, the promptest resolution; for the old marshal laid siege to her heart, took it by storm, and became rightful and legitimate governor of the place in the space of one week, the marriage having been solemnized on the 2d of August, 1653. If, indeed, her position be carefully considered at the period, and all the conditions of this dazzling offer reviewed, it must be pronounced that, without some special reason for not marrying a second time, no woman in her place would have hesitated to act precisely as she did. Unprotected, and persecuted by the family of her late husband, her property in jeopardy, and her residence in the province where her youth had been passed rendered henceforth objectionable for many reasons, she might, by accepting the hand now offered her, at once assure herself of retaining undisturbed the possession of her large fortune, and of taking her place at once, as the wife of a marshal of France, in the highest and best society of Paris; for François de l'Hôpital was a distinguished personage both at court and in the *salons* of Hôtel de Rambouillet, where he figured under his title of Du Hallier, until, on being created a marshal of France in 1643, he resumed his family name. As for the marshal's age, it could only be a recommendation in the eyes of Claudine. Her first venture had been with a lover advanced in years; and he had proved a fond and devoted husband. With regard to the marshal, the advantages of the match were of the most unqualified description; and it is not to be wondered at that he should have pressed his suit with such youthful impetuosity. D'Amblérieux' widow, besides being captivating in herself, possessed a fortune which, in all likelihood, in De l'Hôpital's eyes was equally captivating; for he had quite a passion for expenditure, and it had languished of late

for lack of the needful resources. And then again the fascinating widow was of spotless repute, which was a considerable improvement on the late Madame la Maréchale—for he was a widower, a widower of two years' widowhood—who, in her youth, had been the mistress of Henri IV., being no other than the celebrated Countess Charlotte des Essarts, by whom the Gascon king had had two daughters, whom he legitimized, and who, as abbesses of Fontevrault and de Chelles respectively, distinguished themselves in the same devious line as their mamma; for the enjoyment of spiritual benefices was in those days no bar to many other enjoyments of a more temporal nature. De l'Hôpital had, by the way, commenced life as an ecclesiastic. Henri IV. gave him the bishopric of Meaux, and added to it the Abbey of Ste. Geneviève in Paris; but in 1611 he entered the Guards as an ensign, and never afterwards left the military career, in which he distinguished himself more for bravery than skill. He served the behests of Richelieu in hostility to De Luynes and his party, to whom, no less than the cardinal, he owed his advancement, and was employed to arrest the Duke of Vendôme and his brother the grand-prior. He served before Rochelle, and as field-marshal signed the articles of capitulation. In the campaign against the Duke of Lorraine he also took a prominent and successful part, and was subsequently appointed Governor of Lorraine. This post he gave up in 1640, and shortly after obtained the governorship of Champagne and Brie. His last active employment was in the campaign against the Spaniards in Flanders during the minority of Louis XIV., when the veteran was placed by the side of the Duke d'Enghien, afterwards the great Prince of Condé, then only twenty-two years of age. The young captain, however, had little to thank his gray-headed coadjutor for; at the battle of Rocroy the fiery old marshal got the left wing, over which he had command, involved in sad grief through too impetuous a charge. Although Voltaire, in his *Siecle de Louis XIV.*, has quite correctly described the disastrous part which De l'Hôpital took in the battle of Rocroy, he does not, strange to say, include him in the list given by him of the marshals of France during the reign of the *grand monarque*.

Except that the second Madame la Maréchale was received, admired, esteem-

ed, and even beloved, in the highest and most select society of Paris, while her husband, with his ever-green vivacity, was giving wide and rapid circulation to the broad pieces, and she the broad acres converted into more convenient currency, of his predecessor, there is no record of the practical results of this second marriage of Claudine. It could not have been an unhappy one, for thereby the old marshal renewed the lease of his life for another seven years, dying at the good old age of eighty-two, when there was but little more of his own or his wife's property that could be conveniently parted with. This little, however—all, in fact, he could scrape together—was piously left to his widow. How much was yet remaining in the melting-pot, which this venerable spendthrift had kept so constantly heated in the furnace of his unquenchable passion for excitement, none can say. The point has been much debated. Madame Duno-yer, the one book-authority on the subject, whom we have already quoted, represents that Claudine's wealth was entirely dissipated by her second husband, who left her absolutely nothing but the rank of widow of a marshal of France; but that she had still the resource of her personal and mental attraction to found her fortune afresh with, and which enabled her to win the devotion of a third admirer, of whom anon. The fact itself, however, and the malicious insinuation coupled with it, which would reduce Claudine to the level of a mere intriguing adventuress, are both equally false. The marshal must have left her, to some extent, fairly off, or she would not have been twelve years after his death, as she certainly was, living in ease and comfort in her own hotel in the Rue des Fossés Montmartre, and moving still in the same distinguished society to which she had been admitted upon her second marriage, and where she made the acquaintance and conquered the heart of the afore-said elderly adorer—the third—who was smitten full as suddenly as the preceding two, and was moreover of rank so exalted as entirely to throw in the shade the financier with his money-bag, and the soldier with his marshal's bâton; for he was of august rank, and had but a year or two before descended voluntarily from a throne.

He whom the ex-peasant girl, now Lady Marshal of France, fascinated by the charm of her conversation, as much at

least as by her outward attractions, which at fifty-five were probably on the wane, was indeed the ex-king of Poland, poor John Casimir, who had run away from the troubles of kingship, of which he had more than a fair proportion, and for some time had gallantly contended against them. But not being of the stern stuff from which heroes are cut out he had at last grown sick of strife and taken refuge in Paris, where Louis XIV. munificently endowed him with three goodly benefices, the abbayes, namely, of St. Germain des Prés, St. Saurin d'Eyieux, and St. Martin de Nevers. This is that same cardinal-king mentioned in Byron's *Mazeppa*, and whom the old freeman, according to the poet, had in his youth served as page.

"John Casimir: I was his page
Six summers in my early age.
A learned monarch, sooth, was he,
And most unlike your majesty.
He made no wars, and did not gain
New realms to lose them back again;
And, save debates in Warsaw's Diet,
He reigned in most unseemly quiet
Not that he had no cares to vex:
He loved the Muses and the sex;
And sometimes these so froward are
They made him wish himself at war.
But when the fit was off he took
Another mistress or new book;
And then he gave prodigious fêtes:
All Warsaw gathered at his gates," etc.

As the account of Claudine's kingly lover is profoundly incorrect, beyond even poetical license, while in all probability it is all that the general reader knows of him a simple outline of John Casimir's untoward and changeful career will, in these days of historical accuracy, be read without impatience.

Casimir was born in 1609, and was the son of Sigismund III., King of Poland, and his second wife Constance of Austria. At the death of Sigismund, instead of coming forward, as his mother wished, as a candidate for the vacant throne, he retired in favor of his brother, to whom he knew it to be his father's wish that the succession should fall. This was Ladislas VII., one of the best kings Poland ever had. Casimir was invested by him with the command of a fleet which was intended for the destruction of the French trade in the Mediterranean, but was, ere this happy consummation could even be attempted, unfortunately wrecked on the coast of Provence. Casimir was caught,

and had to suffer incarceration in the Château de Bonc, near Martigne. He languished here for two years, seemingly forgotten, when his brother bethought himself to seek his liberation, and sent an ambassador to that effect. The request was successful, and Casimir wandered off to Italy, where, at Loretto, he entered the order of the Jesuits. Three years after he grew tired of the institute of Loyola, and accepted a cardinal's hat from Pope Innocent X. Hearing, however, that the elder son of his brother the King of Poland was sick and languishing, he sent the hat back, having an eye to the succession himself. Next year Ladislas died, and there came forward four candidates to the Polish crown, Alexis, Czar of Russia, the father of Peter the Great; the Voivode of Transylvania, Bagotski; this Casimir, and another son of Sigismund, also an ecclesiastic, the Bishop of Breslau. Casimir was elected, and the Pope having released him from his vows he married his brother's widow, Maria Louisa de Gonsaguez. And now his troubles began. He was attacked by the redoubtable Korach chief of Bogdan, who was joined by the Khan of Tartary, and subsequently by Russia. Factions were formed within his kingdom, and a succession of intestine troubles burst upon him. Lastly he was attacked by Sweden, to the crown of which he had laid claim on the death of Christina, and whither his chancellor, with whose wife Casimir had intrigued, had retired incensed, to return with Charles Gustavus at the head of the army. Charles advanced victoriously to Warsaw, and took possession of Prussia; while Casimir fled into Silesia, leaving his kingdom under the protection of the Holy Virgin. His formal abdication took place in 1668.

Although doubts injurious to the honor of Claudine have been cast on the nature of her relations with the ex-king of Poland, from the absence of any documentary proof of their marriage, there is the strongest reason to believe that such a marriage did exist, although the tie may have been of that exceptional class resorted to in unequal unions of this kind, and by jurists called *morganatio*, but which are nevertheless strictly legitimate. The marriage of Madame de Maintenon with Louis XIV. was precisely of the same description. No proof of it is extant; yet, resting as it does on mere tradition, it has never been

contested. There is in the library of the Foreign Office in Paris a copy of the Memoirs of Danjeau, enriched with marginal notes in the hand of the Duke of St. Simon; and opposite to the entry, "Tuesday, December 8th, 1711, at Versailles, the old Maréchale de l'Hôpital died in Paris, at the Petites Carmélites, where she had lived retired for some time past," stands the following note:

"This Maréchale de l'Hôpital was Françoise Mignot, widow of Portes, treasurer and receiver-general of the province of Dauphiné, who in 1653 became the second wife of Maréchal de l'Hôpital, governor of Paris and minister of state, so well known under the name of Du Hallier, who killed the Maréchal d'Ancre, and she became a widow in 1660; and in 1772, on the 14th of December, at her house in Paris in the Rue des Fossés Montmartre, in the parish of St. Eustache, she was married for the third time to John Casimir, previously King of Poland, Jesuit Cardinal, who had abdicated and retired to France, where he was Abbot of St. Germain des Près and other abbeys. This marriage was of general knowledge and repute, though never declared, and without issue."

The date of the marriage is here wrongly given, as it would seem to have been on the 4th of November; otherwise it would have preceded the death of Casimir only two days, whereas he survived six weeks after giving his hand to Claudine, and so culminating the measure of her worldly advancement, if not by the glory of an actual crown, yet investing her with the reflected luster of royalty. In reference to the same point, Madame Dunoyer has in one of her letters this passage, in her usual good-natured style: "I was at Madlle. Daleyrac's with her, and I remarked, that, in speaking of the King Casimir, she always said, 'the king, my lord'—*le roi mon seigneur*—to let people see that he was her husband. She is glad that no one should ignore it; but it is not permitted her to take the rank of queen, which she could not either sustain." In another place the same writer states, that Casimir, at his death, left her all he could; and that, though she was not as rich as at the death of her old treasurer, she was nevertheless in the proud position of the widow of a king. It is therefore a perfectly gratuitous aspersion of the memory of this remarkable woman, to call in question

the complete reality and legitimacy of her marriage with the unfortunate ex-king of Poland. Nor is it indeed at all consistent with probability that, having maintained her character spotless from her girlhood, while youth, extraordinary beauty, and inexperience heightened the dangers that beset her, she should at five-and-fifty have yielded for the first time to temptation, for the questionable honor of becoming the mistress of a dethroned monarch. There is, however, a French play by Boyard, which was produced some thirty years ago, of which Marie Mignot, as she was popularly called, is the subject, and in which she is represented in the odious light I am deprecating. Nay, worse, for she is coupled with Marion de Lorme as an intriguing profligate, but unfavorably contrasted with her as a hypocritical prude, whose vice was without the palliative of warm temperment and a free and generous disposition. The only excuse, if any can be admitted, for thus maligning the memory of one of the few French women of her time who rose in the world without sacrificing their virtue, is that the dramatic author knew nothing of the real history of the Dauphiné peasant-girl; for she is represented in the play as the daughter of Mignot, a celebrated cook and pastry-maker in the reign of Louis XIV., who had the honor of being satirized by Boileau, and who, according to dates, might have been the son, but could never have been the father of Claudine. We may, however, well believe that, even had M. Boyard known the true story of her life and her blameless character, he would still have preferred perverting it, from the natural aversion and antipathy of French playwrights and novelists to a virtuous heroine.

I have now reached the end of my task, for Claudine did not continue in the world many years after the death of her royal husband, but retired to the convent of the Carmelites, which was then situated in the Rue de Beuley, whence it was removed subsequently to the Rue de Grenella. Thither Casimir's widow followed the community, among whom she remained until her death, which took place on the 30th of November, 1711, in about the ninety-fourth year of her age. It has been said that she lived gratuitously with the Carmelites; but this is not the case. She was received in the convent on the footing of a boarder, as in this and other convents

it was then the custom to receive ladies of high rank.

If the reader has followed me unwearied to this the last page of my narrative, I trust that he will not grudge his meed of applause, as, in the pious retirement of a Carmelite convent, the curtain at last descends on the lifeless and time-wasted form of the once lovely Llauda, who set out on her long and bravely-accomplished

life-pilgrimage in the wooden clogs of a Dauphiné peasant, to end it, without once swerving from the path of womanly purity, the widow of a king. Truly regarded, it is a more edifying history than that of King Cophetna, who married the beggar-maid; for therein the beggar-maid is not purely indebted to the condescension of the king, but raises herself by her own merits to within the level glance of royalty.

From Chambers's Journal.

A N I C E A D V E N T U R E .

It is now several years since, that I was returning from the survey of the north-western district of the Lake Superior, my portion of the duty being finished. Winter, with its wild winds and deep snows, had already set in, and instead of the usual lake-voyage, my journey to the land of civilization had to be performed in a sleigh. Each day I took my way over roads whose ruts the snow had filled, while my horses' bells rang gaily out through the snow-clad forest, whose pendent icicles flashed in the sun-rays like a fruitage of gems; and when night came, I never failed of a welcome beneath the bark-roof of the nearest settler, where my news—albeit five months old—was more prized than my dollars, and my French-Canadian servant, with his broken English jests, and his sweet old Provencal songs, was more regarded than myself.

We had passed Lake Superior, and were threading the forest bordering Lake Huron, when one evening we came to a better cultivated farm than usual, and stopped at the door of a large farmhouse, where the scraping of fiddles and echoing of feet announced one of those blithesome frolics with which the settlers at intervals lighten the monotony of blackwoods' life. On such occasions, every guest is welcome, and we were rapturously received, though the house was crowded to suffocation. But it soon appeared this was an extraordinary festival, being for the bridal of

our host's daughter, whom all these friends—who came from many miles round—were to accompany to see the knot tied on the morrow. What a joyous scene it was! How they jested and laughed till the music was almost drowned, and despite the crush, danced merrily until the spruce and juniper wreaths trembled on the walls, and the forest of candles flickered above our heads; now footing old-forgotten dances with the rosy bride-maids, in their yet redder ribbons, now clustering in triumph round the soft-eyed bride, the fairest flower I ever saw in the wild region.

The sun rose on our unwearied revels, ushering in the wedding-day. A hearty breakfast was dispatched, and then one and all—for I deferred my journey in honor of the occasion—prepared to escort the bride on her way.

Through many of the blackwoods' settlements clergymen have never passed, and troths are lawfully plighted before the nearest magistrate. But on the present occasion it chanced that a clergyman was visiting his brother at a farm some twenty miles distant, and the marriage was hurried that the bride might have the advantage of a "parson's wedding." My two horse sleigh being the best-appointed vehicle in company, I placed it at the bride's disposal; and we were soon speeding through the forest, followed by a bevy of sleighs and trains, filled with a

laughing crowd; and while the sleigh-bells rang out the merriest of bridal peals, the young settlers played wild choruses upon their horns, until the old woods echoed with their minstrelsy.

About mid-day, we reached our destination, but we had to await the conclusion of another ceremony. It was a wedding, and the strangest I ever saw, for the bride was portly, the bridegroom grizzled and they made the responses with a decision which showed they had quite made up their minds; while occupying the bridemaids' station in the rear, was an open-mouthed cluster of wondering juveniles, the offspring of the bride and bridegroom, who had long been legally, as they were now religiously, married.

The young people's turn was next; and despite and struggles of the little ones, and the boisterous laughter of their elders, they were all duly christened, and then led away by their newly-wedded parents, amid a hurricane of congratulations and cheers, which lasted until they had driven off in the two trains awaiting them.

Then came the wedding of our own fair bride, and she seemed almost scared to find how solemn were the words which bound her to share the burdens as well as joys of her bridegroom; but she had all ways meant to do so; and taking heart of grace, she smiled happily as he handed her into my sleigh for the return-journey. Again we swept through the bush with laugh and jest, and in the intervals my servant Antoine sang jubilant bridal pæans, and trolled old ballads of love and marriage enough to have turned Hymenward a whole community. But after a time there were none but the newly wedded and myself to listen, for my high-bred horses, fresh as when we started, had far outsped the heavy steeds of the other travelers, and were running them out of sight and hearing.

"Let us go by the lake-shore," cried the bridegroom; "then you'll see the 'tumble,' and we will be home yet before they are."

The idea was highly approved by the new-made wife, and as I was somewhat weary myself of the monotony of the woods, I readily agreed. Between us and the shore was a winding gully filled with frozen snow, which soon brought us to the broad belt of ice bordering the land. Beyond was the lake, which, so far as we could see, stretched a vast expanse of

blue, refreshing to the eye wearied by the universal whiteness, and troubled by a recent gale, it heaved and rolled in heavy swells, whose very action was cheering amid the deadliness. Meanwhile we bowled merrily on over the wavy ice, which flashed and sparkled in a thousand blinding and gorgeous rays beneath our horses' feet; while on our left the land rose into lofty promontories, crowned with battlements of snow, or swept back into deep bays bordered with pine forests, or with vast expanses of dreary swamp, where the loon made her nest among the moss, and the water-snake lurked beneath the rushes.

At length a deep reverberation announced the tumble—a succession of foaming cascades, by which the water of a lofty river found their way into the lake, and whose picturesque beauty was enhanced by the long lines of glittering icicles which fringed the overhanging rocks, and the glacier-like cone of ice the spray had raised before it. This duly admired, we pressed on, for the short day was drawing to a close, and just as the sun sank behind the pine-crest of a distant headland, we came to a wide estuary, whose further point it formed. Beyond was the farm, and we urged the horses to swifter pace, for with the sun's departure came a great access of cold.

The estuary, some eight miles wide, stretched deep into the land, and to save time, we drove straight across the vast sheet of ice which bridged it. Night fell as we proceeded, but though the moon had not yet risen, the misty reflection of the snow lighted us on our way, and ahead was the promontory, showing darkly against the starlit sky. We had about reached the center of the bay, when a sudden report, like a discharge of artillery, filled the air, and rolling back over the ice, was repeated by the thousand echoes of the wilds. It was the unmistakeable sound of cracking ice; and, without a word, I put the horses to their speed. The next moment, a yet louder and sharper concussion broke on the silence, quickly followed by a third, which sounded as if it rent the ice asunder.

At once the truth flashed upon us. As often happens, the heavy swell of that great inland sea was breaking up the solid ice; and so far from land, among the shattering fragments, we were in a position of the utmost peril, in which our only

resource was flight; and again I urged on our bounding steeds. Meanwhile, my companions peered eagerly into the dimness, seeking to discover where the danger lay, but the silvery haze baffled them, and we could only speed on blindly. At length, our horses stopped, and looking before them, we perceived a dark belt of heaving water. The crack was across our path, and the chasm was too broad for our horses to leap; all left us, therefore, was to turn landward, and hurry on, if haply we might outstrip the danger. But with each step the gap beside us widened, until it almost resembled a river; then it turned again lakeward, and to our consternation, we discovered that the ice had parted on either side of us, cutting us off from land, and leaving us floating on a large island of ice, which the swift current of the river was already driving rapidly out upon the lake.

What a sudden dismay came over us as we gazed at the increasing chasm no effort of ours could bridge! The bridegroom was eager to swim the space, and and bear tidings to the farm; but it would only have been a useless sacrifice of life, for long ere he had gone half the distance, he would have died in his frozen clothes. There was but one chance left—that we might yet hit on some projecting point of the lake-shore. But as our raft floated steadily further and further out from land, that last hope vanished; and before long, we who had lately been so joyous, stood sadly watching the white outline of the hills fade into the night, as they whose last sight of land it was, and with the sorrowful knowledge that the only doubt remaining on our doom was, whether we should perish miserably upon our frozen resting-place, or be swept off into the ice-cold waters of the lake!

It was a terrible prospect; and the remembrance that we had in a manner brought the evil on our own heads, increased its bitterness ten-fold. Had we but apprised any one of our route when we diverged from the usual track, we should undoubtedly have been sought for in canoes, and most probably rescued; while, as it was, the blind path by which we turned off to the shore would put them all at fault. The bridegroom's self-reproaches were keenest of any, for he felt himself the destroyer of the bride so lately committed to his care; while the poor girl wept in utter abandonment of

spirit, not only for the blighting of her bright hopes, and for the young life she must so shortly render up, but for the sudden parting from the beloved ones she should never see again.

Meanwhile, the moon rose in the deep-blue sky, making night beautiful, flooding our ice-raft with its silvery light, quivering in broken rays on the broad lake, which now rolled in waves around us, and shining like a glory on the distant hills, giving us one more glance at earth.

But the cold was intense. The wind, straight from the frozen north, swept over the lake in fitful gusts, and seemed to pierce us like icy arrows; and though, wrapped in the heavy sleigh-furs, and crouched within its narrow limits, we could scarce endure the rigor of the night; and, worse than all, our fair companion had to share these hardships with no protection save the most sheltered corner of the sleigh, and the warmest wrapper; yet she never murmured, but with the gentle heroism of her sex, laid her head silently and now tearlessly on her husband's shoulder; and I thought she prayed. Day at length broke on this long night of misery and desolation. The imperceptible current of the lake had swept us out of sight of land, and the huge mass of ice lay steady as an island among the surrounding waves. We told ourselves we had no hope of rescue, yet long and anxiously we watched the circling horizon for some sign of coming aid, and it was with a deeper despondency we discovered, that as far as the eye could reach, there was nothing but lake and sky, save on the spot some five miles distant, where floated a fragment of our raft, which, cracked from the commencement, had parted during the night, bearing away with it both our horses. And as the day wore on, another hardship was added, which redoubled all the rest—that of hunger. Since the preceding morning, we had eaten nothing, and our long exposure to the cold began to make the want severely felt; while, though many birds flew over the lake, not one came within reach of our rifles to soften this new calamity.

Two days passed, and no words can tell the intensity of our sufferings as we floated on that frozen prison, which the winds and waves appeared powerless to destroy; each hour served but to augment our misery; and when the third day

broke upon us, cold and exhaustion were fast doing their work, and we lay helplessly in the corners of the sleigh, as it seemed about to die. But the young bride still bore up; whether it was the unbroken vigor of her youth sustained her, or that marvelous endurance of her sex, which has so often carried them through wreck and tempest, I know not, but she was still comparatively unsubdued, and while she drew our coverings more closely round us, she earnestly entreated us still to hope and trust. I began to think with horror that a time would shortly come when the unhappy girl would be left alone upon the ice.

Thus another night closed on our sore extremity, and we did not think to live it out. As the hours passed, a furious storm arose upon the lake, lashing its waters into foaming billows, which dashed against our raft, as if they thought to shatter it to pieces; clouds, as black as ink, rolled over the sky, and appeared to fill the air; and, to crown all, the faintness of our hunger was succeeded by raging pains, almost beyond endurance, and yet which seemed hourly to increase. Never have I suffered as I did that night. It was well-nigh maddening, and many times, as we sat cowering within the sleigh listening to the rushing of the waves, did we almost pray that they would overwhelm our raft at once, and end our misery. At length this desire seemed granted. There

was a sudden crash, and a violent concussion, as though we had struck upon a rock, and the billows beat and roared more wildly than ever. But in the darkness we could distinguish nothing, and, pressing down our hunger, we sat with clasped hands and bowed heads awaiting our doom. While we still waited, the dawn crept over the sky, and our indomitable bride, springing up, uttered a cry of joy, then threw herself weeping in her husband's arms. Before us, rising in hills and valleys, lay the snow-clad land, and against its icy border our raft was tightly jammed. Though we guessed it not, the gale had blown from the south, and by the mercy of Providence, it had driven us back to the northern shore of the lake, and thus saved our lives.

Not far off, the ascending smoke announced a dwelling, but we had no strength to reach it; so we fired our rifles, a signal which quickly brought the inhabitants to the shore. They proved to have been members of the late wedding frolic; and nothing could exceed their astonishment and joy at our discovery, which was utterly despaired of. Every possible care and kindness was lavished upon us, and the bride's parents and friends summoned to rejoice over their lost lamb that was found. "All's well that ends well," we thankfully agreed; but never shall I forget the intense misery and suffering of that adventure on the ice.

From the British Quarterly.

MEMOIRS OF THE COURT OF PRUSSIA.*

THE writer who would adequately record the life and reign of Charles V. must be content to spend twenty years, at least, in the mere collection and arrangement of the enormous material extant. So said Von Hormayr, the learned Curator of the

Imperial Archives, a man gifted with almost incredible powers of memory. The problems of ancient history are simple, and its materials are few, compared with those which time has multiplied to exhaust the patience and perplex the judgment of the modern historian. Every war and every revolution, every campaign and almost every battle, every treaty and almost every article in every treaty, materially affecting the story of more recent times, possesses a voluminous literature of

* *Memoirs of the Court of Prussia.* From the German of Dr. E. VEHSE, by FRANZ C. F. DEMMLER. Nelson and Sons.

Memoirs of the Court, Aristocracy, and Diplomacy of Austria. By Dr. E. VEHSE. Translated from the German, by FRANK DEMMLER. 2 vols. Longman.

its own. Conscientiously to narrate a single incident is to have sifted heaps of preliminary data. Impartially to pronounce a single judgment is to have passed sentence previously in a score of petty courts.

What then shall be done with that strange product of the imperial, the gothic and the papal past—yelept *Modern Europe*? Where is the sage who will explain to us the movements and the growth of a creature whose limbs are nations—a being made up of ever new myriads of mankind, multiform as the living symbols of prophetic vision, in every period a Proteus for change of shape, under every shape a chameleon for change of color? Every day makes it more evident that the history of modern times can only be attempted in detail. The needful division of labor may be effected in two ways. The historian must narrow his limits either as to time or as to subject. If a special subject be selected the time embraced may be extensive. Thus the historian may trace the fortunes of a class, a constitution, a policy, a phase of opinion, an idea. If, on the other hand, a complete history be undertaken, the period included should be short, since life is so, both for writers and readers. History of the former kind is liable to error from arbitrary abstraction. To tell of causes and not of their effects, to describe effects and say nothing about causes is only to mislead or tantalize the reader. It is not enough to relate the enactment of a succession of laws; we require also some account of the measure, the method, the effects of their enforcement. It is well that the historian of a court should show us how some long-drawn state procession glittered through the streets of a capital. It is better that he should also bring home to our sympathies the hopes and fears of the multitudes who waved their kerchiefs from the balconies, who surged and shouted in the squares, who swarmed on every steeple, roof, and tree. For what is the spectacle without the spectators?

Dr. Vehse has selected for his province the courts of Germany. But he has not told the story of a court in the spirit of a courtier. He does not believe that the arch of heaven was so gloriously hung with lights, or the floor of earth so variously bespread with beauty, merely that the world might be a dancing-hall or a summer-house for people of quality. The

pomp of the governors can not blind his eyes to the penury of the governed. He has, accordingly, escaped the dangers to which the writer of a special history of this description was more peculiarly exposed. He has well accomplished a worthy undertaking, and has added to our historic stores a contribution of no mean value. His subject is well arranged in frequent and judicious divisions. For while the ordinary arrangement of general history according to dynasties and reigns has been fertile in misconception, such a method was obviously the only one suitable for his purpose. To German diligence in the collection of his materials he has not added German dullness or German obscurity in their treatment. With good qualities so substantial it would be indeed thankless to complain that Dr. Vehse is not also a literary artist. The want of such skill and finish is the less felt as his subject abounds naturally in anecdote, personal description, and detail. The narrative of the *Thirty Years' War* in Coxe is less distinct and animated by far than the account contained in the pages of Dr. Vehse. His translator bears a German name, and should receive the more praise on that account for his clear and idiomatic English.

The history of Germany has been determined by its geographical position. For several hundred years has Europe fought out her memorable quarrels in that central arena occupied by the States of the Empire. From Prague to Coblenz, from Stralsund to Trieste, its cities have been taken and retaken, times without number, by the contending forces of the north and south, of the east and west. The cavalry of every nation has blackened its plains with fire. The fiercest frontier warfare has reddened its great rivers with blood. The power of Germany has never been proportionate to its size, whether for the purposes of commerce or of conquest. Its seaboard is too straitened for maritime supremacy; its capabilities of union too uncertain for sustained territorial aggression. It has seldom been difficult for diplomacy to arm one part of Germany against another. With the consistency of selfishness the House of Hapsburgh has always been alike ready to demand the services, and to sacrifice the interests, of the German States. It was only natural that a power so insatiably rapacious in the day of its strength should be repeat-

edly abandoned in the day of its weakness.

The Germans are eminently receptive, at once from situation and character. Hence the peculiar interest of their history to the foreigner. Every one of the great surrounding nations may find in Germany some reflection of its policy, its literature, or its fashions. The German nobility at the court of Charles the V. were outshone on every hand by the Flemish and Burgundian magnificence, the Italian grace, the Castilian stateliness. Many a prince of the Empire would well nigh beggar those dependent on him at home, to furnish forth a tasteless imitation of the splendor which had dazzled him from abroad. The history of France is the history of illustrious Frenchmen. The story of every naval power is the story of native greatness. If the Italian republics intrusted their armies to the soldier of fortune, their fleets were led to victory by the Dorias and the Dandolas. But in the annals of Austria, every other nation traces the achievements of some famous countrymen. Her counsels have been guided and her forces marshaled by Spaniards and Italians, Croats and Piedmontese, by Walloons, by Hungarians, by Poles, by Frenchmen, or by Scots. But rarely does her chronicle record the conquests of an Austrian captain, or the successes of an Austrian diplomatist. Her great deliverers, Sobiesky and Eugene, are the honorable pride of Poland and Savoy. Wallenstein was the child of Bohemian Protestants, and the ferocious Tilly came from Flanders. Metternich was nurtured on the Rhine. Kaunitz, indeed, was born at Vienna, but he was by origin a Slave, by temperament and tastes a Frenchman. Every state throughout the circumference of Europe has done its work by turns in the very heart of Germany. All have contributed to mark its history with the most romantic vicissitudes, and alternately to aggrandize or to despoil that central mass, so unwieldy or so inert.

To say that the want of a living vigorous union has been the bane of Germany, is simply to state a truism. But it would be a great mistake to suppose that the sovereign power was steadily exerted for this object in the Empire, as it was elsewhere in Europe. In fact it was the policy of the House of Hapsburg which destroyed all hope of unity while such

union was still possible. To that house two great opportunities were offered for effecting the consolidation of the German States. By its shortsighted ambition both were irrecoverably lost. We can see a necessity in France for the suppression of aristocratic feuds by some superior central power. We have sympathy for the kings of Scotland in their long struggle to establish among turbulent barons and savage clansmen the order of a monarchy. We can have none with the family of Hapsburg in their attempts to set up, at the cost of the Empire, an absolutism characterized by many of the vices inherent in the feudal system, without any of its virtues.

Early in the reign of Maximilian, the sagacious Archbishop of Mayence had planned a parliamentary constitution, which might have given coherence to the great Germanic body. The changes proposed would have bridged the gulf between the privileged and the lower orders; would, perhaps, have restored the old imperial glories; would certainly have rendered the crown of the Cæsars an inheritance of sevenfold value. The German Church might have survived—potent from a renovated life—to be a weightier counterpoise than ever to papal ambition. Germany, already looked on as effete—a cipher in the politics of Europe—might have led once more the van of Christendom. But the vain and volatile Maximilian, fantastical as a Quixote, without his earnestness, had but a single serious object in his life. That object was to aggrandize, by his alliances, the reigning House of Austria. Had the proposed constitution been established in Germany, he would have found it more difficult to enrich the head at the expense of the body. His opposition to the scheme of the primate was therefore decided and effectual.

To Charles V. another opportunity was presented, and blindly thrown away. It is impossible to contemplate the position of that prince, at the zenith of his power, without perceiving the magnitude of the change he might have effected in the destinies of Europe. When, in 1530, he held the Diet of Augsburg, he was but thirty years of age. Confident in the vast resources at his command, he had violated, with the impunity of an unquestioned despot, every article of his election oath. His great captains had broken forever the

power of the Swiss, under the walls of Milan. The flower of French chivalry had fallen at Pavia, and his most formidable rival had been for upwards of a twelvemonth, a captive at his mercy. The pontiff had ventured to oppose him; and ere long the lansquenets of Bourbon had stormed and sacked the Eternal City. With ill-concealed triumph, Charles had ordered public prayers in Madrid for the liberation of that insulted Holiness, whom he actually held a trembling prisoner within the walls of St. Angelo. With the fleet of Doria, he had vanquished his enemies by sea as well as by land. At Bologna, he had just been solemnly crowned King of Lombardy and Roman Emperor, by the hands of the now submissive Clement. As he crossed the Alps to enter Germany, he would be told how the dreaded Turk, strong in possession of Belgrade, flushed with the conquest of Rhodes, had been repulsed by the stout-hearted gunners of Vienna.

While his arms were thus successful against foreign powers, two formidable insurrections had been suppressed at home. Led by the gallant Sickingen, the lesser nobility had risen against the princes of the Empire. But an isolated order—disdainful, in its knightly pride, of alliance with the people—sought in vain to cope with such antagonists. Then followed the peasants' war. The standing armies of Maximilian had familiarized numbers of the country folk with military discipline. While their burdens were multiplied, their power of resistance also had been growing. The reformed doctrines had awakened bolder hopes, while new exactions had kindled a fiercer indignation. Their demands were moderate. Even the worst excesses of their ignorance were not without some traits of generous forbearance. But no faith was kept, no pity shown, by knight, by noble, or by prelate, to the poor. Thousands of the peasantry were hewn down in fight, butchered after surrender, slowly slaughtered, with every ingenuity of torment. Thus were two successive outbreaks quelled, which, occurring together, might have wrested from the few some freedom for the many. But the class distinctions of feudalism were still too strong. The imperial noblesse and the peasantry failed, each of them, for lack of that which the other might have readily supplied. The

former perished for want of men, the latter for want of leaders.

At Augsburg, then, the great question of the day is to be decided. How will the new religion be dealt with by Charles—this emperor so firmly assured in his dominion, so fearless now, alike of "foreign levy," or "domestic treason?" He must know that, while he has been these nine years in Spain, the young faith has spread through every corner of his German territory. He must know that Luther's doctrine gives no countenance to popular disaffection. For did not the reformer himself at last denounce the peasants? And will not the Augsburg Confession be presented by the hands of princes? On the infancy of these new ideas Charles had looked but coldly. But they are in their infancy no longer. It is not too late for him to become himself, in part, their representative; to guide or qualify their force; to mediate between them and that Italian thralldom to which his imperial ancestry had so often set a limit.

On such a career Charles would have entered with every promise of success. A compromise might have been arranged. After some persecution of the extreme parties on either side, that compromise would have been established throughout Germany. A war of religion would not then have laid waste, for thirty years, the central lands of Europe. A counter-reformation, so unscrupulous, and so successful, could never have achieved its triumph. The reactionary crusade against freedom of thought could not invariably have sealed its success by extermination.

But the melancholy priest-ridden Charles was at heart a Spaniard. It was not for him to give the world another Cæsar of the grand old German stock. It was his ambition to rule in Germany as he ruled in Spain. To tolerate heresy was to declare himself no longer the temporal head of the Roman Catholic Church. So he condemns the Lutheran's anew, and enforces once more his Edict of Worms.

Yet, amidst many possible evils, we may readily suppose that Germany suffered, after all, the least. It was, doubtless, better that the old faith and the new should be left to do their worst and their best apart. In the absence of any vital principal of union, Germany owed new life to her great religious division.

This, then, is the purpose to which Charles, at the height of his power, dedicates all his energies; he will abolish heresy, and rule the empire of the faithful. He will crush the desultory efforts of German independence by a foreign army. He will lay that country, vanquished, bound hand and foot, upon the altar of his superstition. He will render priestcraft absolute, and make a Spain of Germany. It is true, he must temporize for awhile. He must arrange his dispute with France. He must reduce the rebellious Flemings. He must consent to pay a tribute to the infidel, that his hands may be free against the heretic. But his resolution knows no wavering.

Let us pass by some score of eventful years, and see to what this policy has brought him. On a cold and rainy night, a handful of attendants, bearing torches, conduct a litter through the precipitous gorges of the Tyrol. They hurry up the steepes with the speed of fear. Hastily they break down every bridge, as they cross the mountain torrents. The occupant of the litter is the same Charles V.—the lord of the New World and the Old. His hair is already gray; his countenance dark and sickly; his features distorted by the torment of the gout. He is flying from a Protestant army. In a few hours the pursuing troopers of Prince Maurice will enter Innspruck; they will ransack his furniture; they will fill their pockets with his pistoles; they will flaunt in the silken bravery of his Spanish suite. Consumed by rage and shame, he feels the gloom of his saturnine temperament darkening into despair. Weary of sovereignty, weary of life, he knows not where to look for aid or sympathy. He suspects, with reason, that the Pope, chafing at imperial arrogance, has been the secret abettor of his foe. He knows that his own family have been alienated by his selfish schemes. He has been told how Henry of France is raising Alsace by proclamations of Germany liberty. He has played, and lost. His sun is down. Germany will never be Spanish now. Oh, for the quiet shadows of a cloister, and the sound of holy bells, and the measured lapse of the unmarked conventual days!

The designs of Charles had been thus unexpectedly baffled by the energy and the caution of a single mind. It was Prince Maurice who succeeded, where the Electors and the cities of Germany had so

disgracefully failed. Luther had early discerned the nature of the young lion in that tall, swarthy, falcon-eyed stripling, who sat at the table of the Elector, John Frederick. Maurice had refused to join the Protestant League. He was certain of advancement from the emperor. He foresaw only disaster from the jealousy, the supineness, and the fear which paralyzed the counsels of the reformed. Charles, who rewarded his adherence at the expense of the defeated Protestants, believed that he had secured an unthinking tool. But Maurice was not born to be the tool of any man alive. Charles held in his hands two captives—the spiritless and faithless Philip of Hesse, and the simple-minded, phlegmatic Elector of Saxony. The honor of Maurice had been pledged for the liberation of Philip. By a shameless artifice Charles had retained his prisoner, and so inflicted insult on that honor. From that hour young Maurice resolved that Philip should prove the most costly captive ever withheld by perfidious king. His plan was never whispered in mortal ear. His own secretary was as completely deceived as the Argus-eyed spies of Charles. Day after day he lived his jovial life, foremost in the chase, longest at the wine, hovering in the train of beauty, playing high at tric-trac and ombre, far into the night. Yet all the while the mine is being laid; and the power which Charles has given to this seeming instrument will destroy in a week the despotic projects of a lifetime. Under the mask of a frivolous Paris was concealed the wise Ulysses. Though entrapped and beset by wiles, it does not appear that Maurice used any weapon which his adversaries could with reason account unfair. He did not violate an oath, though before him lay imperial example. He foiled Italian craftiness by a dissimulation yet more profound. We read with pleasure how William of Orange unlocked the secrets of the Spanish cabinet by a subtilty still deeper than the subtilty of Philip. With scarcely less gratification do we follow the swift and stealthy footsteps of the inscrutable Maurice, as he frees his country from the toils. The historic judgment does not here apply the highest moral standard. The secrecy of the strong man must be distinguished from the mere deceitfulness of the weak. No man in a position like that of Maurice, of William, or of Cromwell, will find it possible to act if he can

not perfectly dissemble. The center of a thousand treacherous eyes—a look is talkative; a start is a self-betrayal; the movement of a muscle may let loose a rumor, or publish a resolve. These men of impenetrable purpose render services impossible to more genial and impulsive natures. But for such wisdom of the serpent, the innocence of the dove could nowhere have survived. What does it profit a country if it has only Egmonts to fall blindly into the power of its Alvas? In an age of dissimulating policy, Germany could only be rescued by the most accomplished of dissemblers.

The sudden march of Maurice on Charles, surprising him without money, without arms, without allies, issued in the Treaty of Passau (1552.) This political compromise, while it arrested the persecuting policy of the Emperor, could effect little for the real redress of religious grievances. It was an armistice rather than a peace. It was one of those facile and futile arrangements which, so far from settling a dispute, contain the elements of a far more terrible conflict.

During the latter half of the sixteenth century, the doctrines of the Reformation overspread, with little interruption, the whole of Southern Germany. The sumptuous and laughter-loving Ferdinand I. was not a persecuting emperor. The jovial Maximilian II. was on friendly terms with the Protestants, and tolerant on principle. The moody Rodolph II. shut himself up in his palace, little solicitous to enforce his own superstition among his subjects. This melancholy virtuoso was absorbed in his coins and pictures, his menagerie and his conservatories, his astrolabes and crucibles. While the emperors were formidable neither from ambition nor fanaticism, the power of the nobility was naturally on the increase. The dominions of the house of Austria were studded with the impregnable keeps, the palace-like mansions, the battlemented hunting seats of these high-spirited barons. The courtyard of many among their colossal fortresses might have contained a village. The strength and thickness of the walls; the prodigious size of their galleries; their cisterns and their kitchens are, even in their ruin, the admiration of every traveler. These strongholds of the ancient *noblesse* frowned from the Bohemian fastnesses and the mountain passes of Styria.

—They were the warden towers of the vineyards and pasture lands of Hungary. They commanded town and hamlet, mill and cornfield, from the chain of heights above the wooded slopes of the great Danubian valley. Within fifty years from the peace of Passau, almost every one of the great feudatories of the Empire had thrown off the yoke of the old religion. As Protestants they became more independent of the Emperor. Enriched by the appropriation of Church property, they were better able than ever to maintain that independence. They formed a league among themselves for the assertion of aristocracy against monarchy. It seemed as though the new religion was about to conserve the old feudalism against the centralizing tendency of modern times. Throughout the hereditary possessions of the Hapsburg family, the imperial authority was liable to check at every point from a Protestant nobility supported by a Protestant people. The Venetian ambassador reported that but a tenth of Germany remained true to the ancient faith. Every young Austrian of rank, who would follow the prevailing fashion, enrolled his name among the students of Wittemberg. Even in Bavaria the nobles were rapidly forsaking Rome. In the Archduchy of Austria but five of the noble houses remained Papists; in Carinthia, they were seven; in Styria, not more than one.

As the seventeenth century is just about to open, with Protestantism thus triumphant, a youth of nineteen, prostrate at the feet of Pope Clement VIII., is taking a vow to restore, though at peril of his life, the supremacy of the Romish faith. This is Ferdinand of Styria, who will become the Philip II. of Germany. For forty years—during nearly one half of that time as emperor—this man of one idea, this automaton of the priesthood, will have life and movement only for the extirpation of the Protestant religion. "Better a desert than a country full of heretics," was his answer to the remonstrance of a cardinal who retained some grains of prudence, some sparks of humanity. He was heard to say that if he saw at once an angel and a priest, his homage should be rendered, first and lowliest, to the churchman, not the seraph. The extravagance of his servility anticipated all that even Jesuitism could demand. By day the Jesuit was ever at his elbow; by night the Jesuit had access to his bedside. The Jesuit

was the instigator of every waking act; the Jesuit was the guardian angel of his very dreams. Other emperors had placed their glory in successful resistance to the papal pretensions, in victories which humbled the Crescent before the Cross, or in campaigns which laid the keys of wealthy cities at their feet. But Ferdinand is never so happy as when they allow him to perform some menial office in the cloister or the church. This shaveling Cæsar is proud to minister as an acolyte at mass, or to toll the bell for vespers.

Ferdinand began his work, while arch-duke, by burning Lutheranism out of his own provinces, Styria, Carniola, and Carinthia. The nobles fled to Bohemia, whence, on a future day, they were to march an avenging army to the gates of Vienna. The people beheld in dismay bonfires of Bibles in every market-place. They saw their churches in flames, and the gibbet erected among the ruins of the sanctuary. Then they themselves, refusing to recant, were driven from their land, wounded by the brutal troopers, impoverished by the pitiless law.

It may be difficult to conceive a hatred more implacable than that which Ferdinand already bore to the Protestant name. But scarcely had he been elected emperor, when an event occurred which added to the fury of his fanaticism the rankling sense of personal insult. The nobles rose in armed defence, at once of their religion and their order. His capital was beleaguered by the Bohemian forces. The balls crashed through his palace windows. Through one age-long night he clung in terror to his crucifix. In the morning he was in the hands of angry Austrian noble men. But at that moment the bugles of Dampierre are heard in the palace-yard. Five hundred Walloons have saved the imperial devotee!

Ferdinand was a coward. When a youth of twenty-two, in the midst of his soldiers, clad in gorgeous armor, he had galloped away with his suite from the dust of a herd of bullocks and swine. He had been horribly frightened by those Bohemians, and nothing is so unforgiving as fear. It would have been easy to predict the kind of vengeance such a man would exact, when, by the victory of the White Mountain, his generals had placed Bohemia at his mercy. He retained his victims within his reach by feigned moderation and promises of pardon. Then

he struck the blow. The most revered of the Bohemian magnates were martyred in the circus of Prague. Forty-three millions of florins replenished the imperial exchequer from the confiscated estates of those who were professedly pardoned. The resources, the liberties, the records, the literature of Bohemia were destroyed for ever. Then Moravia, Upper and Lower Austria, and Silesia, were devastated by every atrocity of persecution. The arts of the Jesuit and the ferocity of Dohna's dragoons were combined, to "work out salvation," as it was called, by treachery by pillage, by torture, by massacre. In Silesia (which had surrendered, trusting to the imperial promise,) we are told how two officers, seizing each the leg of a child, cleft it in twain, and delivered the two halves to the parents, saying, "There you have it, *sub utraque*." The north and west of Germany were filled with refugees. Ferdinand was about to realize his choice. The desert was beginning to take the place of heresy, and he gave thanks accordingly to the Virgin and the saints.

The old aristocracy of Austria was now replaced by a new one—by Italian, Spanish, and Croatian *parvenus*—by creatures pampered with the spoils of the wealthiest heretical houses, devoted to Rome, to Hapsburg, and the Jesuits. The profits of the proscription were enormous, for it was to their riches more than to their opinions that the majority of the victims owed their fate. Like the king of the vultures, the emperor first gorged himself, while, at respectful distance, the meaner birds of prey stood watching round, waiting to pounce on the remains his appetite might allow them. A few of the ancient families still survived, but their position was isolated and precarious. They occupied an uncertain eminence—the monuments of that vanishing system which had once sustained them in such numbers and such strength. They resembled those scattered boulders of rock which are seen in the Alpine valleys—fragments once supported, with a multitude of their fellows, by the great platform of a glacier; but now left behind, resting on the peaks and ridges of the ice, soon to slide down into the abysses upon either side.

The complete overthrow of the Protestant cause in Bohemia was but the first of many disasters. The conflict was next maintained by two gallant soldiers of for-

tune—the fair-haired, humpbacked Mansfeld, and the open-handed, chivalrous Brunswick. Both were compelled to give way before the overwhelming forces of the Empire. Then the King of Denmark assumed the lead. But the royal veteran was driven back through his own territories, hunted to his ships, forced to sue for peace. The counter-reformation was everywhere triumphant. The armies of the great Roman Catholic League were victorious from the Pomeranian marches to the shores of the Adriatic.

But this imposing success was fraught with danger to Ferdinand. The head of Papal Christendom, and the Cardinal who governed France, could neither of them behold without alarm the dangerous preponderance which the House of Austria had acquired by its zeal. Germany lay mute at the feet of the dictator Wallenstein—the worshiped leader of the finest army in Europe. This Duke of Friedland, with his hundred and fifty thousand men, was known to be devoted to the imperial interest. No sooner had Charles V. overthrown the Protestant League, than the jealous pontiff had begun to intrigue against the too successful persecutor. But the power of Ferdinand was now more formidable than had been that of Charles. The consequence is obvious. The leaders of the grand crusade against Protestantism were at once divided into two parties. The old feud of Guelph and Ghibelline was revived in the seventeenth century, under other names and with other tactics—was revived in the presence of an adversary contending for very life, humbled indeed, but exasperated and indomitable. That strife among the victors brought breathing time, brought succor to the vanquished. Once more the fallen cause of the Protestant found an avenger, and the invading armies of Gustavus overran the region which had been the source and scene of such innumerable wrongs.

On the one side Richelieu, on the other Wallenstein, led the two great sections of the Roman Catholic party. The intrigues of the former were seconded by the pope, by Maximilian of Bavaria, the head of the Popish League, by the new nobles of the Empire, by the Jesuits, and by the Italo-Spanish faction at the Court. Wallenstein, on the other hand, was strong in the greatness of his name, the devotion of his army, and, for a time, in the sup-

port of the emperor. He had crushed the Protestant power to make the emperor mighty, not to aggrandize the pope. He had not drawn his sword to become the executioner of the priesthood. He was the head of Germany against the Italian interest. He sought to humble electors, dukes, and princes, that Ferdinand might rule them as the kings of France and Spain controlled their own noblesse. He would have remodelled the Empire, substituting for the smaller Protestant princes a military aristocracy, like that which afterwards sprang up beneath the eagles of Napoleon. At a word from his master, he would have marched to the gates of Rome. He was prepared to carry the war into the heart of France. There he would have raised the nobles against Richelieu and the Crown, as Richelieu had supported the German princes against himself and Ferdinand. But Jesuit intrigue and French diplomacy prevailed on the emperor to dismiss the man whose genius might have given him almost universal monarchy.

The retirement of Wallenstein outshone the splendors of imperial state. His officers became his courtiers. His sumptuous table, with its hundred dishes, was surrounded by his great captains, pensioned, to the very least of them, with a princely revenue. Sixty noble pages, gorgeous in azure velvet and in gold brocade, waited on the stern and mysterious chieftain who read his greatness in the stars. Four-and-twenty chamberlains, with their golden keys, did the honors of his palace. In his stables a thousand steeds were feeding at marble mangers. A hundred carriages accompanied him when he traveled forth, fifty drawn by six horses, fifty drawn by four.

The victories of Gustavus Adolphus restored the dreaded Friedländer to the supreme command. He was the only leader who could save the terrified priests of Vienna from the redoubted "Snow-King." He felt his power, and demanded unlimited control. He rescued Austria, and became in fact the master of the state. Such services could never be forgiven. It was pretended that he had conspired against that authority which he had always labored to make absolute. Ferdinand was thankful to be relieved by the hand of the assassin from the burthen of a benefit too great to be endured. And beside this the confiscation of a fortune so

colossal would fill his coffers in a moment. An old legend relates how on the incautious opening of a letter sent by a water-demon there trickled first of all a few drops of water from the corner of the scroll. The drops ran into a stream; the stream swelled to an inexhaustible flood, till at last the strength of a great inundation undermined a mountain, pushed aside and overthrew its toppling bulk, so that the summit which the stars had visited became the bed of raging torrents. Somewhat thus did the fateful missives of diplomacy, fraught with subtle influences of ever growing force, overturn Wallenstein, the mighty one—the holder of sunless gold, the feaster of marauding men of prey—and the mountain that stood so strong, that was the haunt of the eagle, the lair of the lion, fell prostrate with all its hoard of golden ore, and all its shadowy forest secrecies, and the place thereof knew it no more.

Ferdinand II. did not live to see the close of the Thirty Years' War. His successor, a third Ferdinand, beheld the final desolation of every district which former campaigns had spared. Cossacks and Poles, Walloons, and Croats, and—ruthless as the worst—the imperial troops themselves, completed the ravage of his fairest possessions. His arms were every where unfortunate. His family fled with their treasure to the heart of Styria, and were robbed upon the road by the bandit soldiery of the Empire. For eight months a pupil of Gustavus lay encamped in the very center of his realm; and there was now no Wallenstein whose genius might arrest the progress of the Swede. We read in the saintly fable of the Middle Age of that fell dragon which swallowed St. Margaret and her cross, and then, smitten by the power of the holy thing he had devoured, lay groveling in the throes of death, and yielded up, from his bursting entrails, the fatal prey. It seemed as though the persecuting Empire, having in like manner devoured Protestantism, was now about to be rent asunder and to perish in these convulsions—the victim, also, of its own ravening fury.

The peace of Westphalia frustrated for ever the Hapsburg design of rendering all Germany one absolute and Catholic monarchy. A great combined effort among the Romanist powers of Europe, to destroy the reformed religion by the sword, had signally failed. As they owed their

first advantages to dissension among Protestants, so they owed their final discomfiture to dissensions among themselves. The most zealous among them had exhausted their own resources by the ferocity of their crusade. Devout and devastated Austria saw heretical Sweden and Brandenburg aggrandized by a war which had been undertaken to extinguish heresy. The very violence of her efforts had only raised barriers against herself. There are shores upon our island which owe their safety from the encroachments of the sea to that beach of pebbles which the sea itself has thrown up. The more frequent and furious the storms, the more do they add to the bulk of this protecting dyke, which they create while they assail. Somewhat thus did the blind fury of Austria, in her resolve to overwhelm the Protestants, eventually build about her, like a breakwater, an entrenchment of Protestant States, on the north and on the west. At the conclusion of the war she saw the Dutch Republic acknowledged as a sovereign power. She saw France assume the lead in Europe. Was it for this that Ferdinand had paid the Cossack hordes to burn by hundreds his thriving Austrian villages, to maim and massacre by thousands the most industrious of his subjects? It was true that the House of Hapsburg could now hold court at Vienna, surrounded by an aristocracy the most servile in the world—by ennobled freebooters, spies, and desperadoes—by informers gorged with the price of infamy, and butchers red with the blood of the people—by men whose villainies were to be reckoned by the decorations which they wore—men who owed the glitter on their breasts to the blackness of their hearts. But by a righteous retribution the gain to tyranny at home was the loss of influence abroad. German princes did not now, as formerly, call the emperor master. Compared with the King of France he was insignificant. The emperor was a hero to the valets of the empire—and to them alone.

The age of religious wars had passed away before the Thirty Years' War attained its close. Already had the European States begun to form combinations on a principle which overlooked the differences of creed. No man did so much as Richelieu to introduce this great change in the international politics of the continent. That rigid churchman, the persecutor of the Huguenot at home, was

abroad the ally of the Protestant Swede against the Catholic emperor. It was Richelieu who arranged that peace with Poland which left Gustavus Adolphus free to assail the Empire. Throughout his brief and glorious career Gustavus found his best auxiliary in the arts, the money, and the arms France.

When the Swedish hero was no more, his Chancellor Oxenstiern concerted his plans with Richelieu, and his general Wrangel, laid waste Bavaria in company with Turenne. When the danger of Austrian supremacy had passed by, the ambition of Louis XIV. repeatedly united the Papal and the Protestant powers of Europe against the overweening pretensions of France. At the head of one such coalition stood William III. The victories of another were won by Marlborough and Eugene. When the war of the Spanish succession opened, the Jesuits who ruled the punctilious dullness of the Austrian court were but too happy to secure the support of the heretic. The monkish Leopold filled his ranks with Prussian and Hanoverian troops, his exchequer with Dutch and English gold. But this assistance was not obtained without mortifying concessions. Such an alliance with powerful and wealthy Protestant communities let in some rays of light which pierced even the priestly darkness of the imperial cabinet. A step had been gained when the emperor could affect no longer to ignore the political existence of heresy among the states of Europe. The power of obscurantism in Austria itself was still farther shaken when that country became dependent on Protestant governments for supplies. A third shock was inflicted by the entrance into the very court of Vienna of that skeptical philosophy which had been rendered fashionable by France. Thus far Austria was compelled to advance a little with the rest of the world. But the Austria of the present day—the Austria of the Concordat—seeks to abolish all memory of her brief twilight, and would return to a more than mediæval darkness.

In Joseph I. the Empire received a sovereign whose youth, unlike that of his predecessors, had never been poisoned by the arts of priestly education. Never had emperor exacted with more insufferable rigor the ceremonial observance of a court. But under the cumbrous traditional mechanism a new spirit was at work. During

his short reign the War of the Succession was prosecuted with a vigor which amazed those courtiers who had grown old under the Chinese *régime* of that phlegmatic teller-of-beads, Leopold I. Joseph read and thought for himself. He was an enthusiastic admirer of Marlborough. He placed Eugene on the footing of a friend. He mortified the Jesuits by his sneers; he terrified them by his threats. In vain did they write home to the Pope; in vain did they dress up their best ghost, to scare the innovator with menace from another world. The hobgoblin was flung into the palace moat. His Holiness was told to be quiet, lest worse things might follow.

The successor of Joseph—that feeble and listless piece of pomposity, Charles VI.—ventured, in many things, to follow the more liberal policy of his brother. For he had visited England and Holland, to whose alliance he was under the deepest obligation. He held the Jesuits in check, and so arrested extensive persecution. He enforced conventual reforms, and so put down many houses of ill-fame.

Charles was not only himself destitute of vigor and ability, he knew not how to discern or appreciate such qualities in others. Yet the finest military talents of the age were engaged to fight his battles. Peterborough and Staßenburg retrieved his fortunes in Spain. Eugene, as commander, diplomatist, and statesman, devoted to a thankless master the maturity of his extraordinary powers.

It is impossible to proceed with the story of Austrian absolutism till we have paused to look on this Eugene—so incomparably the greatest man of his time—in so many of his thoughts beyond it—so wise, so brave, so good. His personal appearance is by no means one of promise. Below the middle height, with a long lean face, of dark complexion, with a prominent nose, its great nostrils blackened by Spanish snuff, his dark and lustrous eyes are the only redeeming feature in a countenance usually directed upwards, as though wistfully seeking a something in the air. His demeanor is courteous, measured, almost cold. He is not more superior to the men about him at Vienna by the fertility and compass of his genius than by the moral elevation of his character. Where bribery is universal and excused, Eugene is incorruptible. Where implacability is identical with honor, Eugene was never known to avenge him-

self upon an adversary. Assailed by intrigue and calumny in their most trying forms, he retained unruffled his admirable good humor. During a time of distress, Eugene increased the number of his workmen when others were reducing theirs. He declared himself prompted to religion, not so much by a dread of God as by gratitude for his benefits. "If I thought," said he, "that my soul would die with my body, I should still strive after goodness, I should act as I do now." During many years of Jesuit censorship, art had disappeared, and literature grown dumb. Eugene adorned the capital with public buildings. It was his delight to fill his choice and sumptuous library with curious books and manuscripts. His collection of engravings is still the pride of the Imperial gallery. He was the friend of Leibnitz, he corresponded with Montesquieu and Boerhave. So many famous victories never awakened in him the insolence of success, or the vain man's craving for applause. Never had the empire at the head of affairs a counselor so free from the characteristic vices of the imperial policy—a groveling despair after failure, a rapacious arrogance after success. He did all that one man could do to restrain the senseless extravagance of the court, and to bring about a more equable distribution of the public burdens. It is scarcely necessary to add that a character so great and noble became the natural mark of Jesuit malignity. There is reason to suppose that a poisoned letter (happily, fatal only to a dog,) which Eugene received after the battle of Oudenarde, was, in fact a characteristic token of regard from the fathers of the Society of Jesus.

Very striking is the contrast afforded by the Courts of Berlin and of Vienna under the contemporary sovereigns, Frederick William I. and Charles VI. At the former you see only military men; everywhere blue coats, pigtails, and long swords; no flowing perukes, gorgeous brocades, or French finery. At the latter, the throng of courtiers wear the short black Spanish cloak, set off with point lace, red stockings and red shoes. No one in regimentals is presentable. Those who glitter with jewelry are the high nobility. Those distinguished by red heels are the lesser—the *Di minores*. There stands the emperor, splendid with scarlet and gold embroidery, be decked with many-colored plumes, while every

one bows low, and drops upon one knee. His very name may not be pronounced on a public occasion without a similar reverence. Ten paces taken by him are equivalent to thirty paces advanced by an elector; and the Lord Chamberlain would pronounce the imperial glory for ever tarnished if his Majesty acknowledged the electoral genuflexion by more than half a bow. Those admitted to an audience have paid much and waited long.

At Berlin, on the contrary, Frederick William calls every officer his comrade. Every private among his dear "blue boys" finds ready access to a sovereign who is rather his colonel than his king. He is a father, in his rough fashion, to all the men of that tall Potsdam guard which his crimps have collected for him from every part of Europe. For giants are his hobby; and at Potsdam it is not length of pedigree or length of purse, but length of man which carries the day. At Vienna there are some thousand chamberlains. At Berlin, four generals suffice, for all such offices, a king who lives hard, works hard, and expects all about him to do likewise. Both courts lead a monotonous life, from causes the most opposite. At the one there is too much to do, at the other too little. The monotony of Berlin is the monotony of a barracks and a house of business combined—now the parade, now the accounts, now the audience, as each inexorable hour draws on with its methodical press of work. The monotony of Vienna is that of interminable ceremonies, torpid drives, leaden pagentry. The Prussian king seems to be always inspecting balance-sheets or drilling his men. The Austrian emperor is always seated in state upon his throne, or kneeling in state in his church. During Lent, church-going was carried to such excess that life must have been scarcely supportable. Poor Duc de Richelieu! Nothing on earth would have induced him to become ambassador at Vienna, if he could have foreseen his fate. "No one," he writes, "but a Capuchin in the rudest health, could hold out under the life we have been living lately. I have not had a quarter of an hour a day to myself. Between Palm Sunday and the Wednesday after Easter I calculate that I have passed a hundred hours in church with the emperor!" Unfeignedly do we pity him. It ought to have been considered in his salary.

The emperor always considered it be-

neath him to inquire into money matters. So half Vienna lived on his kitchen and cellar. It is easy to understand how it happened that one year he was charged 4000 florins for his parsley. Official and courtly blood-suckers drained the resources of the state. To walk thirty miles on a hot day might somewhat fatigue a robust pedestrian, even on level ground, and in England; but it would be impossible to walk half that distance through some of the woody regions of India, with midges and gnats, ticks and mosquitoes, biting the skin or burrowing in the flesh, with fifty leeches clinging to each leg, with leeches crawling down the back, leeches trying to hang at either eyelid. But such a traveler in India is not at greater disadvantage, compared with him in England, than the Austrian government of Charles VI., compared with the administration of Prussia under her second king. Frederick William drove hard bargains with every one. No aristocratic idlers sauntered about the precincts of his court. He was rough in manners, furious in temper, coarse in speech. He seldom passed a day without venting a passion by kicking, caning, and cursing some one near him. But he was an honest man, and he had a conscience. His people never groaned under a burden which he was too selfish, too indolent, or too timid to remove. He treated with bitter contempt the petty disputes about place and precedence which at Vienna would have assumed an import scarcely less momentous than the arrangement of a treaty or the scheme of a campaign. Eleven of his ministers of state were commoners by birth. He promoted officers from the ranks. He would be served by none but Prussians. He bequeathed to his successor a treasury filled by parsimonious self-denial; an army, the best disciplined in Europe; and subjects united as one man in that vigorous sense of nationality which no art could kindle in the apathetic masses under Austrian rule. Throughout the Austrian dominions routine and ceremony were a kind of perpetual consuetude—a duumvirate, regulating and marring all things from the course of justice to the courses of a dinner table. A dish had to pass through four-and-twenty hands before it could reach its destination beneath the nose of Majesty. A memorial, or the account of a public creditor, had to be entered, reentered, reported on,

signed, copied, *viséd*, and what not, by more than eighty persons. To such processes our "Circumlocution Office" is a winged Mercury. In Prussia the courts were terrified into better speed, lest the king should come in and imprison or hang judge, attorney, or accused, out of hand, to have the matter somehow done with. Lawyers he abhorred, and would not suffer one of the tribe to live in the country lest the farmers should grow litigious.

A room is still shown in the palace at Berlin where Frederick William was accustomed to pass his evenings—the president of a smoking-club. This apartment was kept neat and clean as a Dutch kitchen—was much like one, indeed, with its plain furniture, and shelves of blue crockery. It is easy for imagination to fill it once more with clouds of smoke, and to discern through the azure mist, the king, his ministers, his generals, the envoys from foreign courts, perhaps some princely visitor, all seated round the long table, every man with his pipe in his mouth and a foaming tankard before him. The table is covered with German and French papers. Near the king sits General Grumbkow, a soldier without courage, a boon companion without faith, but a man who knows how to make himself necessary. *Biberious* Grumbkow, they call him, for he is a hard drinking old gourmand. He alone keeps an extravagant table, and the frugal king sends the foreign princes and ambassadors to him for entertainment. He is always needy, and always bribed, now by England, now by Austria. Opposite to Grumbkow sits his enemy, the rough-spoken but kindly Prince of Anhalt Dessau, to whose spirit and discipline the army owes so much. Near him sits Ilgen, the polite, the crafty, the clear-headed,—a man of imperturbable serenity and unfathomable purpose. He has the department for foreign affairs,—the truest-hearted, farthest-sighted counsellor the king possesses. He, too, dislikes and suspects the servile Grumbkow. But Grumbkow has at once a paymaster and a supporter in his neighbor Seckendorf, the Austrian ambassador, who seldom quits the side of the king from seven in the morning to eleven or twelve at night, fair weather or foul, at the chase or table, at the club or the parade; who has bribed every accessible person from minister to valet; who lives only to keep his majesty in good humor

with the Court of Vienna. Seckendorf hates tobacco; but see how he fingers his empty pipe, how he works his upper lip, in courtly imitation, and seems to smoke as hard as the king himself. Observe, especially, that fat man, in a preposterous white wig, with a chamberland's gold key fastened to his coat. He is just standing up to deliver a pedantic explanation of some allusion in a newspaper more reconcile than usual. It is Gundling, at once the court scholar and court fool—the butt of those merciless practical jokes in which Frederick William so delights. The favorite sport of the club is to tickle the vanity of the poor man by promises and flattery; to make him drunk and then disfigure him; to hoax him by sarcastic preferments, and then madden him by ridicule and horse-play. You see those small pans on the table, full of burning turf for lighting the pipes. One evening, a rival servant was introduced into the club to tease Gundling by presenting him

with a satire he had composed against him as the "Learned Fool." Well, one of those very pans did the enraged Gundling snatch up, and flung the contents thereof into his adversary's face. But the enemy, nimble and strong, flew at him, mastered the heavy doctor with one hand, and in the other, flourishing the glowing pan, belabored therewith the massive stern-works of the hapless Gundling to his heart's content. Sing, O Muse! the conflict of the sages—the encouraging shouts, and the tearful laughter of the club—the crash of broken pipes, and the torrents of spilt beer—the exultant face of the flagellator, with singed eyebrows and blackened cheeks—the yells and oaths of the struggling Gundling, as the branding implement descends, and is pressed home; and how, for four long weeks to come, he was disqualified utterly for that sedentary life, so dear to every lover of books.

[TO BE CONCLUDED.]

From the North British Review.

DISINTEGRATION OF EMPIRES.*

A ROUGH resemblance (not more) brings here into comparison the instances of China and Russia. In China it is the existence and spread of the Taeping rebellion that renders European influences far more *penetrative* than otherwise they could be, and therefore more perilous. In Russia, whether the Polish rebellion is crushed or not just now, the effort to crush it deeply imperils those internal revolutions which the emperor, or a party about him, is endeavoring to effect. But it is not on the side of Poland only that dangers thicken. The corruption of the official mass throughout Russia is so deep, wide, and inveterate, that, to apply a remedy, or even a corrective, would demand the highest skill and courage, exerted through a long and a tranquil season. In

truth, the desperate and shameless corruption, and venality, and the tyrannous wrongfulness of the administrative or office-bearing class (the bureaucracy) is *the fatal symptom* in the case of Russia. The evidence that bears upon this alleged corruption is to be listened to with caution; for no reader of Prince Dolgorukof's book, or of Herzen's *Kolokol*, or of similar passionate publications, will take them as if they were what it is manifest they are not; they are samples of what may be risked in the way of exaggeration, by writers who know that they are safe in thus provoking contradiction. "Will you tell me I can not make good my accusations? You dare not confront me before the European Public." There can be no reasonable doubt that the administration of government in every department, including that of courts of

* Concluded from page 276.

justice, which is worst of all, has been corrupt and atrocious, beyond the usual measure of despotic governments. But we should recollect what is the true meaning of this corruption; and what is the probable consequence of the exposure to which at this time it is subjected.

Does the venality and the wrongfulness of the official class in Russia truly represent the moral condition of the *mass* whence the individual official men are drawn; or would it be fair to say—The Russian people at large *are* such as these official persons show them to be? or ought we not rather to assume that the men in office constitute a class, privileged under an irresponsible tyranny, and defended by it from the vengeance of public opinion, to do all wrong things at their pleasure? This second supposition we should incline to accept as nearer to the truth than the first. But if the first hypothesis were taken, then there could indeed be little prospect of carrying out the reforms which the government is honestly intending and wishing to realize. Shall these, the very same men—trained in wrong as they are, and nursed in shamelessness—shall *they* be taught virtue by penalties, by exile, or by the knout? Cutting off the heads of mandarins produces little virtue in China; nor indeed elsewhere, if the culprits are so many that they bear a large appreciable proportion to the *class* out of which they come. But if these delinquents refused to be reformed, and must be removed, and others put in their places, where are those the substitutes and successors to be found? Nowhere on the first supposition; and with extreme difficulty even on the second. An effective reform on the bureaucracy must be the work of a long and enlightened reign, the forces of which, and its tact, must be brought to bear upon the social system in all its breadth, and in such a manner as shall induce an improved moral consciousness in the mass of the people to bear upon the official class with effective energy. But this will never be until a free press is allowed to do its part in Russia; but *this* is a revolution that is still far off.

A press *much more free* than we in England, or than most of us had imagined, has in fact made a commencement of its attack upon the official corruption of the empire. The imperial government has relaxed its censorship in certain specified

matters. But then in comes a peril of another order. The license allowed to the press for exposure of official corruption not only frightens and irritates the hosts of those who fatten upon it, but it lifts a little a floodgate through which a deluge will enter. The mind and feeling of Russia has now been put in movement and it will not stay any where until it touches upon the doings of the Imperial Council. Hitherto injustices and official outrages have been submitted to; but then "Our Father" was believed to know that the wrongs of his children. Not so now; for *now* the "Father" has confessed that he is cognizant of the wickedness of his servants. Nor does the zeal he shows in attempting a reform by any means counterbalance the damage that has been done to Russian *piety* by the Imperial recognition of the facts. This Russian worship of the Czar received a deadly wound in the Crimean disasters. Nicholas literally died of it; Alexander II. politically succumbed at this stroke. In a sense somewhat the same, as we have said above, the paternal rule in China lost its vitality in the late assault upon Peking. In Russia the damage that was done to the paternal sway, in a similar manner, has been greatly increased by the impoverishment of the government, and the derangement of the commercial system and of the revenue. But there follows a damage of a still more serious kind; and this springs from the aforesaid *recognition* on the part of the Imperial Government of the corruption which pervades its administration.

A parallel instance—parallel to a certain extent—presents itself here, to which we may direct attention. It is not, on the whole, a comparable instance; nevertheless, the lesson it teaches is almost the same. We do not imagine that Russia is threatened by a revolution similar to that of France in '89; nevertheless there are points of resemblance in the two instances which might awaken alarm at St. Petersburg and Moscow. It was with admirable *unwisdom* that the Government and privileged classes of France, *noblesse* and clergy, confessed themselves to the oppressed and impoverished multitude, "We are wrong. We have always been wrong-doers; but we now repent, and we are resolved to relieve our troubled consciences, and to redress your grievances." So spoke the most enlightened

statesman—Turgot, Malesherbes, Necker—and thus many of the clergy also. It is startling at this moment to listen to the ominous, self-denying, recent utterances of some of the privileged classes in Russia. Thus they speak: "We consider it a sin of the deepest dye to live and enjoy the benefit of social order at the expense of other classes of the community. *It is not right* that the poor man should pay a rouble and the rich man nothing. That could only be tolerated while serfage existed; but it now places us in the position of parasites, utterly useless to their country. We do not wish to enjoy such an ignominious privilege any longer, and we hold ourselves irresponsible for its further continuance." It must be needless here to cite instances, which the reader will easily call to mind, occurring in the history of the early years of the French Revolution. The parallel holds good, too, in its oblique or obscure meaning. The confessions and the professions of the privileged classes in France were no doubt animated, if not prompted, by the feeling that the ingenuousness in their part was a mean, and it was to them the only means, of breaking up a political structure which they believed it would be possible to put together anew, under their own control, and in a manner no less advantageous to themselves; in fact, more so, inasmuch as something like an English aristocracy, if it could be copied in France, was a far better thing than the then degraded nobility of France. It may be conjectured that the Russian nobles, who now denounce their own exemptions, and lay their privileges at the feet of the Emperor, saying, "We (now) hold ourselves irresponsible for their continuance," may have been moved by calculations of the same kind.

In morals it is a great truth, "He that confesses his sins and forsaketh them, shall find mercy;" but in politics, it seems that the reverse of this, almost, must be admitted as an axiom—namely, that confessions and reform are—if not a road to ruin, a road dangerously near to it. It will always be so to a *despotism*; it need not be so to a government which at all times stands open to *check* from a free-spoken constitutional opposition. The *theory* of every government, absolute or constitutional, rests upon an *assumption* of infallibility. Every *government* that *governs* must speak in the tones, and must wear

the guise, of absolute wisdom and rectitude. In free governments the rebuke of this theoretic pretension occurs often enough to make itself an understood usage of State. It is not so, nor can it be so, within the circle of an absolute monarchy. Autocratic concessions, and imperial bestowments of *rights*, carry in themselves a fatal contradiction. Russia is now making experiment of this hazardous inconsistency. The mighty empire may override the peril, and all right-minded lookers-on will heartily wish for the realization of such a prospect. Serfdom abolished (the abolition now in March this year being finally achieved) judicial reforms effected; trial by jury, or something like it, established, and a move forward made toward a representative constitution. Much, therefore, has actually been effected which may be reckoned upon as tending to prevent revolution or to anticipate revolution. Moreover, whereas France in '89 was frenzied by a destructive (atheistic) fanaticism Russia, if it has a fanaticism at all, it is of the conservative kind. The stolid superstitions of the Greek Church are to be reckoned upon so far as counter-active revolutionary movements, rather than as promotive of them.

But among these reforming movements there does not appear to be any organic correspondence or real harmony. Every reform has a suicidal tendency. It does not spring, as among ourselves, from first principles in the constitution. In England, reform is speedily taken up, or is assimilated as nutriment. In Russia it is always to be feared that, when elements so discordant and poured together into the caldron of the State, the mixture will explode. The Imperial will is still absolute; it advises with itself, or with those who have no responsibility toward the people, and have no constitutional existence. An army (which is *still* far too large for any proper purposes) gives the autocrat what might be called a *gymnasium*, of which he avails himself for keeping his personal despotism in practice. The reforming experiment is watched over from the camp, and it may be brought to a stand at any moment, if likely to get on at too great a speed. As to the political enlightenment of the instructed—the reading classes, an incoherent course is pursued by the Government, which seems intended to combine the maximum of danger with the minimum of advantage. French,

English, and German books and magazines are procurable, and are actually read to a great extent in St. Petersburg and Moscow, yet with restrictions which irritate curiosity to no purpose. What good can come of the block-covered or the erased paragraphs in English newspapers, which tell the Russian reader that there is a something which we, the imperial censors, will not permit him to see. It may be said, and truly said, that an autocratic government can not with any prudence permit what a free and constitutional government allows easily and safely. Grant this, and then our conclusion follows, that those movements which are now in progress in Russia, auspicious as they are, and which we on this side should be inclined to welcome as the beginnings of better things, are all of them of the nature of political disintegration: they are contradictions. If the lion were indeed the living lion, it is certain that the honey of constitutional freedom would not thus have been deposited in his entrails. When it comes to this, that "out of the strong cometh forth sweetness," we may assuredly infer that what the bees have thus swarmed in is not the living lion, but a carcase.

An incoherence, which perhaps no administrative skill would be able to avoid, attaches to the measures of the Russian Government at this time. At the moment when actual dismemberment is within prospect on the side of Poland, and perhaps even of Finland, as well as the Caucasian provinces, a dangerous reaction in favor of these agitations is taking place in the very heart of Russia, even at St. Petersburg and in Moscow, consequent upon the utter distrust which prevails there as to official reports of military movements. Distrust of its Government is a yeast which works in the mass, and renders the public mind at once tumid and acrid. The Russian people—and by this word we must now be understood to include a numerous and powerful class, or rather two or three independent classes—has come to know that, from the beginning to the end of the Crimean war, its credulity was grossly abused by the Government, which did not understand that the plain truth can never be so dangerous as the lie is *always*. This rule of State is at this time receiving its illustration in Russia. Intelligent Russians in both capitals, if not elsewhere, who freely

read French, English, and German newspapers and reviews—and these readers are now more than a few—have come to know that the accounts of military movements supplied by the Government are quite unworthy of confidence. In regard therefore, to the course of events lately in Poland, or elsewhere, the public—numerous and intelligent as it is, must wait until the truth comes round to it through the foreign press, which, however, will not ever come to it otherwise than in fragments. This ill-judged policy of repression and garbling, of blotching and erasure, imparts an acrid sharpness to what might be a patriotic feeling; and of this irritation the Imperial Government is the object. Truly, in the business of State, "the way of transgressors is hard." Hard it is for a government to go on in the path of despotism; and still harder is it for rulers to turn their feet on to a better path.

There is a peculiarity attaching to the perplexed course of the Russian Government which deserves to be noticed. It is this—hat We tern light, Western movement and progress comes into Russia always as an importation. It is brought across the gulf of a language which has failed to assimilate itself in any appreciable degree with the European dialects—English, French, or Italian. There is mind enough in the Slavonian people; but what they need for guidance, at a time of internal renovation and reform, must all be sought for abroad; it must be obtained from England mainly, from France in part, from Germany in part. The *subject-matter* of conversation in the salons of St. Petersburg, and in the *traktirs* and club-houses of Moscow, is, as one might say, a *TEXT* in a foreign tongue; but the *Targum* is in the Slavonian vernacular. There will always be a difference—a difference which has the characteristic color of exaggeration, between the *text* of political discourse and the *commentary* of random talk. It was in a way somewhat similar to this that, for some time before the fatal period of the assembling of the States General, the political doctrine of England, which, because it was a *native product*, had worked itself off well among ourselves, became in France, as an *importation*, a source of mischief. It was thus, also, that English deism—among ourselves a philosophy—reappeared in France as an atheistic fren-

zy. The constitutional sobriety of 1688, crossing the Channel, raved as a fanaticism in '92 and '93. In England, whether it might be speculative theism, or theoretic democracy, or any other exaggerated style of thought, it found expression easily and at once as a native product, in the soberly robust language of Hobbes, and of Shaftesbury, and of Milton, and of Hume, and of Bentham. The language, and the thought, and the modes of action had grown up together, and they knew each other. It was not so with the great French writers of the ante-revolution time. They wrote in French; they thought in English; and there was a break, "a fault," between the thought and the tongue. A similar dissonance is apparent in the instance of those Russian writers who find that they can write at ease only when they write treason, which must be issued in Paternoster Row, and then be smuggled into Russia.

Whether it be in Russia or in France, in Austria or in Prussia, wherever despotism is clung to, and the autocrat *will be autocrat*—wherever, as the necessary consequence of this blind obduracy in clinging to what is doomed the press is ruled, and overruled, and threatened—wherever a bewildered government, always frightened, willful, perplexed, believes that it must hasten to shut the shutters on this or that side of the house where daylight is dreaded—wherever such is the policy of a government, and such the dangerous condition of a people—there it must be true that even the most auspicious movements towards reform are *disintegrative*. They are incoherences; they are grants, they are not growths. It is thus that Europe from end to end is heaving. Peoples and governments (continental) are working out the truth that it is more difficult to be partially wise than to be quite absurd.

Russia at this time disintegrates, and a natural consequence, if not an inevitable issue, is, dismemberment. If *this* also should follow Europe will be relieved from a terror—the future quartering of Cossacks in each of its capitals.

Speculations, more or less probable, concerning the destinies of the North-American Federation are far from being of recent date. It was not the echo of the shots fired at Fort Sumter that gave rise to those speculations, either among

American statesmen or thoughtful men in Europe. In times long ago gone by, when American statesmen were such as well deserved the appellation, these forecastings of the course of events were freely indulged in among them; and these predictions, not widely unlike the actual events of this civil war, might be cited from the writings and the recorded speeches of the most enlightened of them. Then, if we look at home among the political writers and the public men of France and of England, similar modes of thinking have not been rare; De Tocqueville brings up the band. It is manifest that there can be no room to allege that these prophesyings of dismemberment have suddenly sprung out of unlooked-for events, or that predictions of the breaking up of the Union are ephemeral newspaper creations. Such is not the fact. Those among us whose meditations concerning the destinies of nations have been going far and wide now these many years will have found little in the news from America that can be regarded as altogether unlooked for. The events which history will put on its next page have indeed startled us at the first hearing; but then, if they are regarded as developments of well known causes, they have seemed to be almost matters of course.

Forecastings of dismemberment have taken their rise from several grounds of calculation that are clearly distinguishable, and which, in truth, have an entirely independent meaning. As, for instance: there is what may be called the geographical, or the physico-geographical, aspect of the subject. Let it be that nationalities are not thought of, races are not considered, political structures are not brought forward; and, in a word, that nothing is kept in view but this huge map of the Western world, which spans every thing between the two oceans. We think, then, of this vast area in relation to the absolute distances it includes, and to those extreme differences of climate and of produce which thence result; and we think especially of the unalterable problem which relates to those mighty out-falls of water that must always put the welfare of the remote interior of a continent into the custody of the occupants of the exits and their deltas. If these things only be kept in view, then the theorist who would speculate upon the future history of the continent is fain to say, not only that

there is under his eye *material enough* for three, four, or five independent States, but much more of surface than can ever be properly swayed from one center, and more interests than (if the lessons of history are to be regarded) can ever be bound into one bundle. These future communities may indeed keep clear of war; but then they must keep clear of large political organizations: they must know each other afar off; they must hug treaties of peace, but must eschew federation.

When upon the map of a continent we bring in some peculiar elements, relating to the human occupation of these boundless regions, then our problem embraces not only what attaches always to races, but antipathies of a special kind, harbored grudges; and, not least, though it may be undefinable perhaps, certain incompatibilities of temper, of taste, of habits, which are often quite enough to forbid any sort of partnership between those who, nevertheless, may individually be very estimable people.

But in the instance which is now actually before us, there is present an element that is altogether peculiar, and which, even if it stood by itself, must either be removed, or it must sooner or later necessitate a political severance of the States that are implicated therein. By a stern necessity, which possesses at once the coherence of the deepest moral reasons and the force of political ambition, and the vehemence (must we not say it?) of a religious fanaticism, the existence of slavery—slavery, not merely tolerated or borne with (on one side) but newly affirmed and gloried in—slavery thus edited anew as a *doctrine*, and vouched for by powerful communities, must sever these from communities that are not implicated therein. Undoubtedly, this severance must in the end take place, notwithstanding the fact that large commercial interests—interests latent, and interests patent—bind together the two masses. It has been found, again and again, that whenever, in Congress, legislation has been attempted on the false hypothesis of a common understanding as to slavery, embarrassment has been the consequence, threatening disruption at every moment. And not less certainly has disruption been threatened in the *administration* of a Government which exists under this same impracticable condition

of tolerating an intolerable evil. So it has been from one presidential epoch to another; and thus the mis-called "United States" have been torn by periodic convulsions, resembling those that afflict kingdoms where there are rival claimants of the throne. The last of these elections involved a revolution, if not a civil war, not less inevitably than would a change of dynasty in any European kingdom. Is it a Bourbon or is it a Napoleon that snatches the scepter of France? Is it Buchanan or is it a Lincoln that is carried in triumph to Wasington? In the one case, not less certainly than in the other, revolution by *coup d'état*, or else a civil war, ensues.

Dismemberment would present itself as inevitable sooner or later, not the less certainly than before, even if slavery were suddenly abolished, and if the black population were deported, or were established in some remote wilderness. This upshot of the boundless territorial developments of the interior regions, and of their populations, would command the approval of well informed men, not less in America than it does in Europe, if only the subject could be looked at apart from those ungoverned prepossessions which so much rule the American mind. These national impulses get strength just now from an artificial source, namely a confusion of ideas which blends the *Union feeling*—call it patriotism if you please—with a strong sense of the manifest duty of the now-present Government at Washington to maintain the Federal map in its integrity, and to defend itself loyally, and to hand the Union over to the next occupants of the Government offices undamaged and complete, if it may be done.

A case may well be imagined, even if it be unlikely to occur in fact: namely, that of a President who, in his inner conscience, may believe that the disruption now aimed at by the Confederate States would, if peaceably effected, be beneficial on both sides, and in no way prejudicial to the great American commonwealth; nevertheless, and notwithstanding this individual opinion, he recognizes his presidential duty, as head of the State, to oppose and to prevent any such disruption by all means in his power. In such a case, this imaginary President would possess, if so we may speak, two consciences, the several requirements of which he might be *conscientiously* fulfill-

ing. He will do battle valiantly for the Union, and yet he may *think* with the desertionists. He need not proclaim it is his inner belief, but he may silently hold it in all sincerity; and who shall affirm that the actual President Lincoln—who is allowed to be a man of conscience, as well as clear-sighted—does not in fact at this very moment, and in this very manner, harbor two consciences?

We decisively think that, on this side the Atlantic—in England especially—too little account has been taken of the rightfully pleaded *loyalty* of the Federal States. To maintain the Union by force of arms, if it could not be maintained by other means, and *consequently* to denounce the Confederates as *rebels*, at least until they shall have made good their defection, is a course that ought not to be blamed; at any rate, we English must not blame it. But then, if we do not *blame* this loyalty, why should we withhold our cordial sympathy from those who act it out? Why be cold or cynical when, as now, a great people is seen to be doing its duty, and is doing it at so prodigious a cost? Those among us who may be in correspondence with men of feeling and intelligence in the Northern States, are finding expressions of this sort in this letters: "At the moment of the first hostile act on the part of the seceding States, eighteen millions of men started to their feet for the maintenance of order, and in defence of lawful government." "We are fighting," they say, "for peace and order against rebellion." The writers of such letters do not allege *slavery* as the cause of quarrel between the North and the South—it is not *slavery*, but *rebellion*. A correspondent who, judging of him by his letters, is clear-sighted, and quite temperate and calm (this is great praise just now) says of the present war, that it is "no more to be avoided than the best war that was ever waged." Again, the same writer says: "If we (the Northern States) were to lie down and allow the rebellion to triumph, we would (should) deserve the execrations of all mankind," he says, "Do not listen to sneers uttered in disparagement of our just and upright war of self-defence." Another writer, to whom, in truth, we are not able to accord the same praise of calmness and temper, repents, in varied forms, the affirmation that, although the extinction of slavery is held

remotely in prospect, as a probable and a hoped-for ultimate result of this war—the war itself, in its broad aspect, is a war for crushing a great rebellion. This writer (Hon. Charles G. Loring) challenges the sympathy of the world in behalf of those who are maintaining "the cause of freedom, humanity, and good government." He says, as to the North, "We entered into (the war) solely for the maintenance of the Union and the Constitution." He complains—and the complaint is, to a great extent, reasonable—that in England, and throughout Europe generally, there is "no willingness even to listen to our protests and argument, founded on the necessities of our condition compelling us to the work of crushing the rebellion, and of preventing secession, as the only means of preserving our national life."

The last words, "the national life," touch the pitch of the subject in hand. The war now waged by the Federalists—the Northern States—has taken for its plea hitherto, the belief that it is "the only means of preserving our (American) national life." Whatever may be the exceptions that might be taken against this belief, it yet deserves—so we strongly think—a much more respectful consideration than, for the most part, it has received in Britain. It is true that when, in the calm mood of lookers-on, we enter upon the thorny argument concerning the right of secession, asserted on the Southern side, and denied on the Northern, we quickly become entangled among legal refinements and constitutional controversies, which show an aspect of endless perplexity. And from the ground of these perplexities, we—the European public—may very properly retire. We, on this side the Atlantic, ought not to think ourselves sufficient for these things; and it might be well not to meddle with matters so far beyond our lines. But if this forbearance be, on our part, proper, a consequence thence resulting is this—that we should allow the plea which is urged by the people of the Northern States, and Northwestern too, to be valid and good. The plea is good, on the premises assumed. On these premises, the war was indeed inevitable.

The President and Government had no alternative but to defend public order; or otherwise to acknowledge that the Federal Constitution was actually de-

funct; or, in other words, to admit the fact of the extinction of the national life of the "United States." Let each of us, supposing himself a New-York or Boston citizen, put the question to his neighbor, at the moment of the attack upon Fort Sumter, "What now, think you, is to be done?" There could be but one answer—"We must uphold the Government at all costs." Some of us might advise attempting a compromise; and some might recommend the amputation of a limb long ago known to be incurably diseased. Try these expedients if you please; but at least we must *now* show fight, we must obey the call of the Government, and prove our loyalty, and then enter upon argument, and discuss articles of compromise. If this paramount and foremost duty were in some way discharged, then a temperate review of the grounds assumed in justification of secession might have been attempted, perhaps hopefully. But *thus far*, as we think, the North has ground of complaint against us for withholding, or for too grudgingly acceding, our sympathies with them on so signal an occasion. We ought to have made more allowance than we did make for excited feelings; we should have hastened to wish them good speed—"God speed"—before the outburst of resentment had taken place. Why was it not so? An answer to this question might be given. It admits of several answers; but these could not be brought forward without adding offence to offence, irritation to irritation. The revulsion of feeling which has set the tide of English feeling *southward*, in a manner not due to the merits of the parties, has not been causeless. But we are willing to postpone our vindication on this ground. We wait until the war is over, and its irritations soothed or forgotten. At the outbreak of the American civil war, when English sympathies, ambiguously given, were called for by the Northern people, the reply was in substance this—"We can profess little sympathy on your side, for in truth you are not fighting against slavery; if indeed you were striving to bring Southern slavery to an end, we should feel with you, and should be ready almost to help you. But you are fighting only for a boundary line; this war is nothing better than a contest for political mastery, and we can have no feeling in a quarrel of this sort; or, if any, we must go with a people (as is

our English wont) that is seen to be contending for its independence at fearful odds." There has been more semblance of truth than substance in this *English statement* of the rights of the quarrel and of its purport. A time must come, if it has not already come, when the people of England, fair-play loving as they are, must correct the hasty judgment they have hitherto formed; and after they have set forth strongly our grounds of exception against the Federal States, or against the Federal Government, we must freely give our sympathy to the side to which, *in the main*, it is due, and must reject, in tones of resentment and of disgust, those hollow pretexts of the South which we have too readily listened to. To the North we shall come to say, "We think you are wrong on this and that point; but if your quarrel be looked at broadly, then we say you are right, and we accord you frankly, although tardily, our sympathy, and along with this sympathy all the *moral* support which it implies and which it can impart.

The restoration of order, undisturbed in the ambiguous sense in which the Northern States understand it, may include what can never in fact be realized—namely, a *conquest* of the Confederate States, and a consequent military occupation of those vast regions, embracing the seaboard South, the Gulf States, and the Northwest center. Order, in this sense, will never, so we believe, henceforward be restored. But in an abated and practicable sense, order is recoverable; order, indispensable as it is to the political supremacy of the Northern States, in their relationship to that of the Slave States, must be fought for, and secured at any cost, short of the loss of their own liberties in the struggle. We may well grant that this civil war should be regarded, and should be called, "a just war," carried on for the reestablishment of lawful government, up to a certain point, and liable to certain conditions. A civil war is clearly justifiable on the part of a settled constitutional government, within assignable limits; but when those limits have been reached, and when public men—saving those whose individual repute is directly compromised in the issue of the conflict—agree in thinking that the limits of warrantable war have been touched, and even overpassed, then a willful and desperate resolution to go on, at the cost of the life and treasure intrusted to the gov-

ernment, becomes in the highest degree culpable; and it will be denounced as immoral by looker-on all the world over. We may here appeal to our American friends of the Federal States, and ask them to say if the limits of justifiable war, on the part of Great Britain, had not been reached in 1776? Let them tell us, Were not those limits unwarrantably exceeded from year to year during the six following years? Americans will not deny this. We, on the side of England, will not deny this, and now we hold them to the same rule. We only profess the same great principle when we affirm—England, and France, and Europe, agree to affirm it—that these reasonable limits are now touched, if not already over-

passed, by the Federal Government; and that whereas the Confederate States declare themselves desirous of peace, if only their independence were acknowledged, the war has become, or will very soon be, worthy of condemnation as wrongful. The Union does not any longer exist in any sense; or if, indeed, a device might still be found for restoring it—which is quite possible—a factitious combination, which would bind together the most intense hatreds, harbored purposes of revenge, a bundle of fire-brands, poisoned arrows, blood-stained scalping-knives, and loaded shells, would show what materia it is made of in the very next turn of national affairs.

From the Temple Bar Magazine.

NEW NOTES FROM OLD STRINGS.

"It is kind to passion to give it time to cool."
BURKE on the Marriage Act.

In matters of marriage, parents are all for prudence, children for passion. The young ought to be rather less positive, because they only know one set of feelings; and the old more generous, because they have known both.

"I've seen, indeed, the hopeful bud
Of a ruddy rose that stood
Blushing to behold the ray
Inviting it no more to hide
Within itself its purple pride."

CRASHAW.

The wild rose opens at one touch of the ray; not so the cowerd child of cultivation, with its many foldings. Is it not thus sometimes with the sun of love and the hearts of maidens "gentle and simple?"

"Let his path be strewn with purple," says the faithless Argive queen, who wants to get rid of her lord. And let the English wife who desires to keep hers, strew one path with the softest

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tapestry—that which leads from the attachment of passion to the attachment of habit.

ÆSCHYLUS, translated.

"Elle le vit à travers la poésie qui état en elle."

DUMAS, *Albino*.

Before marriage, the imaginative, especially imaginative women, clothe the object of their passion out of the storehouse of their fancy. It is unfortunate that *after* marriage fancy is rarely so charitable; however, it is, sometimes, giving the eternal variety of the lover's mind to an object which has little of its own. In such cases it is genius that makes passion permanent.

DUMAS.

"Antony. I have offended reputation—
A most un noble swerving.

Eros.

Sirs! the Queen!

Antony. Oh! whither hast thou led me,
Egypt?"

Antony and Cleopatra.

If a man suddenly and widely deviates

from an anticipated course, suspect a secret nail biasing the compass of the judgment, or maybe a screw—probably, to use a carpenter's term, a *female* screw; or, to use another metaphor, Many a noble galley has been warped from its course by the mere zephyr-sigh of a Cleopatra—stronger than all the storms of reproof, or the trade-winds of prudence and profit.

The sexes are said in marriage to seek opposite temperaments. An ardent man's nature doubtless often seeks repose in union with a mild and passive woman. But there is an unfortunate exception; a high-spirited woman is inclined to despise any but a high-spirited man. Where the spinster's toast is "a high-spirited lover," the matron's amendment would often be "a submissive husband." How difficult to reconcile the two! But the next best thing to a subdued spirit is a soft and warm heart, which is very far from being always an obedient one. A man endowed with this, though he can not always be reduced to submission, can be made to suffer intensely for the want of it.

"Better to love amiss than nothing to have loved."—CRABBE.

I will apply this to a kindred subject. Between an uneasy, I will not say a miserable marriage, and permanent celibacy, there is much the same difference as there is between sitting down on a chair with one or two nail-points projecting from the seat, and never sitting down at all. In time, and with patience, you may have the somewhat painful pleasure of wearing down the asperities, and it will be hard if you can not now and then vary the points of contact.

"I saw thee smile; the sapphire's blaze
Beside thee cease to shine."—BYRON.

"To buy the gems of India's coast
What wealth, what treasure can suffice?
But India's shore shall never boast
The living luster of her eyes."—GAY.

In assimilating ladies to jewels, there is one mode of treatment which we should studiously avoid—*cutting* them when they are *plain*.

"Delighting in the most sublime speculations—for, never intending to go beyond

speculation, it costs nothing to have it magnificent."

BURKE, *Thoughts on French Revolution*.

It is, perhaps, on this principle that many ladies who have been, for the plainest reasons, omitted by Nature in the catalogue of the beautiful, are so often the most severe critics of the personal appearance of their male acquaintances.

"Man gives up at once all pretensions to the infinite, while he here finds that neither in thought nor vision is he equal to the finite."
GOETHE, *Letters from Switzerland*.

Scott, I think, says that those faces which have charmed us the most escape us the soonest. So does Sir T. Browne; so, too, Coleridge; and About makes the same remark in his *Trente et Quarante*. The ideal beautiful may well be eternally fugitive, when the real, which has once shone upon us, is so difficult to recover.

"The serpent, subtlest beast of all the field."
MILTON.

Milton shows his own art admirably in the artful compliments of the serpent—all too much for Eve. Within the space of a page or two, but at judicious intervals, he calls her "sovrain mistress," "so e wonder," "heaven of mildness," "celestial beauty," "goddess," "empress of this fair world," "sovrain of creatures, universal dame." She had never heard such fine things before from God or from her husband. Boa-constrictors, before they swallow their victims, still copiously lubricate them with the saliva of flattery.

"Some weep not to relieve their griefs, but show."

"Tears sometimes aid the conquest of an eye."
YOUNG.

Worse than the falsest of false jewels are false tears.

"No moisture sooner dries than woman's tears."

BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER.

Yes, quiet irrespectively of sex, the tears of joy; and still quicker, the tears of ill-temper, where they are taken no notice of.

"My dear, your everlasting blue velvet quite tires me."

THACKERAY, *Rose and Ring*.

Modes of comparison often vary according to the subject-matter. In the case of the more costly and durable articles of ladies' dress, we make use of the indefinite and definite articles, and the demonstrative pronoun, as: *a* velvet dress, *the* velvet dress, and finally *that* velvet dress—the two latter degrees of comparison being odious.

"Whether France or Flanders would have drawn so much money from England for figured silks, lace, and tapestry, if they had not had academies for designing."—BISHOP BERKELEY'S *Queries*.

This query was published *a hundred and ten years ago*, and for a very long time produced no practical answer, like many other sensible questions of the same prelate. This may go far towards accounting for what some consider to be a superior natural faculty in the French for the arrangements of form and color. Honor to the memory of Prince Albert!

"Wisdom sits with children round her knees."
—WORDSWORTH.

Unfortunately, in our day, Folly also often sits with little coxcombs and columbines round her knees, of her own bedizening, spoiling their simplicity instead of taking lessons from it, till we almost wonder sometimes at the arrangements of Providence in granting Folly so large a family to bring up on her own principles.

"Equalities are so weighed, that curiosity in neither can make choice of other's moiety."—*King Lear*.

Even in dress, if the plebeian infant has generally bare feet, the juvenile aristocrat frequently shivers with its little naked red legs; and if the poor woman has often no bonnet to her head, it is not very long since her richer sister only had one to the back of her neck.

"Like virgin parchment, capable of any inscription."
MASSINGER, *New Way to Pay Old Debts*.

This is a good deal like Locke's famous "white page" of the child's mind—a

subject which has made so many pages black. The young mind is far more like a page inscribed with invisible ink, of which the characters come out readily enough as soon as the proper tests are applied.

"That die is on me
That makes my whit'st part black."
SHAKESPEARE, *Henry VIII*.

The best dyeing is triple—in the wool, in the yarn, and in the cloth. A nature originally sly, home-maxims tending to shrewdness rather than sensibility, with a finish at a law attorney's office, are extremely likely to result in "a good standing black."

Parents laugh at children for being in too great a hurry to see their little plants in flower, and are often themselves quite as ridiculously impatient to see the seeds of education in instantaneous bloom. Where there is too much forcing, the results are generally *messes*, in the English rather than the Latin sense of that term (harvests.)

"That ripeness which so soon began
And ceased so soon, he ne'er was boy or man."
POPE.

Trees that bear double blossoms often bear no fruit at all.

"Your son comes forth a prodigy of skill;
The pedagogue, with self-complacent air,
Claims more than half the praise as his due share."
COWPER, *Tirocinium*.

And, on the other hand, prodigies of stupidity are quite as often the fictions of the indolence of schoolmasters, as prodigies of genius are the fictions of the vanity of parents.

The bitter experience of the evils of an unsubdued and unchastened will seems to have made an authoress, of whom we should have least expected it, an advocate of corporal punishment. If we are afraid to whip our children when they deserve it, not only will the world hereafter, in some way or other, whip *them*, but ourselves in and through them; so that instead of one whipping, which might be regulated, there will be two, which can't.

G. SAND.

* "The young boys that went to Athens, the first year were wise men; the second year, philosophers (lovers of wisdom;) the third year mere orators; and the fourth but plebeians, and understood nothing but their own ignorance."
—MENEDEMUS (quoted by Jeremy Taylor.)

Thorough education is quite as necessary for giving humility as for creating assurance; for ballast as much as for gas, sails, and feathers.

"He who owes himself to himself is the substantial man."

SIR THOMAS BROWNE.

True, generally, as regards the final, rather than the earlier stages of education. Self-education and home-education are, for the most part, far more productive of vanity than public education.

"Juvat integros accedere fontes."—LUCRETIUS.

Selections of beauties should be for children and the busy. A child might be lost in the spring, if deep, or wearied in the garden, if spacious; and some have no time to go to either. So we give them a cup or a flower. But generally it is better to traverse the garden, and pluck our own roses, even from amongst thorns, than to be sprinkled with a few drops of the rose-water of extractors and quintessentialists.

"Hesperia segetes vincto fossore coluntur."

LUCAN.

"The harvests of Italy are cultivated by the slave," says the poet. The line is extremely appropriate to the lad who has to be lashed into a linguist.

So, like a child, who declines to say A because B comes after it, many a youth has shrunk from an act of virtue for fear of being called a hypocrite if his future actions should not be in conformity with it, or a saint if they should.

"Nature instinctively husbands the resources of her children's vocal organs, and reserves their breath for necessary occasions."

The Times' Critique on Max Müller.

Difficult to reconcile with many of the phenomena of the day; and perhaps a good deal might be written on this assertion *pro* and *con*. For the present it is

worth while to mention one absurd amplification of high-class slang, by which sense gains nothing. "The cold was *something* fearful." "The picnic was *something* tremendously jolly." Fancy it in Latin, with the *aliquid negotium*!

The nuns of Venice threw their flowers behind them when they *renounced* the world. We men are often obliged to throw our bouquets in the rear when we seriously enter upon it. Classics, poetry, college friendships—how much has often to be resigned when our youth's education is over.

"Wisdom is oftentimes nearer when we stoop
Than when we soar."—WORDSWORTH.

Rarely illustrated by those very clever people who condescend to write books for the young. This particular kind of stooping generally seems to produce a sort of *grotto del cane* or apoplectic effect on the writers. Amongst the most conspicuous monuments of human folly are many of the books written for the young, especially books of instruction.

"No mean statesmen now, when they
do write
Their names, do, for their honors, so contrive
it,
You can hardly know a nobleman from a mark."
SHIRLEY, *Royal Master*.

Some readers will remember how Shakespeare speaks of the same thing in *Hamlet*: "Our statists hold it a baseness to write fair." Montaigne describes precisely similar affectation in France, declaring that he has known persons of consequence "desavouer leur apprentissage, corrompre leur plume, et affecter l'ignorance d'une qualité si vulgaire." They were fondly turning in thought, with Lord Malmesbury, to the time when Charlemagne was struggling to "indite a love-line,"—an art which the "sturdy Teutons," according to Mallet (*Northern Antiquities*) for a long time positively refused to acquire; when Frederic Barbarossa could not read (Turner;) when Cœur-de-Lion (vide Rouen Museum) was fain to put his mark; when the mailed baron

"To humble clerks and poor dependent men
Left the light duties of the peaceful pen."
CRABBE.

and made

"The writer but a drudge to praise."—(NAT. LEE.)

Long before, Prince Eugene, perhaps the first condescended to say: "One must work sometimes for the newspapers."

Good, or at least intelligible, writing is one of the points on which, nowadays, all our batches of examiners in their several departments ought to insist. And here I would say a word or two, which I trust may be of some service to the Post-Office and the public generally, more especially on the subject of the writing of names and addresses. People are so familiar with their own names and places of abode, that they seem to fancy every one else must be equally cognisant of them. Of all the words that flow from a bad writer's pen, these are invariably the most unintelligible. There may be a certain amount of conceit in this, like that of some of our London bankers, who decline to print their directions in full on their cheques, fondly fancying that every countryman who happens to hold one of their drafts must necessarily know their uses of business; or of some of our genteel tradespeople, who only allow their names to appear on some inner door, undiscoverable except by severe research. The poet Pope, we are told, learned to write by imitating printing; and it is heartily to be desired that some people would, whenever they attempt to indite the name of a person or a place, try some process of the same kind. Not that words of another description are altogether unimportant. It is confusing to receive an epistle in which an *auspicious* event appears as a *suspicious* one; which leaves us in doubt between *precious* and *previous*; in which a *hawthorn* looks like a *lanthorn*, a *divorce* like a *diocese*, and an *election* like a *skeleton*.

In the matter of spelling, too, times are much changed. Jeames of Buckley Square is a scholar compared with the Pretender, who insisted on signing himself "Gems," and defending his honor with his "sord," and the fitness of things should prevent an ensign who has been educated at a high-flying academy from being beaten by a corporal who has enjoyed all the advantages of a charity-school. Ridicule, in fact, is beginning to attach itself to what may be called arbi-

trary rather than even phonetic spelling. Formerly men read as loosely as their friends wrote, which was indeed a mutual accommodation; and the same individual had the most various ideas, on different days, of the spelling of the same word. Our indistinct national pronunciation, and our son abundance of consonants, militate, it must be confessed, against very accurate spelling; and, after all, thousands of lives are not likely to be staked on a difference so delicate as that which exists between *ῥυοὐβιστον*; and *ῥυοιούβιστον*; but the Greek ear was accurate, and imperial Greek theologians were tenacious.

Finally, there is something "previous e'en" to writing and spelling, on which examiners would do well to insist—distinct utterance—setting their faces against the absurd gargling of many of the youth of the present day. The scene in *Molière*, and the passage in Lord Shaftesbury, and the combined efforts of Sir J. Stoddart and Sir Benjamin Brodie to explain the oral formation of the vowels, no longer seem in the slightest degree farcical.

There is nothing like beginning early. Let the youngest mothers in England train their infants' voices to the imitation of the perhaps toothless but still comparatively plain-speaking grandsire, rather than of the young father's ridiculously guttural intonations.

"Good and ill like vines entangled are
So that their grapes are often plucked together."
SHELLEY.

A twining parasite too often rises with the rising branch; scarcely a virtue flourishes without its neighbor peril; scarcely an advance is made without tripping upon some fresh stumbling-block, the natural ex-
cumbrance of the new ground on which we are treading.

"Imitatores servum pecus."—HORACE.

In treatises on education less notice has been taken of the imitative faculty than it deserves. To speak briefly and generally, no doubt this faculty exists in the highest form in the highest minds, but, at will, suspended, subordinate, working under originality. It is more active and dominant in minds of a secondary order. This is generally the clue to the "good at play, good at work" cleverness, where

a lad catches with equal readiness the knack of handling a cricket-bat or a foil, and the run of hexameters and pentameters. There is a third stage, in which people can do little but imitate; and a lower still, in which men follow example almost helplessly.

"D'Avila, observes that Jacques Clement was a sort of buffoon, whom the rest of the friars used to make sport with. But at last, giving his folly a serious turn, it ended in enthusiasm, and qualified him for that desperate act of murdering the king."—SWIFT, in *Examiner*.

There is often, no doubt, a great degree of mental weakness in criminals. One form of it is an excessive share of the monkey and parrot part of our nature—that weak imitativeness by which exam-

ples of the same crime are multiplied. In the case of officer-shooting, for instance, mere example has turned malice into murder, without any increase of aggravating causes, and without any hoped-for diminution of penal consequences. In France, at one time, there was a rage amongst lovers for committing suicide in pairs: for a long time they tied themselves together with blue ribbon; then—ghastly effort at originality—they tied themselves together with red.

"For achieving of a desperate conspiracy, . . . take such an one as hath had his hands formerly in blood."—BACON, from *Machiavelli*.

As far as the individual is concerned, in matters of great moment, especially in great crimes, a single performance is an education. ERIC.

ETRUSCAN CITIES AND THEIR RUINS.

A VENERABLE antiquity rests upon the old Etruscan cities of Italy and their ruins. Their origin and history stretch far back into remote ages, grasping hands with ancient Egypt and Greece, long anterior to the foundations of Rome. Herodotus and Strabo wrote of the Etruscans, who, having conquered the ancient Umbrians and Pelasgi, spread themselves over the whole of Central Italy. Their cities, long ago in ruins, still remain the wonder of travelers. Etruscan vases and bronzes enrich the museums of Rome and Naples, and other Italian cities, in vast variety. We have spent many hours in examining and admiring their curious and beautiful forms, in the galleries where they are treasured up. A fresh chapter in the history of these old cities can hardly fail to interest any of our readers, who find a charm in the antiquities of the old world. A letter, under date of May 17, 1863, at Florence, from the pen of A. E. Douglass, Esq., our friend and neighbor at Rye, Westchester Co., now sojourning in Italy, has been kindly placed at our disposal for some extracts, at our own request,

though not written for publication. In the name of Dr. Anderson mentioned in the letter, many of our readers will recognize the person of the learned professor in the Theological Seminary at Rochester in this State.

The letter, after a graphic description of scenes and incidents of travel after leaving Rome, says: "We went up to Assisi, a town clinging to the mountain side, far above the road. We saw the Cathedral and numberless churches; we went into excavations under the public square, and walked on old Roman pavements; we saw the pediment of a Roman temple with six splendid corinthian columns still perfect; we went into the wonder and glory of Italy, the great Franciscan Convent built over the tomb of that saint, and rising in successive stories against the hill-side—the church being three churches, one above the other, lit by stained-glass windows and covered sides and ceiling, with marvelous frescoes of Cimabue, Giotto, and other great masters, in exquisite preservation. From the terrace in front of the church the view was wonder-

ful, and the atmosphere so clear, that we appreciated the yesterday's storm which had at the time so chastened us, but evidently for our good. We could count over twenty towns and cities, mostly on hill-tops, and marking sites that the aboriginal Umbrians and Etruscans had selected centuries before Rome existed. Well, we tore ourselves away—down the hill and off to Perugia. Before reaching it we stopped at a tomb by the side of the road, a remnant of the necropolis of the old Etruscan town of Perusium. The custode was summoned, and we descended some thirty feet with lighted torches; the door was unlocked, and we were in company with the ashes of the aristocratic Etruscan family of the Volumnii—whose names in a language that only savants could read, (and even they can make out nothing but the names) were inscribed on marble and alabaster chests, that were carved on the sides in bas-relief with stories of Greek mythology, while the effigy of the occupant reclined upon the cover. Some eight or ten of these ash-chests we saw in an interior chamber, which were sculptured above and on the sides into panels, while a medusa's head wagged its capillary snakes and lolled out its derisive tongue at us from the center of the ceiling.

I wonder if the old Etruscans, that had sought seclusion and repose for their ashes, ever anticipated the visit of a slim gentleman in spectacles, and a taller one in a wide-awake—and of three ladies who ventured unabashed to laugh in such august presence, and who did not appreciate the renown of the Volumnii; indeed, never heard of them before. We walked through seven underground chambers—some unfinished, waiting for other members of the family to enter—whose bones and ashes have no doubt passed through all the phases of vegetable life in the plains around. Then we saw Perugia, and lodged in an old palace with immense frescoes upon the ceilings of our rooms, and mysterious passages, and closets, and winding stairs—a perfect jewel of a house for the Radcliff school. The next day (for I won't describe Perugia or I should never stop,) we were off early, and in two or three hours were skirting the shores of Lake Trasymene—reading the account of the great battle between Hannibal and the Romans, and satisfactorily locating every incident of the contest. We lunched

at Camuseia, and hiring a calessa, Dr. Anderson and I rattled up the hill with driver and guide to the old Etruscan town of Cortona, which still retains well defined portions of its original walls—immense blocks of stone laid accurately together without cement, and since built upon by Roman and medieval builders. In an hour and a half we had seen all the sights, which I spare you, and had reached our inn, where our lunch awaited us, and that night we slept at Arezzo, having “done” the town before dark. I made an excursion to a city I very much desired to see; and it was on this wise. Being deeply interested in Etruscan antiquities, and Tuscany being the principal locality where these old cities are principally found, I soon sounded Dr. Anderson on the subject, and he proved to be of the same mind as myself; so leaving our respective families in Florence, *he and I* started with hand-bags, and took a seven hours’ journey by rail to Chiusi, which twenty-three hundred years ago was a large and prosperous city, unconscious of the foundation of such a voracious community as Rome, which, within three centuries was to swallow up herself and neighbors so effectually that even history has preserved but little record of their existence, much less of their arts and customs, which *latter*, Rome appropriated as her own without acknowledgment. For you will find on consulting Roman histories that the kingly family of the Tarquins was Etruscan, and it is not the least remarkable thing in the world, that within a few years past an old tomb has been disclosed in the almost forgotten site of the most famous Etruscan city, which has the name of Tarquin painted over the several cells in its regal chambers, showing it to have been the resting-place of the ashes of that distinguished family. It is such discoveries as this that have awakened up among antiquarians an intense interest in the relics of this pre-Roman nation, and one of the places which has given up from the bowels of the earth the most curious objects illustrating those strange people and their manners is this aforesaid city of Chiusi. So we went there, reaching the railway-station, about two miles from the town, at about two o’clock, and secured a rickety “calessa,” (or small carriage of the country) and a dilapidated horse to take us up the steep and circuitous road to the town, not *into* it, however, for

the respectable Italian inn which we sought, was built against the hill-side below the entrance—and there within three quarters of an hour we had selected bedrooms, made our lunch, secured for the afternoon the vehicle that had just conquered the hill, as well as made a bargain for his services with the renowned Giambattista Zeppoloni—a little, stunted, thin, gray-haired old shoemaker, known by servants as *the guide* to Chiusi and environs. We first drove three miles to the *Poggio Gajella* over a very beautiful country, a conglomeration of knolls rising in a confused mass out of an extensive plain. The plain cultivated like a garden, and the rolling land over which we rode, wooded thickly with oaks and verdant with dewey herbage—for this season makes a paradise of this part of Italy for which the summer substitutes malaria. These rounded knolls were of every conceivable shape, generally quite steep, and on one of the ridges rose this *Poggio* (or *Hill*.) It was about sixty feet high, and some three hundred feet in diameter at the base, where in Etruscan times it was encircled by a thick wall, now obliterated. The hill is covered thickly with splendid oaks, and externally shows no rock, but we entered a hole at the base and soon found ourselves in a square room cut in the soft tufa, of which the whole country is composed. This was the tomb of some noble family two thousand three hundred years since, and when discovered it contained sarcophagi and ash-chests and vases with bronze utensils and some gold ornaments. From it various passages led into the hill, and at the suggestion of the guide, the Doctor and I got down on our hands and knees with our wax tapers in our mouths, and crawled through a passage not over three feet high and *two* wide, for a distance of two hundred feet, the route curving and twisting in different directions without any apparent reason, and opening into lateral passages, which were “blinds,” as they generally terminated after a short distance. This brought us out into another series of tombs, on the other side of the hill, some nine in number, and there were many others on the same level which had fallen in or been covered up, and could not be seen. This whole hill was divided into three levels or stories, and so far upwards of forty tombs had been discovered in it, though the washing away of the sides in the course of centuries must

have destroyed many more. It must have been in its palmy days a magnificent family necropolis, and has been supposed to be that of Lars Porsenna, the conqueror of Rome, as it more nearly realizes the extraordinary description of his pyramidal tomb given by Varro and quoted by Pliny.

This is now denied by antiquaries. There was nothing left in these tombs; so after some learned speculations between ourselves, of which unfortunately the world must be deprived, we continued our ride, passing the sites of many other tombs which have fallen in or been covered in after the objects discovered had been abstracted. Thousands of tombs have been discovered in this cluster of knolls, but only left open long enough to admit of taking out the various vases and sarcophagi, etc., which they generally contained; this done to save the ground for cultivation, the holes are filled up and the tomb forever disappears. On the west of Chiusi beyond the plain, a range of mountains rises, among which many thousand similar tombs have been opened, despoiled, and reclosed; millions of persons must have been buried there, and further research would no doubt reveal as many tombs more. From this one locality all the museums of Europe have been copiously supplied, and you can imagine our interest in looking at the site of a city so famous at so remote a period, and whose only history, social or political, is to be read in its necropolis, and read only by the paintings on the interior of the tombs or the vases; they contain pretty much as Egyptian social life is gathered from the drawings discovered by Belzoni and Champollion. But the language of Etruria is lost; the alphabet, singularly enough, has been found at length on some of the vases and some of the proper names in the inscriptions (from their being names which appear in Roman history) have been made out, but further than this no one has yet gone, and the inscriptions remain a sealed book. We went on over the hills and down dark and deep valleys, occasionally leaving the carriage where the road was very bad, until we found ourselves at another tomb, discovered some ten years since, in the hill side near the city. We found a little open area excavated in the tufa of the hill, on either side of which a small chamber was excavated, supposed to be for the domestics or favorite slaves

of the family. Right in front as we entered was a door about five feet high, closed by two immense slabs of stone like a folding door, closing perfectly and revolving upon pivots of the same stone above and below. These we opened with something of a feeling of reverential respect for the builders of that age, and we entered a chamber about eight feet high and perhaps ten square, whose ceiling was carved into panels and painted in different colors. The sides had a frieze just under the cornice painted with figures, showing the games and amusements of the day, quite perfect, considering how long since they were executed, and that the admission of air always injures them by affecting the surface of the rock.

From this chamber we went into another directly before us and similarly ornamented, having a stone ledge or couch around it, upon which the funeral chests and urns were placed, though none of these articles are left in the chamber. From the first room a doorway opened on the side into an unfinished chamber, with the marks of the pick fresh as if made yesterday. The family were no doubt preparing quarters for the members that they expected would be added to them in life, and would want a resting-place after death; but history is silent as to what public calamity cut them off from the chance of continuing their work, and denied a burial with their fathers to the descendants. Perhaps it was the savage irruption of the Gauls in the fourth century of Rome, or the conquest by Rome herself in the fifth century. Close by this tomb is the "Jeweler's Valley," so called because after heavy rains the peasants have found in the soil articles of jewelry, ear-rings, and finger-rings, and brooches, and scarabæa, and intaglios in cornelian, for whose presence in that particular spot there is no accounting. It was now late, and looking at one more tomb with an arched roof of cut stone *without cement*, as perfect as when built, and with its contents untouched and the burnt bones still in the chests, and the unreadable inscriptions *without*, we closed our hard work for the day by a dinner in the Italian manner at our inn, where as a salad they gave us beans in the pod uncooked, and which, of course, we were expected to relish.

After dinner we went into the museum of the house where we saw some eight hun-

dred objects—vases, bronzes, etc., which we were solicited to buy in the lump, for about \$300, but about which we did not think it worth while to decide, as our investment in Etruscan ware was to be confined to something we could carry in a hand-bag already well stocked, and we had little hope of finding room for even a single sarcophagus of six feet in length and weighing a couple of tons; so we gravely bargained for the collection at a very great distance from the asking price, (though even that experiment is dangerous in Italy) and increased the respect of our hostess thereby, though we could not make a satisfactory arrangement with her. I will not describe the collections we saw in private houses the next morning in the town itself, a dull, inanimate cluster of massive stone houses with nicely-paved and clean streets, and glorious views from its walls, but by ten o'clock we had a nice little calessa, a good horse, our guide with a driver, and were off for Cotano, about seven miles, to see the place, and a fine Etruscan collection in private hands said to be well worth seeing. There was a great satisfaction in thus visiting places out of the traveling track. We saw Italy and Italians as it and they are among themselves, not as they are infected by the traveling wealth, intellect, and manners of English or Americans. The day was fine, the ride delightful, our guide disposed to be humorous, and the pace of our steed rapid. We reached the town, comprising a castle on a pinnacle of rock jutting out of the mountain-side, and a thick cluster of houses clinging to the slope below it, with the steepest of zigzag streets, tasking our pedestrianism severely as we had to walk up; still before attempting it we were refreshed by a visit to the principal landed proprietor of the place, whose house, with an unpretending front, faced the square where we left our carriage, and who had the principal collection to be seen in the place. We went up as usual some two flights of stone stairs, and made known our wishes.

The gentleman unfortunately was out, but his "Maestro di Casa" thought he would soon return, and invited us to pass through the house into the garden, which at the back of the house being on the hill-side was on a level with the third floor, we did so and were charmed with the profusion of the flowers and their arrange-

ment, the fine shrubbery and intricate walks. The gardener made his appearance, and asked if "our excellencies" would be pleased to visit the Grotto. Our excellencies were pleased to do so, and were astonished as well as pleased at what they saw. We walked through passage after passage out in the bowels of the hill, gradually winding upwards, now and then opening out upon some charming terrace, from which the view was enchanting, and now catching faint rays of light from above, until we emerged some one hundred feet above the house and found a hill-side still rising above us, with winding paths, lined with trimmed cypress trees leading up to a knoll, where were seats and a summer-house. All this grotto, giving us a walk of at least a quarter of a mile, is cut in the rock, and the surface of the rock covered with shells and quaint fragments of stalactites, while the path occasionally opened into chambers, in which played some diminutive fountain, or murmured some tiny cataract, lit up by some special shafts cut into it from the outside. When we emerged, we declined going further on towards the hill-top, as our time was limited, but the gardener says, "at least your excellencies must see the glen, and the monument;" so we yielded ourselves passively to the influences around us, and walked along on the same level until we reached a kind of glen thickly shaded, so thick that although on the hill-side we could not see out, and through all kinds of intricate paths we walked until we reached a neat wooden cottage (a thing you never see in Italy.) Over the door we saw in large letters "Uncle Tom's Cabin." The door was unlocked and we entered. Opposite us hung a portrait of Washington, while around on the walls were painted the names of the various battle-fields of the Revolution, and various wise sayings of Ben. Franklin. Imagine our surprise in this out-of-the-way spot, to find such an object—it was quite bewildering, and we wandered back to the house, speculating very unsatisfactorily over the incident. We saw many other curious things in the grounds, but finally met the proprietor, who greeted us very cordially and showed us his choice museum and library, and from him we learned that his wife could speak English, (which he could not) and was wise in the History of America, and the lore of Mrs. Stowe. We had a pleasant interview with this gentleman,

"Cavaliere Terrisi," and he showed us his library, which was quite extensive, and comprised many valuable works. After this we scaled the castle hill, and saw another collection of Etruscan bronzes, seven of which I priced, and was told by the proprietor I could have them for one hundred and sixteen Napoleons, four hundred dollars, a price that we declined, as we were not prepared to pay over a tenth of the same. We then drove off to Sarteano, about four miles, on a still higher hill, a most picturesque old town, commanding a superb view of the great valley of the Chiana. In this view were comprised three lakes "Trasimene," "Lago di Montepulciano," and "Lago di Chiusi," while Cortona, which we had seen in our journey from Rome, was plainly visible fifteen miles off on its hill. We went into the only inn the place could boast of, passed through a room with a long table, at which a dozen men were drinking, then through a kitchen and found a stairway which took us up to a clean little room where we sat awhile, and ordered a "colaziore," and then started off to visit Signor Farelli, to whom I had a letter of introduction. You can hardly imagine it possible to live in such bleak unfurnished houses as some of these even wealthy gentlemen do. Stone floors, a few old chairs, and a deal table, constitute the furniture of the rooms. His museum however was extremely rich, abounding in hundreds of bronze figures and utensils, some very beautiful and in remarkable preservation. Bronze shields and spears, and armor of Etruscan warriors. Vases of every shape, beautifully ornamented, some quite unique. Choice intaglios by the hundred, Scarabei of cornelean, finely engraved. Then gold necklaces of great weight and value, adorned with choice stones and curious charms, ear-rings and finger-rings, and bracelets of gold, excelling in minuteness of workmanship, any skill of the present day, all got out from these tombs, where sometimes they decorated a corpse, which had now vanished, and at other times were deposited in urns with the ashes, and gave evidence of having been themselves exposed to fire. One thing that interested me much was a warrior's skull, still encased in the helmet, in which he was buried, while the shield and spear were suspended by his side. In addition to these Etruscan remains, were a large collection of "Cinque Cento," or medieval objects—caskets

of carved ivory, etc., etc.—also fine specimens of Raphael and Majolica ware. We saw other objects of interest in Sarteano, but trivial compared to this of Signor Farrelli, which excelled any private or public museum we had seen in the *value* of the articles. The town was very quaint and singular, with an old ruined fortress on the usual pinnacle, for all these ancient towns were clustered around some such stronghold for protection in those unquiet times.

We had a charming drive back to Chiusi, and still time that afternoon to visit another tomb, and also the Christian Catacombs, which were nothing like those of Rome or Naples, in extent or interest. The next morning we took the railway to Siena, where we remained some six hours, seeing every thing of interest there, which I will not describe, and then made our way to Florence, arriving the same evening.

From 'the Leisure Hour.'

MR. GLAISHER'S BALLOON ASCENT OF MARCH 31st.

MR. GLAISHER gives the following report of his ascent with Mr. Coxwell, whose skill and judgment in managing his great balloon make him a valuable assistant in scientific aërostation:

One of the principal subjects of research in the balloon experiments of last year was the determination of the law of decrease of temperature with increase of elevation. It is a subject to which very great interest is attached, and to the determination of which a great deal of labor and research has been devoted, resulting in the adoption of the theory of a uniform rate of decrease of 1 deg. of Fahrenheit's scale for every increase of 300 feet. The results from my several ascents last season were that, when the sky was clear, a decline of 1 deg took place within 100 feet of the earth, while at the height of 30,000 feet a space of fully 1000 feet had to be passed for a change of 1 deg. of temperature; and that between these limits a gradually increasing space was required for a change of temperature to the same amount, plainly indicating that the theory of a decline of 1 deg. of temperature for every 300 feet of elevation must be abandoned.

The previous eight balloon ascents were made in the months of July, August, and September. It became of the highest importance to have similar experiments in the other months of the year; and the

British Association, at its meeting in Cambridge, voted £200 for further experiments to be begun in the spring, and some of these, if possible, during the prevalence of the east wind.

The balloon left the earth at 4h. 16m. P.M., the temperature of the air being 50 deg. At 4h. 25m. we were one mile high, with a temperature of $33\frac{1}{2}$ deg.; the second mile was reached at 4h. 35m., with a temperature of 26 deg.; the third mile at 4h. 44m., when the temperature was 14 deg.; and $3\frac{1}{2}$ miles high the temperature was 8 deg. A warm current of air was met with, and the temperature rose to 12 deg. at 4h. 58m.; at 5h. 2m. we passed out of this current, and when at $4\frac{1}{2}$ miles high the temperature was just zero of Fahrenheit's scale.

In descending, the temperature increased to 11 deg. at about three miles high, at 5h. 38m.; then a cold current was met with, and it decreased to 7 deg. We soon passed through it, and the temperature increased to $18\frac{1}{2}$ deg. at two miles high, to $25\frac{1}{2}$ deg. at one mile, and to 42 deg. on the ground, which was reached at 6h. 30m.

The air was dry before leaving the earth; it became very dry at heights exceeding two miles, and at heights exceeding four miles the temperature of the dew point was fully *minus* 40 deg.

The course of the balloon on leaving

the earth was from the east, and continued so till about 4h. 30m., when it changed, and at about 4h. 45m. the Crystal Palace appeared under us; its course again changed, and we met with several different currents of air.

When one mile high the deep roar of London was heard distinctly, and its murmuring noise was heard at greater elevations. At the heights of three and four miles the view was indeed wonderful—the plan-like appearance of London and suburbs, the map-like appearance of the country generally; then, running the eye down the winding Thames, the white cliffs at Margate, and on to Dover. Brighton was seen, and the sea beyond, and all the coast line was clear up to Yarmouth. The north was obscured by clouds. Looking under us, and to the south, there were many detached cumuli clouds resting apparently on the earth, like patches of shining wool, and in some places a solitary cloud, thus apparently resting on the earth, surrounded by a clear space for many miles.

Looking towards Windsor the Thames was like burnished gold, and the surrounding water like bright silver. Looking towards Putney the rippling of the water along the banks of the river was distinctly seen. Railway trains were the only moving objects visible, and they looked like some creeping thing, caterpillar-like, and the steam was like a narrow line of serpentine mist. Taking a grand view over the whole visible plain beneath I was struck with its regularity.

The view did not seem natural; it was too even, apparently artificial. The effect of the river scenery was very remarkable in this respect; all the ships looked very diminutive, but were visible beyond the Medway.

At 5h. we could plainly distinguish Greenwich Park as a small garden, and the Royal Observatory as a gray speck. The "Green Man Hotel," Blackheath, was quite distinct; all the docks were mapped out, and every object of moderate size was seen clearly with the naked eye.

At the height of three miles and a half Mr. Coxwell said my face was glowing purple, and afterwards both our faces were very blue. At heights exceeding three miles the feet and tips of the fingers were very cold. The sky was of a deep prussian blue. When three miles high, on descending, Mr. Coxwell, forgetful of the fact of the grapnel having been exposed to a temperature of zero, incautiously took hold of it with his naked hands, and cried out, as in pain, that he was scalded, and he called on me to assist him to drop it. The sensation was exactly that of scalding water.

The blackness creeping over the land at sunset was very remarkable, while the sun was still shining upon us. The general results of this ascent confirm in a very remarkable degree those obtained from the preceding experiments, and indicate that very few more extreme high ascents will be necessary for this purpose.

From Chambers's Journal.

THE USE OF WOODS IN THE HOUSEHOLD OF NATURE.

Among the different plant-communities which, collectively considered, are called the Vegetable Kingdom, the woods undoubtedly take the first rank. Trees are indeed the supreme rulers of the plant-world. When grouped together into forests, they exercise an important influence on the climate of countries; and not only is the life of the lowly plants which they

overshadow connected with their existence by the most intimate ties, but even the prosperity and the well-being of man himself.

The woods show us, in the clearest and most direct manner, the reciprocity of action which subsists among the different members of the vegetable kingdom. If the trees and other plants did not grow

together in communities, their life as individuals would be in the highest degree endangered. United together, trees mutually shelter each other on all sides against storms and the drying effect of the sun's rays. This reciprocity of action is highly interesting. Thus, herbaceous plants and grasses envelop the earth with a protective covering. They allow the sunbeams access to the young seedlings, and also give them a sufficient amount of shade, so that the sun's rays are prevented from drying the soil, and thus injuring their young life. It is thus that trees grow up at first under the shadow of the smallest members of the vegetable kingdom, only to reciprocate, as they approximate to the period of their maturity and strength, the favors which they received in the hours of weakness and infancy. Under their summits the shadowed earth retains its moisture, and the herbaceous plants and grasses—those poorer plant-children of Nature—are thus fed, whose tender rootlets have not the ability, like the roots of trees, to draw their moisture deeply out of the earth. So also, when showers of rain fall on forests, the leaves of the tree catch the drops, break the force of their descent, and the plants thus sheltered drink in the moisture of the storm, whilst they escape its violence. The moss-covering, too, which forms on the ground in woods, at least in temperate climates, continues to retain the fallen moisture long after the storm has passed and sun-smiles brighten the earth, whilst the shadow of the trees prevents its evaporation.

It follows that a wooded soil is favorable to the production of springs; also, that the continued existed of moisture in woods, and the constant evaporation from them, will produce a cooler atmosphere, and therefore a lower degree of temperature, in a country where they abound. It is not difficult to make this intelligible to the reader. The ocean, winds, and woods may be regarded as the several parts of a grand distillatory apparatus. The sea is the boiler in which vapor is raised by the solar heat, the winds are the guiding tubes which carry the vapor with them to the forests, where a lower temperature prevails. This naturally condenses the vapor, and showers of rain are thus distilled from the cloud-masses which float in the atmosphere by the woods beneath them. The grateful moisture descends on the

thirsty landscape, replenishing its numerous springs. The little streamlets which issue from them continue to flow, and a confluence of their waters forms brooks and rivers, the natural arteries of a country, and the natural means of intercourse and commerce.

The Turks, although only a semi-civilized people, seemed to be aware of the cooling influence which forests exercise on the spot where they are located. There is, at this day, in the neighborhood of Constantinople, a splendid wood of the finest beech and oak, which is protected by law, because it feeds a spring, the water of which supplies the whole city. It is conducted there by an aqueduct.

When a country is deprived of its forests, the springs and rivulets are exhausted,* and the climate is rendered warmer and drier. Hence, where there is a temperate zone, and an incessant supply of moisture from the neighboring seas, the woods are of far less consequence; in fact, it is far better to cut them down, for they make the climate too moist and cold, and prevent the successful cultivation of soil. The present agricultural condition of Finland, in Northern Russia, establishes this fact; for the removal of its woods has dried up its swamps, and forwarded cultivation, whilst it has rendered the climate milder and more habitable. But where the country is not situated near seas or oceans, and the climate is continental, then man must be careful, in cutting down the woods, not to transgress the limits which nature has prescribed.

Where there are mountains, the woods must be allowed to stand. A wood, by the roots of its trees, as well as by its thick moss or grass covering, binds together the soil on the declivities of the mountains, and thus in the most natural and simple manner strengthens it. If we take the wood away, the springs are dried up, and the moss or grass covering disappears. The power of the rain, no longer broken by millions of leaves, and by the grassy mantle, comes down in unrestrained

* This is eminently true of Spain, whose great central plateau as we observed a few summers ago in traveling over, it is almost entirely denuded of its primeval forests, leaving it in summer dry, barren of grass, and dreary. The springs and rivers in summer are nearly dried up. We inquired the reason; the answer was and is, that the inhabitants cut down the trees many years ago, because they said the woods harbored birds which destroyed the grain. Miserable folly!—ED. ECLESIAS.

ed violence, and the loose soil, torn from the mountain-side, is carried down into the subjacent valleys. Here it settles as sand and mud, which fills up the brooks and rivers, and renders their waters turbid, so that they overflow their banks, and inundate the plains. This sand and mud is left on the grass-covering of the plains when the storm subsides, and the waters return to their accustomed channels. But every farmer knows that crops of hay raised on meadow frequently inundated are worthless as food for cattle. At length, in the course of years, these swampy pastures become overspread with sand; the former riches and prosperity of the inhabitants slowly disappear, and the once happy valley becomes uninhabitable. But this is not all. The whole landscape gradually changes, an entirely new plant-covering is produced, and in warmer climates, poisonous gases are developed from the swamps, as in the Pontine marshes of Italy. It is thus that mischief done to the woods on mountains is a bequest of destruction to coming generations.

No country in the world was formerly more healthy or more richly cultivated than Italy, once the "Garden of Europe," now only an extensive morass. Where at one time the richest life prevailed, gloomy death threatens to extinguish its fresh torch. He is aided by malaria, a disease whose existence is to be attributed solely to the unhealthy decomposition of animal and vegetable matter in the stagnant marshes so abundant in the country. The poisonous effluvium spreads.

Ague, liver, and hypochondriacal affections are in its train. Pale and yellow complexions, with weak eyes, a swollen abdomen, and a wearisome gait, the accompaniments of these diseases, are every where to be seen among the poor inhabitants, the greater portion of whom are carried off prematurely. What has made this once prosperous, healthy, and populous country so poor, diseased, and deserted? The woods have been removed from its mountains! Look at the map, and you will see that these run through the center and north-western portions of the Italian peninsula. The Apennines are at present almost entirely denuded of the noble forests which once flanked and protected their sides, and all travelers agree that there is now no country so miserable as that which is included in

what is called the States of the Church, and which lies along the Apennine chain, between Genoa and Naples.

Leaving Italy for Germany, the traveler will find that that country also is not exempt from evil results wherever its mountain-woods have been removed. A journey amongst the forests of Thuringia and the Harz Mountains furnishes abundant vouchers of this fact. Woods are also useful along the sea-shore, where the coast is low and sandy, as their roots bind together the loose sand, and prevent its being drifted inland by the sea-breezes. One or two examples will show this in a striking light.

The sea-sand having overflowed the country situated in the neighborhood of Gascogne, on the western coast of France, and threatened to make it valueless and uninhabitable, Bremon tier, a resident of the province, succeeded in opposing an effectual barrier to its further progress by planting a wood. He first of all planted the sand loving bloom (*Sarothamnus scoparius*), and produced in its shade young pine-trees, and so brought the overflow of the sea-sand to a stand-still.

By reference to the map of Prussia, it will be seen that there is situated in Eastern Prussia, between latitude $54^{\circ} 15'$ and $54^{\circ} 45'$ north, and longitude $10^{\circ} 15'$ and $20^{\circ} 25'$ east, an extensive lagoon, called the Frische Haff or Fresh Gulf, which is separated from the Baltic by the Frische-Nehrung, or Fresh Beach, a tongue of land thirty-eight miles in length by one in breadth, the north-east extremity of which communicates with the Baltic by a channel half a mile across. The low shores along this coast are washed by the waters of the Gulf of Danzig, and in the middle ages, its dunes or hills of blown sand, which stretch almost from Danzig to Pillau, were covered with a thick pine-forest and an undergrowth of heath. King Frederick William of Prussia wanted money. One of his noblemen wishing to secure his favor, promised to procure it him without loan or tax, if he would permit these forests to be removed. The king not only allowed the forests in Prussia to be cleared, which at that time were certainly of little value, but he also permitted the whole of the woods on the Frische-Nehrung to be felled, so far as they were Prussian. The financial operation was perfectly prosperous; the king had money. But in the elementary oper-

ations which followed therefrom, the state received such an injury that its effects remain even to this day. The sea-winds can now sweep unimpeded over the denuded hills, the Frische-Haff is already half filled with sand—its depth being now in no place more than twelve feet—and sedges grow for some distance in its shallow waters, threatening to convert it into a monstrous swamp; the anchorage extending between Elbing, the sea, and Königsburg is endangered, and the fishing in the Haff injured. In vain have all possible efforts been made, through sand-heaps and pastures of course sea grass, to cover again these hills with matted roots; the wind mocks at every exertion. The operation of the Prussian nobleman brought the king 200,000 thalers or £45,000; now the people would give millions if they had the woods back again.

The woods in their united might are truly a natural fascine or fortification, which serves to withstand the perpetual encroachments of the sand-hills on low and exposed shores; growing on the sides of mountains, they stay the progress

of glaciers, and protect the inhabitants of the valleys against the avalanche or mountain snow-ball, which, as it rolls down the mountain side, gradually accumulates in magnitude and velocity, until it encounters a forest of hardy mountain pines, which bravely await its onset. Though the foremost trees may crash and fall beneath its ponderous weight, yet they check its onward progress; and the united strength of its forest assailants finally shatters it to pieces.

It is plain, from these considerations, that there are other things which ought to enter into our calculations before a wood is cut down beside the mere value of the trees as timber. If trees are removed from a mountain-side, from low, sandy, and exposed shores, or from an inland district only scantily supplied with water, there is no end to the mischievous consequences that will ensue. By such ignorant work as this, the equilibrium in the household of Nature is fearfully disturbed, and her wise and beneficent arrangements for our own good are completely frustrated.

From *The Leisure Hour*.

A LONG-SIGHTED SUBJECT.

THERE is, perhaps, no one of the faculties possessed by human beings in common, which is exercised in such various degree, and under modifications so numerous and astounding, as the faculty of sight. The events of our daily life make us familiar with all degrees of blindness, and we rarely think of awarding our compassion to people afflicted with anything far short of total deprivation of vision. We see numbers of persons whose sight is so limited, that every thing which they have to examine closely must be brought almost in contact with the face, before it can be subjected to scrutiny. We pass and are passed by our friends in the street, because we fail to recognize each other's countenances at a fathom's distance. We

see one man traveling over the newspaper, with the print at close quarters with his features, and another reading it freely at arm's length. These varieties of vision are so common, and in regard to ordinary affairs people get on so well in spite of them, that we treat them, for the most part, with unconcern, and leave them to be dealt with by the spectacle-maker. There are, however, other phases in the powers and varieties of human vision, which are far less common, and which, therefore, excite more remark. We refer to the extraordinary powers of sight possessed by some—powers of long or far sight, of microscopic sight, of quick sight—with which those who possess and cultivate them astonish their fellows. Thus,

there are persons who will read an inscription on a sign-board, at a distance at which another of ordinary sight will hardly distinguish the board itself. Now and then, we meet a man who can recognize the faces of a crowd of acquaintances at the length of a quarter of a mile. This kind of telescopic vision, however, seems to be possessed in greatest perfection by seamen and navigators. We have known a sailor on board a ship, in the middle of a dark night, announce a sail in the offing a mile off, which *he* saw with the naked eye, though we failed to see it through the captain's glass; and the other day at Hastings, a pilot startled us by pointing to a three-master on the far horizon, describing it by the unassisted eye, though to us it came barely into view through a powerful Dollond. Contrasted with this telescopic sight of one class of seers, is the microscopic vision of another class—the men who write the Ten Commandments in an area no larger than a sixpence; who fabricate lever watches to wear on the finger; or manufacture twenty pair of scissors, complete in all points, brilliant in polished steel, and weighing exactly half a grain the score. Another class, again, possess quick sight; they can peruse an entire landscape as it is revealed by a flash of lightning at midnight; or they can follow the course of the cannon ball as it is fired from the cannon, and track its entire route. At the siege of Gibraltar, a number of men and lads thus remarkably endowed, were set to watch the trajet of the shot from the bombarding vessels of the Spaniards, and to warn the men on the rock, when a ball was making for the embrasure at which they were working their gun—and many lives were thus saved. Such remarkable faculties of vision are generally natural gifts; but they are always improved, and sometimes, indeed, they are acquired, by the habit of observation and by continual practice—as is the case with draughtsmen, surveyors, aeronauts, and numbers of artificers, to whom their calling is their teacher, as with those who navigate the seas.

The above remarks may serve to introduce a brief notice of a Frenchman, who certainly possessed the faculty of seeing at a great distance, to a degree of perfection of which there is no other instance on record, and concerning whom things are related, which might be reasonably set down as fabulous, were they not established by

incontestable authority. M. Fillifay resided at the island of Mauritius in the beginning of the present century. In the year 1810, he startled the inhabitants of the island, which was then under the dominion of the French, by announcing that an English fleet was assembling at Rodrigues, and preparing to advance and attack Mauritius. When questioned as to his authority for such an assertion, he declared that he had seen the British fleet rendezvousing at Rodrigues, from the summit of Long Mountain, a peak some thousand feet in height, at no great distance from Port Louis. His explanation was at first received with laughter by the French Governor, Rodrigues being three hundred miles off, and of course, as every one supposed, far out of the reach of human vision; but as the seer persisted in his declaration in spite of the ridicule he met with, the governor had him taken into custody and clapped in prison, for the crime of raising false alarms. But in a short time the false alarm was found to be a true report; the British fleet appeared off the island, and soon commenced the attack which changed the destinies of Mauritius, by transferring it to British rule. As a matter of course, M. Fillifay came to be regarded as a man of rare powers; his extraordinary vision was no longer doubted, and he was commissioned to exercise it for the good of the community.

Being allotted a liberal pension for his services, he betook himself daily to his lofty point of observation, and seldom failed to report the approach of vessels bound for the island, long before they made their appearance to other eyes. His reports were so numerous, and they were always so thoroughly justified by the event, that, strange as they were at first, they ultimately became familiar, and were entered on the books as ordinary matters. At one time he descried a large Indiaman dismasted, four hundred miles distant from the island, and reported her as erecting jury-masts and steering for that port, in which she actually arrived about a week later. At another time he reported a marine nondescript, which he described as two ships joined together; and a few days after, a four-masted American schooner, resembling nothing which had ever been seen in those seas before, arrived in Port Louis harbor.

The reader will perhaps object, that

owing to the convexity of our globe, the tallest ship would be below the horizon line, at the distance of *one* hundred miles, much more at *four* hundred, and that therefore it is physically impossible that at such distances they could be seen. This is true; but M. Fillifay did not look on the sea for vessels so far remote, but in the sky, and he saw, not the vessels themselves, but their inverted images, in the unclouded heavens above. Scoresby tells us that he thus saw his father's vessel when it was nearly one hundred miles distant in the Polar Seas. M. Fillifay invariably chose the early dawn for the time of his observations, when the atmosphere seaward was free from exhalations. He lived to a good old age, and he visited Bourbon and other of the adjacent islands, and he also spent a short time in Europe; but in no other place than Mauritius was he able to exercise his amazing faculty of

vision with success—a fact which must be attributed to the exceeding rarity of the air on that island. He professed, during one part of his life, to be able to impart to others his peculiar powers of vision; and probably he thought that what was so simple a matter to him, might be easily acquired by others. Experiment, however, convinced him ultimately that such was not the case; it was in vain that he pointed out to his pupils what he saw himself, and read off the writing in the heavens hundreds of miles away; all they could do was to marvel at the powers in which they could not participate, and finally the business of instruction had to be abandoned as hopeless.

M. Fillifay has been dead many years; his occupation died with him, for no man has since appeared, bold enough to put in a claim for the office he vacated.

From Chambers's Journal.

HOW THE LLAMAS GOT TO AUSTRALIA.

WHEN the Spaniards first visited Peru among other novelties that interested them was an animal which appeared to be a cross between the sheep and the camel, but which, as it partook more of the features of the former, they denominated *carneros de la tierra*, or sheep of the country. "These animals," writes one of the travelers, "are of great use and profit to their masters. They are large enough to serve as beasts of burden; they can carry about one hundred pounds or more, and the Spaniards used to ride them, and they would go four or five leagues a day. Their wool is very good and fine, particularly that of the species called *pacas* (alpacas), which have very long fleeces. The expense of their food is trifling, as a handful of maize suffices them, and they can go four or five days without water. Their flesh is as good as that of the fat sheep of Castile." Gregory of Bolivar estimated

that in his day no fewer than three hundred thousand were employed in the transport of the produce of the mines of Potosi alone, while four millions were annually slaughtered for food. The garments of the natives were also woven from their wool. This very serviceable animal was no other than that of which the three species are now known as the llama, alpaca, and vicugna.

The llama and the alpaca resemble each other closely, but the latter is somewhat shorter in the limbs, and possesses a more copious and silky fleece. The vicugna is much smaller and more agile than either of the others, and lives among the lofty crags and precipices of the Cordilleras, on the skirts of the region of perpetual snow. The Peruvian coast consists of a narrow strip of verdant land, from which abruptly ascend the steep slopes which lead to bleak and barren table-lands. On

the top of the latter, at an elevation of from eight thousand to twelve thousand feet above the level of the sea, the llamas and alpacas browse in herds on moss, lichens, and the rushy grass called *ycho*. There they are exposed to severe vicissitudes of climate. Snow lies on the ground for six and sometimes eight months of the year. The winds are keen and boisterous and storms frequent. These animals are no less remarkable, however, for their endurance than for their patience, docility, and intelligence. They shift for themselves with singular success even in the most unpromising localities, and require little attention from the shepherds. They accommodate themselves both to heat and cold, and can dispense with water for a long period. Now-a-days they are little used as beasts of burden, but they are killed for the table, and their wool constitutes an important article of commerce. The staple of the wool is from eight to twelve, and sometimes even twenty inches long—that of English wool being seldom more than six inches long. The fleece also averages from ten to twelve pounds, whilst that of our sheep is seldom more than eight pounds. The filaments are of a soft, lustrous, silky character.

The Spaniards, who were active promoters of that useful science which has lately risen into notice under the somewhat awkward names of "acclimation" and "applied zoölogy," introduced horses and cattle into America, and looking about for some animal to import, by way of exchange, into their own country, selected the llama. War, however, broke out, and the idea was dropped. It was revived several times, but was not carried out till the beginning of the present century, when a dozen llamas were deposited in the menagerie at San Luca, in Lower Andalusia. They thrived very well for a time, but gradually died out, it is supposed, through an intermixture of breeds, which produced mules. Since then the llama has been found to do very well in various parts of England and Ireland, and, better still, in some of the Highland districts of Scotland. In many respects it is peculiarly adapted to Australia, and the problem of its settlement there appears to have been successfully determined.

The two great drawbacks to the breeding of sheep in Australia are the sparse herbage and the sudden droughts. The grass never forms turf; it grows in tufts,

so that however green a plain may look at a little distance the dark soil always discloses itself between the blades when you are near at hand. At the best it takes from three to five acres to feed a single sheep which, under less favorable circumstances, is apt to be exhausted before it can get a meal. But the llama has not only more energy and endurance, but is very well satisfied with the coarse vegetation which the sheep rejects; it can also do without water for an almost incredible time, so that it is independent of the treacherous water-courses, which suddenly dry up into beds of sand, and cause the sheep to perish of thirst.

These circumstances render this animal well suited to Australia. Many and serious obstacles had, however, to be overcome before the promising immigrant could be introduced into the great Southern continent.

The government of Peru absolutely prohibited, under severe penalties, the exportations of any llamas; hence none could be shipped from a Peruvian port. Mr. Ledger, an enterprising colonist, having made up his mind to bring a flock from Peru to New-South Wales, conceived the daring design of smuggling them over the Andes, taking them to Chili overland, and there embarking them for their new home. This undertaking was attended with innumerable difficulties, dangers, and hardships. There is nothing very wonderful in smuggling such things as lace or tobacco, which can be easily secreted; but it was truly a bold and original idea to smuggle several hundreds of large living animals, which were jealously guarded as a national monopoly. The llamas could not travel very quickly; they had to feed by the way, and care had to be taken to avoid the observation and lull the suspicions of the authorities. Mr. Ledger's intimate knowledge of two Indian languages and acquaintance with the customs of the natives, enabled him to get safely to the frontier, where nothing but great courage, aided by a bold statagem, enabled him to elude a guard which was sent to arrest him. He succeeded in reaching Jujuy and Salta, in the extreme north of the Argentine Republic, and then, turning westward, he again crossed all the intricacies of the vast Cordillera into Chili. At length he had the satisfaction of starting with his whole flock from Copiapo, and soon after arrived in Australia, having devoted near-

ly four years of incessant labor to this object. He lost a number of the llamas (we use the word in its broad generic sense, without reference to species,) but the majority of them were safely landed, and have since prospered even beyond expectation. They have rapidly increased, Mr. E. Wilson states, in numbers, appear to be free from all diseases, and thrive better upon the indigenous herbage, even of the rougher and coarser descriptions, than when fed with clover, lucerne, or other cultivated grasses. Mr. Ledger calculates that, in fifty years, the flock introduced by him will have increased to nine millions seven hundred and sixty thousand, yielding a clip of sixty-eight millions three hundred and twenty thousand pounds!

In consequence of the success of this experiment, it is probable that there will be a considerable export of llamas to Australia during the next few years. The Peruvian government, astounded at Mr. Ledger's wholesale smuggling under their very eyes, have withdrawn their prohibition, and seem resolved, since they can not prevent the traffic, to turn it to profitable account. Mr. Duffield, a gentleman connected with an eminent house in South America, has obtained a "concession" from the Peruvian and Bolivian authorities for the exportation of fifteen hundred pure alpacas, and has pledged himself to land the first five hundred in Australia by next October. This gentleman is now engaged in collecting the herd for which he has contracted. In a recent letter to Mr. E. Wilson, written from Potosi, he says: "What has pleased and rewarded me most for the horrible journeys I have passed, is in being able to verify by personal observation the important fact that the alpaca will live and thrive in the hottest and coldest climates, enduring all rigors and trials of the most rapid change from one extreme to the other, provided the climate be dry. There was a time when the Peruvians were among the first agriculturists of their age (before Spain turned them all into slaves and miners,) when the alpaca browsed in the moist and filthy atmosphere of the Peruvian coast; and if this intelligent and invaluable animal could live and thrive there, there is no part of Australia or New-Zealand where it would not equally live and thrive. If you could see the hot sandy desert where I met with these animals, or the bleak, barren, and horribly desolate mountains

which they climb in search of a very precarious living for eight months of the year, you would wonder how these creatures live. Here and there, they will find a few dry ferns growing between barren rocks, or sheltered from the scorching heat between large stones. The ice-plant and its relations, with a few other green things, that only just peep out of the earth, and which no sheep could nibble, form the chief food of the alpaca, together with any hardy shrub which the Indian has not cut down for firewood. In short, they will live where a sheep would die; and one of the great benefits which this animal will confer on Australia will be, in the fulness of time, to make its waste, unconquered, and almost impenetrable lands as valuable as its glorious, broad, agricultural plains. The flesh of the llama requires to be known before any one, who has not tasted it, can believe in its flavor, which has a dash of fine mutton and luscious veal."

One can not help thinking there is something significant in the appearance of the llama on the Australian scene just at the moment when on all sides such energetic and successful explorers as M'Dowell, Stuart, Gregory, Howitt, Landsborough, and Walker are opening up vast tracts of new country, much of which is unsuitable for sheep and cattle, but admirably adapted for an animal less nice about its food, and less dependant on supplies of water. At the same time that such scope is offered to the enterprise in this respect, the demand for alpaca-wool continues on the increase. It is now rather more than twenty-five years since Mr. Titus Salt first brought this material into vogue. He was walking one day through the Liverpool docks, when he observed a tuft of an odd-looking substance, half hair and half wool, projecting from a rent in a large bale. Always on the alert to discover some new material fit for weaving, he pulled out a handful of it, rubbed it between his fingers, twisted it, tried to snap it in two, separated it into fibers, and tested its qualities in various other ways. Then he took it home, and examined it more carefully. The result was, that next morning he made an offer for the bales of this new stuff to the firm to whom they had been consigned. As they had lain in the docks for some time, and as nobody seemed to know to what use the material could be applied, the agents would almost have been willing to give them away for

nothing, rather than keep them on their hands. They were therefore equally surprised and delighted when Mr. Salt offered to give them eightpence per pound for the whole consignment, and gladly closed with the bargain. This was the first introduction of alpaca-wool to the English market. Mr. Salt, after many difficulties, succeeded in adapting his machinery to the spinning and weaving of the new wool, and has since been continually im-

proving the processes. Other manufacturers took up the idea, and Bradford is now the flourishing seat of a great alpaca-trade. Mr. Salt's own works at Saltaire contain twelve hundred power-loom, and produce annually, it is calculated, five thousand miles of webs. If the llama is naturalized in Australia, we may expect, before long, to see a great extension of this already important manufacture.

CHARLEMAGNE AND HILDEGARDE.

EDITOR OF THE ECLECTIC.

AMONG the great men and monarchs who live in the history of past ages, few have surpassed, in deeds of renown and extent of dominions, the Emperor of the West. Charlemagne stood up, head and shoulders, above all the monarchs who preceded or followed him for centuries. His historic portrait stands out in bold relief on the canvas seen from afar. We have chosen for an embellishment in the present number of *THE ECLECTIC* a remarkable and graphic scene in the life of Charlemagne. It has been beautifully engraved by our artist, Mr. George E. Perine, and it is due to our readers to record a brief explanation of the scene in the engraving, in order to impart additional interest to the engraving. It does not lessen the interest to know that Charlemagne, though he lived and died a thousand and fifty years ago, yet lives in his numerous living descendants of the thirty-fourth and thirty-fifth lineal descent, of which we have given a brief sketch in a previous volume of this work. In this explanation but little is requisite except to refresh the memory of our readers. Charlemagne was born April 2d, 742, and died in 814, January 28th. He became sole emperor of the West in 770. His first queen or empress was the Princess Desideria, daughter of the King of the Lombards. After some years he caused himself to be divorced from her for the same reason that Napoleon did from the Empress Josephine—she bore

him no children. His second empress was Hildegard, a Swabian princess of royal blood. The incident which led to it is depicted in the engraving. It happened on this wise, as it is related. Charlemagne arranged a hunting expedition for his nobles and noble ladies. It is supposed to have occurred in the famed forests of Thuringia. The Princess Hildegard was of the party. Her beautiful face and form, and the grace and dignity with which she rode and managed her charger, attracted the attention of Charlemagne, and he fell in love with her. During this hunting excursion, while riding alone with her in some part of the forest, their passage was obstructed by a wild bull. The Emperor sought a combat with the furious beast, which drove his horns into the body of the Emperor's horse, as seen in the engraving, and he would soon have been overpowered but for the timely assistance of the Princess Hildegard, who gave the animal a death-blow with her lance. The scene in the engraving represents the critical moment, and Charlemagne expresses his gratitude in the following words: "Thanks, my guardian angel! From this day you are Empress." They were soon after married, and Hildegard became the happy mother of children. The union, thus auspiciously began and consummated, continued a happy one for thirteen years. It is a curious fact that the charter given by Charlemagne to St. Arnulph's monastery, near Metz, is

dated from "Ascension Day, 783, on the eve of which our beloved wife died, in the thirteenth year of our union." The Princess Hildegard is thus the great ancestor of many families of note in various communities in this country. Among these are the families of Chauncy, which are the descendants of President Chauncy, of Harvard College. The late Samuel G. Goodrich (Peter Parley) and the late Professor Goodrich, of Yale College, were the thirty-fourth lineal descendants of Charlemagne and Hildegard. In the life of these two illustrious persons we find the following. A young man whom Charlemagne had educated became his private secretary on account of his talents and accomplishments in the art of dictating and writing. One day, on the news being brought to Charlemagne of the death of a certain bishop, he asked whether the prelate had sent before him into the other world any of his wealth and of the fruits of his labors; and on the messengers replying, "My lord, not more than two pounds of silver," the young man sighed, and unable to contain the lively thought within him, exclaimed: "A poor provision for so long a journey!" Charlemagne, after a few moments' reflection, said to him: "What thinkest thou? If thou hadst this bishopric, wouldst thou make a better provision for so long a journey?" The youth, with his mouth watering at these words as at grapes of the first vintage dropping into it of themselves, threw himself at his feet saying: "My lord, herein I trust myself to the will of God and to thy power." And Charlemagne said to him: "Keep thee behind this curtain at my back, and thou wilt hear how many protectors thou hast." In fact the courtiers, all impatient and envious of one another, endeavored to obtain the vacant bishopric through those about the Emperor's person. But he, holding himself firmly to his purpose, re-

fused every one, saying that he would not break his word to the youth. At last Queen Hildegard sought the King in person, in order to secure the bishopric for her own secretary. As Charlemagne received her request, most graciously saying that he neither could nor would refuse her anything, but that he never could forgive himself should he deceive the youth, Hildegard did as all women do when they wish to bend their husband's will to their own wishes. Dissembling her passion and softening her big voice, she strove to coax the unshakable soul of the Emperor into a compliance, saying: "Dear Prince, my lord, why throw away the bishopric on this child? I beseech you, my sweetest lord, my glory, my support, to bestow it upon my secretary, your faithful servant." Then the youth, whom Charlemagne had placed behind the curtain in order that he might hear all the solicitations of all the suitors, grasping the curtain and the King together, cried out in an imploring tone: "Stand firm, lord king, and suffer not the power which God has confided to thee to be wrested from thy hands." Then Charlemagne ordered him to show himself, and said: "Take the bishopric, and see that thou sendest before me and before thyself into the other world greater alms and a better provision for that long journey whence there is no return."

Charlemagne was in form and stature of a large and well-built frame, with a noble head, and very large and quick eyes, and a nose a little prominent, and a chest somewhat protuberant, and a clear voice. The chronicles of St. Deny's relate how he split a knight in twain with one stroke of his sword. He could carry a man fully accoutred and standing upright on his hand. The emperor was proportionate to the empire, and it has been concluded that he who reigned from the Elbe to the Ebro must needs be a giant.

From the Temple Bar Magazine.

EDUCATION, ANCIENT AND MODERN.

EDUCATION in Modern Europe seems to be exempt from the experiments which have matured or advanced almost every science and art. It is not the reproach but the glory of our medicine that it is empirical in the true sense of the word. Our natural science depends upon the double evidence of experiment and observation. Why is the training of the mind to be alone free from the operation of what seems to be a universal law of progress? Why, for instance, should we not try the effect upon a Western intellect of an Eastern education, or the converse? Some radical change of system seems called for by the present state of education among us. There is so much to be taught besides the old groundwork of classics and mathematics, that any but the most capacious intellects refuse to receive the flood of knowledge, which flows over the sides of the vessel and leaves nothing but its dregs. To this overburdening of the mind may perhaps be ascribed the want of commanding genius that characterizes our day. There is much mediocrity and some excellence, but little of that dazzling ability which overleaps all difficulties and remains like a beacon to guide the ambition of generations to come.

Apart from the practical good that may accrue from the study of alien systems of education, there is great interest in an attempt to trace how famous minds grew and were nourished. When we see some great monument of human art, our first wish is to know by whom it was designed, and what was the history of its construction. The same feeling makes us look with an interest that in private life would be curiosity into the mental history of those who works have been our constant delight perhaps from childhood; and our mortification when we cannot trace the origin of the *Thousand and One Nights*, or begin no doubt that the *Iliad* and *Odyssey* were really written by Homer, is not unlike that we feel when we contem-

plate some vast or beautiful structure, and ask in vain who was the architect.

Although Homer did not begin his tale of Troy from the fatal egg, we can scarcely follow Horace's advice, and start in the midst of our subject. The education of children is no small part of our question, though it is scarcely the weightiest; so we take early education first, confining ourselves to that of boys, as we propose leaving the complete subject of female education for another occasion.

In the primeval age children seem to have been very much left to the kind care of Nature, their minds as unfettered with learning as their bodies with clothing. It was reserved for a decrepit or overwrought civilization to smother them, like young mummies, in the bandages of premature wisdom. With the ancient Hebrews, only those children who were intended for the priesthood seem to have received any special training. The father of the family was strictly commanded under the Law to instruct his children in the history of the chosen people, and in their religious and moral duties. Probably he also taught them to read and write; for there is evidence that the mass of the Israelites had this knowledge, as in the passage which is constantly quoted incorrectly: "Write the vision, and make [it] plain upon tables, that he may run that readeth it" (Hab. 2: 2.) In the early centuries of the Christian era, when the Jewish mind fed upon itself and produced that strange mass of literature, the vast Talmud and Targums, which no modern scholar has read through,—a melancholy example of the evil of exclusive attention to but one study, and a signal reply to all who do not recognize in the Old Testament, much of which is not very remote in date from these writings, an influence not traceable in the works of the Rabbins,—in the days of the Talmud, it was natural that education should be carried to the furthest extreme. "Jerusalem was destroyed," says the Talmud itself,

"because the education of children was neglected." The father instructed his child until he had attained an age of six years. One of the Rabbins would never eat his breakfast until he had repeated with his son the lesson of the day before, and taught him something in addition. At the schools a master was provided for every five-and-twenty children; if there were forty, he could have an assistant. A school should not be established in the most crowded part of towns, for fear of the children's health; nor near a river, to be crossed by an insecure bridge. Josephus might well say that the chief care of his people was to educate their children. The result of all this was, that the Rabbins were the most useful pedants that ever lived. The ancient Egyptians, the most literary nation of antiquity, do not seem to have begun education at an early age; while the Persian, putting aside Xenophon's *Cyropædia* as really Greek, are not known to have taught their children, before they were twenty years of age, any thing more than horsemanship, to handle to bow, and to speak the truth; the last of which accomplishments has been grievously neglected by their degenerate descendants, who are famous even in the East for their skill in falsehood. The ancient Greeks, like their rivals, were more attentive to the body than the mind; and the notices of their method of education that have come down to us are scarcely clear, except upon the importance of gymnastic exercises. Plato seems to object to very early mental training; and Aristotle is of the same opinion, both laying great stress upon the education of the body. There were schools, and the course of instruction was in grammar, music, and gymnastics, and sometimes, it seems, in drawing also. Grammar comprehended reading, writing, and arithmetic. The works of the poets were read, and largely committed to memory; a practice that was constant until late times, and is advised by Plato. At sixteen or eighteen instruction save in gymnastics seems to have been optional. The Romans had schools, perhaps even for girls, where reading, writing, arithmetic, and the twelve tables were taught. When childhood was past, the wealthy Roman youth traveled for the purpose of instruction, more particularly staying at Athens. The Muslims are at-

tentive to the religious training of their sons; and to almost every mosque in town or village a day-school is attached, in which the boys of all classes, but mostly of the middle and upper ranks, are taught to read and to recite the whole or part of the Kur-án, and the simplest arithmetic, at the cost of about twopence a week. Writing is rarely taught, and the girls learn to sew and embroider at home. The recitation of the Kur-án is worth hearing, as a marvelous stretch of memory. A boy is delighted to go through it for a trifling present, and to ceaselessly rock his head and recite for six hours without making a slip. It must be remembered that the Kur-án is written in rhyming prose. In two respects this education is eminently successful: the people generally, even the lower orders, have a good acquaintance with the principles of their religion; and the children, without losing their childishness, acquire the manners of grown-up people to a degree which is astonishing to Westerns; but this is rather due to home-training than school-education. The Chinese, similarly, commence their training early; but instead of confining their instructions to religious and moral duties, they soon begin the business of general education. This, too, is the method of the modern Western nations.

Is it better to confine the education of children to what is needful for their guidance in after-life, or should purely intellectual training be gradually commenced? The practical matter is, whether any child-learning is really recollected. It is of advantage to gain the accents of foreign languages while the organs of speech are most flexible, according to the practice of the Russians, which has made them speak the best English and French out of the two countries in Europe. But to fill the perturbed little heads with the crude elements of science, to teach any thing that involves a why, is to check the natural mode of learning. In after-years this very desire for a reason is the main impediment to learning, and at last we become wise enough to regret the days of spontaneous acquirement. But it is a still more serious evil that over-much cramming the mind cramps the body, when too soon exercise is neglected, and the inevitable late hours of study are adopted. Very often the school is to the middle and upper classes like the prematurely grown-up eldest child

of the poor, who carries, drags, and nurses her many successors, a resource of the overworked who wish to be quiet, or of the victims of fashion who desire to be undisturbed. Does any boy or girl learn any thing beyond duty before ten or twelve? There is the pith and marrow of the whole question.

After childhood, our subject becomes alarmingly wide. There is the matter taught, and how it is taught, schools and colleges, teachers and professors, suggesting half the controversies that the distribution of our vast educational grant of near a million occasions, and those which the universities have been practically, if not actually, debating since our learned men were obliged to go to Cordova to learn physic and science.

Look at any class of modern objects which afford scope for taste, and you will see how bewildered our workmen have been at the multitude of examples. Some follow the Greeks, some the Romans; some imitate the false lines of the Chinese patterns, others borrow their ideas from the wild taste of the Italian Majolica. We look in vain for a compact style. There is the advantage of the ancients, and those moderns who have been accidentally shut out from foreign influences. The Greeks matured their art, and cared nothing for what Egyptians or Assyrians were doing. To sculpture Pericles in an Egyptian style, would have been as ridiculous as the old fashion of acting Julius Cæsar in top-boots, and Cleopatra in powder and patches.

The old Egyptians, as we learn from the note-books of their scribes, gave their young men of the richer classes a very careful education. They were taught the doctrines of their complicated religion, and its multitudinous prayers; the art of polite letter-writing, the elaborateness of which is attested by remaining examples; and the sciences of geometry, astronomy, and astrology. Foreign languages they entirely neglected, as we see by their careless spelling of foreign names. There were colleges for students as well learned men at the chief temples; and the chasm of ages is bridged over when we read, in the letter of a civilian scribe at a foreign post, deep regrets for the student-life in the temple of Hermes Trismegistus, where, he pathetically says, there was no end of beer. We have a like system to that of Egypt in that modern Egypt,

China; where, however, it is carried to an unwise extreme in the minute examinations, rewards, and degrees, for each stage, which have reduced the whole empire to a centralized machine, which falls to pieces when it is worked by weak or careless hands. Thus did the Bourbons before the French Revolution, and the late emperors of Russia, whose policy is reversed, perhaps too late to undo its effects. The Talmudic Jews followed a method like this, though we have no means of judging of its political effect, as they were rigidly debarred from politics. Its intellectual working may be seen in the wilderness of the Talmud and the cognate writings, which show the most melancholy instance that literature affords of a purposeless pursuit of trivialities. Before we come to such systems in modern Europe, let us look at the history of Greek instruction.

The Greeks had no colleges. Philosophers gathered around them followers, whom they instructed generally in some place of public resort; as the Stoics, who took their name from the portico (*Stoa*) in which their master taught; the Academic school, which resorted to the groves of Academus; or the Peripatetics, who walked about in their discussions. This manner of teaching—implying the absence of books and all the modern machinery of instruction, and irregular in its practice, as well as ending in no special distinction for the pupils, except what they gained from the general opinion of the philosophers—is strangely repugnant to all our modern ideas. Yet remember what it effected, first of all, in Greece itself; how the philosophers led not alone the world of thought, but the world of action; and literature was not the ornament of generals and statesmen, but the mainspring of their actions; then how, passing from Greece to Greece's conquerors, the influence of philosophy, in spite of all the efforts of the old Roman party, worked into the very heart of Roman civilization, and gave the Romans a literature, historians, orators, statesmen, who drew from the abundant spring of Greek philosophy; observe that influence, when Greece and Rome had perished, breaking forth in the freshness of youth with the Christians of the West and the Muslims of the East; and now at last, when Aristotle has been shaken in his empire after an unexampled length of

rule, and, the world has begun to say that Greek philosophy is at last exhausted, see Plato taking Aristotle's place, and the dominion of Greek philosophy spreading once more. When we were told how an intrepid traveler in the far-away unknown center of Africa came upon a learned black, who had studied at the University of Cairo, solacing himself among his barbarous fellow-countrymen with the study of Plato in Arabic, we felt what a powerful influence this must be that, in another language, and a land so alien, could still assert its power. Is it well to disregard the system that produced Plato and Platonism, and to fortify ourselves with the ignoble examples of China and Japan?

The manner of Greek instruction, from the days of Socrates downwards, is abundantly stated in the philosophic writings, and most of all in those that have that dialogue form which has so strangely disappeared from modern use. They show us the philosopher surrounded by his friends, discussing with them every subject which observation or experience suggested, giving an equally patient hearing to the wise and to the ignorant, and seeking not to make a display of learning but to elicit truth. No doubt these dialogues do not fairly represent what really took place, since, though founded upon reality, their object is to explain certain theories, not to preserve the very words of debate. This method, too, had its abuse. It gave great room for display; and as the national genius declined, the Sophists who called themselves wise men succeeded to those who took the modest name of lovers of wisdom. These men, finding that the great intellects of the philosophers, though they had not exhausted, had certainly handled with a skill their successors could never reach, the chief problems of mind and matter, invented a pursuit of trivial questions, a system of arguing for arguing's sake, that would have ended in bringing philosophy into contempt, had not Christianity rescued it from their hands, and taken it into a new arena of thought. Heartily as St. Paul condemns the Sophists and the Talmudists, yet it was in the school of one Tyrannus that he disputed daily for two years. And who can doubt that when he condemned the narrow aspirations of many of the Greek philosophers, and showed that even the light of nature had not been used aright by them, he pointed out where it had

shone upon their better paths of thought, and raised Plato from the cold blank of a heathen ideal to the momentary enthusiasm which made him picture, in language that reads almost like prophecy, the sufferings by which a perfect man should be proved to be God? But the substance of what the Greeks taught is not the main question; we are chiefly concerned with their method.

The Greek method of teaching was adopted by the Arab conquerors of the East. Before two centuries had passed that counter-conquest, the nobler from its being won by the silent influence of mind, which Horace commemorates of the empire of Rome, had been wrought with the empire of Baghdád. Neither the prejudice of race, nor strong religious fanaticism, could put a barrier to its success; and a nation which, though loving its own literature, had burnt the library of Alexandria, devoted itself to the study of the writings of pagan Greeks. With Greek philosophy came the Greek method of teaching; and the records of the disputes of the learned Arabs of those days revive the society that Plato and Xenophon had portrayed. From one great city to another this system spread, and and its latest and present capital is Cairo, still the center of Arab learning. As it is safer to speak of the present than of the past, more especially when this can be done from personal knowledge, we may give some notice of this method as it is pursued at the Mosque of El-Azhar, the University of Cairo, which still exists, notwithstanding the unjust spoliation of Turkish rulers, who, having destroyed every one of the many colleges of the other mosques, have dared to curtail the income of this chief home of Muslim learning.

The Mosque of El-Azhar is a spacious square court, having a deep portico for prayer in the side towards Mekkeh, and in the other three sides lesser porticoes, containing a number of apartments, each of which is devoted to students of a particular nation or province of the Muslim world. Each apartment has its library, from which, and the lectures of the professors, the students derive their education. The students arrive only able to read and recite the Kur-án, sometimes to write. To quote from Mr. Lane: "The regular subjects of study are grammatical inflexion and syntax, rhetoric, versification,

logic, theology, the exposition of the Kur-án, the traditions of the Prophet, the complete science of jurisprudence, or rather of religious, moral, civil, and criminal law, which is chiefly founded on the Kur-án and the traditions; together with arithmetic, as far as it is useful in matters of law. Lectures are also given in algebra, and in the calculations of the Mohamadan calendar, the times of prayer, etc." (*Modern Egyptians*, 5th edition, p. 211.) Until Mohammad 'Alee seized the property of the mosque, all students, and they were for the most part poor persons, received daily rations from the mosque. Now most of the strangers can alone be thus supported. None pay any thing for their instruction. No professor receives either salary or pay. The professors, the most learned men of the East, support themselves by copying books and private teaching, and the students do the same. Who would imagine that in the nineteenth century there should exist among a people far below us in civilization so noble an institution, such an institution as would, if projected among us, be thought the wild invention of a fantastic imagination.

Though the students arrive at the As-her with the most rudimentary knowledge, they there receive no systematic education except by lectures. But as the professors are unpaid, they are ready to answer the questions of all students with impartiality. At the time of lecturing the professor seats himself on the matted ground against a pillar, and the students form a ring around him. He selects a portion of a well-known work, and reads or speaks a lecture in the form of a commentary upon it. After the lecture is concluded, the auditors can ask any question that it has suggested. As far as the instruction goes, it is as complete as possible, and it has produced men of eminent learning. The only objection that can be raised is, that it might not be practicable with a wider range of studies. Such a range might necessitate modifications of detail; but surely such modifications have nothing to do with its noble impartiality. The extraordinary manner in which memory is trained under this system is scarcely intelligible to a Western mind. It is not unusual for a student to know by heart several treatises, and even a lexicon, the books in use being almost all in manuscript, and therefore few and costly. But we must remember that

the time is not long past at which European scholars were so well acquainted with the contents of books to which they now only occasionally refer, that they could largely cite authorities from memory in discussion or controversy. There have been recent instances of great mental ability of this kind, as those of Lord Macaulay and Niebuhr the historian; but their memories were probably natural. The great success of this limited range of studies, which sends out admirable logicians and accomplished writers, all thoroughly acquainted with their religion and laws, affords a subject of important inquiry; for it is exactly in this groundwork that modern Western education fails. If our scholars were as thoroughly grounded in the principles of religion and logic, we should find fewer of them coming in middle life to the consideration of the subjects which they concern entirely unprovided with the necessary implements, and using in their stead the incongruous weapons of classical and mathematical study.

The university-system of the Arabs is essentially the same as that which prevailed throughout Europe in the so-called Dark Ages. The object for which the colleges and universities of the West were founded was the instruction of poor students. The professors were indeed often salaried, but insufficiently, and their places were rather honorable than lucrative posts. Hence the multitude of learned men raised from the ranks to the highest places in Church and State. The Church of Rome alone still claims the glory of preserving this antique liberality; but it may be urged by its opponents that it is not wholly unselfish. Those of its colleges and schools that give a free education, do so to candidates for the priesthood. More liberal in this matter than any other church, when the greatness of these establishments is considered, Rome is yet far behind the excellence of medieval practice.

That the Eastern and Western systems were identical, can be shown by the history of the learned men of medieval Europe. John of Salisbury, who lived in the twelfth century, tells us that he went to Paris and studied logic under the Peripatetic of Palais, the famous Abelard; afterwards followed Magister Albericus, remaining two years with him and Robertus Metridensis, an Englishman; for three

years he studied grammar under William de Conehin. Under one Richard, surnamed the Bishop, he retraced all he had before learned, and particularly the *quadrivium*—arithmetic, astronomy, geometry, and music—into which, and the *trivium*—grammar, logic, and rhetoric—elementary education was then divided; he next followed Harduin, specially re-studied rhetoric and logic, and closed his course with theological instruction under two masters for three years. These studies occupied twelve years. Do you not suppose that he was fortified with great funds for such an enterprise of scholarship? On the contrary, he tells us that he was poor, and supported himself by teaching the children of the noble. There is no need to point out how completely this corresponds with the practice of the East.

The colleges of modern Europe, which are not purely ecclesiastical, have all one system divided into two important branches. Professors are salaried, and the expense of education virtually falls not on the foundation, but on the pupils. The expense varies greatly at different colleges, in accordance with the wealth of the middle and upper classes, and the cost of living. The essential difference is, that most colleges follow the professorial system of teaching, but that a few adopt the tutorial. Oxford and Cambridge notably teach by tutors, the Scotch universities by professors. It may perhaps safely be said that the English method is of more advantage to some individual pupils, the Scotch to the whole mass. In the former, the undergraduate depends very much upon the acuteness of his tutor; in the latter, the greater ability is sure to gain the higher places. Of course no amount of inequality in tutors can prevent the highest merit from winning distinction, or raise the lowest far out of its proper level; still there must be a certain disturbance of the natural order in which the other system would inevitably arrange the competitors. Besides, the English method necessarily tends to make the professors poor sinecurists, and to increase the expense of education. It puts a large body of tutors in the place of a few professors, and thus reduces the income of the professor to one-tenth of what his equal at a Scotch university receives, while making the cost to the student perhaps three times as much. Without drawing an invidious comparison between medieval principle and modern

practice, we may ask how far learning has gained by the change, and particularly by an innovation that has virtually abolished the professors as a working body. Without entering into all the details of education, we must glance at three chief questions—the range of subjects taught, the cost of learning, and the persons who should have the charge of instruction.

The range of subjects to which educated men pay attention has been constantly widening, until their grasp by any single mind has been rightly pronounced impossible. University education has remained, so far as compulsory instruction and honors worth the winning are concerned, in the old position of three centuries ago, refusing to see beyond the limited horizon that was then allowed to man. At Oxford or Cambridge, Göttingen or Bonn, the student who would achieve distinction must go through the same classical course as three centuries ago. If he would take the highest place, he must also devote himself to the higher mathematical sciences. What chance has he, at the time when the mind is most flexible, of making himself profoundly acquainted with any other class of subjects which may engage him in the serious work of after-life? The reply that is always made to this is, that if, for instance, a man devote himself wholly or even mainly to natural science, the want of a classical education makes him an inelegant scholar, lacking all the refinement which springs from the deep study of the models of antiquity. But can this be asserted of the great mediæval doctors who lived before the revival of Greek literature, of the Oriental scholars of Shakespeare, who “knew little Latin, and less Greek?” The cause is not the want of classical knowledge, but the want of university education. No doubt classical knowledge tends to refinement; but is there not a sufficient fountain of refined literature in our own mother tongue? The remedy is not so easy to perceive. Latin is still so far the learned language of the modern world, and must always so greatly retain its place, that a good rudimentary knowledge of it is absolutely necessary to every scholar. Greek, less necessary for use, is of all languages most for adornment; and no one can hope for a scholar's career if he has not some acquaintance with the learned language of antiquity. Yet surely, when some such grounding has been form-

ed, the student might be allowed to choose his special course, and encouraged to expect that the distinction of his after-days should begin at the time of his days of study; that university honors should be the earnest of the harder-won but less welcome trophies of the battle of life. Instead of two serious and one imaginary chances of honors, as at the English universities, there would then be not less than ten or twelve; and should any Admirable Crichton be found to succeed as a decuple or duodecuple first-class man, he would only be the exception proving the truth of the rule of the present injustice.

We can not discuss the details of instruction, though there are one or two points that so strikingly differ in the old and the new systems as to require a special notice. Memory now has a far less important place than formerly among the faculties called into play in the service of education. We have spoken of the extraordinary power of memory as worked in the Oriental school and college teaching; and it may be questioned whether it is not worth while to inquire how much we lose by neglecting to develop this faculty. The cost of learning is a more serious question than even that of academic hon-

ors. Popular speakers never fail to tell their hearers that genius will always raise itself; but can they prove this truth with which they tickle the ears of those who can not get through the bars of exclusiveness? Take a list of archbishops and bishops of former centuries and of modern times, and see if as many of those of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries as of their predecessors have arisen from the ranks, not of the clergy, but of the populace. An English swineherd was the only English pope; but now an archbishop of the English Church who is the son of a rich tradesman is a kind of phoenix. The time of Wolseys is gone.

The question, to whom should instruction be intrusted, is that which has been rising at every page of this paper. The contrast of the East and the West is nowhere stronger than here, nowhere more to the disadvantage of the leaders of progress. Have we gained by the change from the public teaching of professors who filled halls, and, when halls did not suffice, barns, with eager listeners, to the private teaching of clever men, whose position is due, not to university honors, but to their skill in the modern science of cramming?

LITERARY MISCELLANIES.

TICKNOR & FIELDS, the well known publishers at Boston, have sent us a neat volume entitled *Lidian*, a beautiful story, written in an easy and graceful style. The scenes and incidents are like word paintings, and the portraits of the personages stand out like images on the canvas.

Also, they have sent us a copy of the *Out-Door Papers* by T. W. Higginson. The contents are "Physical Courage," "A Letter to a Dyspeptic," "The Murder of the Innocents," "Barbarism and Civilization," "Gymnastics," "A New Counterblast," "The Health of our Girls," "My Out-door Study," "The Life of Birds," "The Procession of the Flowers," "Snow;" a sufficient variety of topics to satisfy any one.

THE EMPEROR AND THE INSTITUTE.—A French correspondent informs us that the Emperor really intends to be elected at once to the Institute, and that M. Guizot will propose his election by acclamation. This dispenses with the irksome necessity of a canvass for individual votes. The ground of his claim will be the *Idées Napoléoniennes*, and not the *Life*

of *Cæsar*, and the Emperor will be elected by about thirty five votes out of forty. The claim in itself is not an unfair one, the Emperor being, after all criticism, a very remarkable thinker, and we question if learned bodies are injured by contact with the actual life of the nation. It is the intrusion of the Emperor by force, the smashing of locks with the scepter, that the Academy should resist, and to which Englishmen of the same calibre would certainly never yield. M. Guizot's argument, we are told, is that refusal would certainly be attributable to disaffection, and furnish a pretext for destroying the institute, either by a great increase of numbers, or by applying the law relative to associations.—*London paper.*

THE second volume of Allibone's *Dictionary of Authors* will be issued as soon as possible. The author is working at it most assiduously. The curious will be interested to know that he has recorded six hundred and eighty authors by the name of Smith, of whom more than eighty rejoice in the Christian name of John.

PRESERVATION OF TIMBER BY SULPHATE OF COPPER.—A pamphlet in circulation containing a short description of Dorsett and Blythe's patented process of preparing wood by the injection of heated solutions of sulphate of copper; a process said to have been adopted by French, Spanish, and Italian, as well as other Continental railway companies; by the French Government for their navy and other constructions; and by telegraph companies for poles on Continental lines. The advantages of the injections by sulphate of copper are thus summed up by the patentees: 1. It is cheaper than creosote, and can be employed in places where creosote can not be had. 2. Wood prepared by it is rendered to a great extent incombustible. 3. Wood for out-door purposes so prepared, has a clean yellowish surface, without odor; it requires no painting; remains unchangeable for any length of time; and can be employed for any purpose, the same as unprepared material, and carried with other cargo without hindrance. It is recommended for railway and other use in India.

NEW MAP OF THE NILE DISTRICT.—The source of the White Nile, in the Lake of Victoria Nyanza, is at least four degrees south of the equator, which must give a length to the Nile up the end of this branch of at least three thousand miles. The eastern bank is a vast gold-field. It seems to be determined that the region about the equator is a huge plateau of enormous swamps, from which rivers emerge in various directions, some flowing northward, like the Nile, and some east or west, like the Zambezi and the Benoué.

"THE DUKE" AT LIVERPOOL.—The Wellington Statue at Liverpool was inaugurated on the 16th ult., in the presence of some 30,000 or 40,000 persons. The monument is situated in the magnificent open place, one side of which is formed by the principal façade of St. George's Hall, and it will form a most interesting feature of the town. The monument was designed by Mr. Lawson, of Edinburgh, and statue by his brother, a pupil of Mr. Adams, of London. The whole work cost about £5000.

The complications in Prussia increase. The vote of the Chamber refusing the unconstitutional demand of Ministers to be exempt from the discipline of the Chamber was carried last Friday, by 295 to 20 votes. Nothing, indeed, could be more inconsistent, as the offending Minister Von Roon had, as lately as the 19th of September, submitted himself dutifully to the discipline of the President, who warned him that it was unparliamentary to call any deputy's language "senseless" (*widersinnig*) and he withdrew the remark. Now, however, they persist, and have even managed to implicate the King in the quarrel. On Thursday last, Herr Von Bismarck read a message from the King, reproving the House for supporting the unconstitutional conduct of its President, stating that "such a position for the Ministers does not correspond with the dignity of the Crown," and advising the Chamber "to terminate such a state of things in order that the business of the House may continue." The Minister then left the House, and Herr Virchow moved that the royal message be referred to the committee on the address, "as the Minister had misinformed the King." This course

was unanimously adopted. In diplomacy, as in chess, the game usually approaches a termination when the player moves his king. The check-mate must come soon, or the board be violently overthrown.—*Spectator*, May 23d.

THE Drawing-room held on Saturday by the Princess of Wales, as representative of the Queen, was attended by nearly two thousand ladies, the carriages stretching in one direction from Harley street to St. James's. The reception occupied nearly four hours; many ladies were cooped up in their carriages for six hours, and many more were eddied in the effort to get away after the presentation. The same complaint is heard after every drawing-room, and all the arrangements seem out of keeping with the age. The number of persons desiring to be presented has increased with the national wealth, while the habits of the Court have become more and more secluded. The Stuarts received always, and even the present family, though their etiquette has always been more rigorous, once received every week. Could not the number of drawing-rooms to be held in the season be fixed, and a reception suite erected of something like adequate size? To recommend the adoption of the dress of the century, instead of the preposterous footman's livery now called a Court-dress, would, we suppose, be heresy.—*Ibid.*

THE SNOWS AND SEAS OF MARS.—Mars has lately presented a favorable opportunity for the examination of its surface. The constitution of this planet more nearly approaches that of the earth than any other in the system. Snow can be detected at both poles, the white circle increasing in winter and decreasing in summer. It has been found that the center of this region of snow does not coincide exactly with the poles of the planet. And in this respect it is like the earth, whose greatest cold is not exactly at the pole. A greenish belt with deep bays and inlets near the equator, which is suspected to be a sea, has recently been detected.

The termination of the snowy region is very sharp and abrupt, giving the idea of a lofty cliff. A reddish island in the above sea has also been detected. The probability of Mars being inhabited is greater than that of any other planet. Its density is very nearly that of the earth. The heat and light of the sun would only be half that enjoyed on our globe; but then this may be compensated by an atmosphere which may form a warmer wrapping than ours, and by a more sensitive ray. A great part of the surface of the globe is covered with snow for half of the year; the people in Mars would not be worse off than we are in Canada, and life is tolerable here. People emigrating from this planet to Mars would find that they were only half as heavy as they are here, which some would not regard as a disadvantage.—*Leitch*.

MARVELS OF THE WHEAT-PLANT.—One of the most marvelous faculties of the wheat-plant is that of sending up a multitude of stalks from a single grain, known as tillering. It is the secret of its great productiveness. Many experiments have been made to ascertain the limit of this faculty, and the results have been truly wonderful. An English gentleman sowed a few grains of common red wheat on the second of June, one of the plants

from which had tillered so much by the eighth of August that he divided it into eighteen others, all of which were planted separately. In a few weeks so many of these had again multiplied their stalks, that he had set out sixty-seven altogether to go through the winter. With the spring growth all these began tillering, so that in March and April a new division was made, and the number of plants increased to five hundred. It was believed that another division might have been made, and that it would have increased the number to two thousand. The five hundred grew most vigorously, exceeding plants as ordinarily cultivated. When harvested, a single plant yielded over one hundred ears, and the whole number of ears produced was 21,109, or more than forty to each divided plant, and the grain measured $3\frac{1}{2}$ pecks, weighing 47½ lbs. The grains were estimated as numbering 578,840. All this was the product of a single grain.

THE resources of California are boundless. From January 1st to May 8th, 1863, the exports of gold from California have reached the sum of sixteen million nine hundred and twenty-one thousand two hundred and forty-two dollars, an increase over the same period in 1862 of four million six hundred and twenty-eight thousand dollars.

THE immigration to New-York continues as large as ever. The number of arrivals last week was 5150, which makes the grand total since January 1st, 49,082, against 20,688 in the same period of last year.

AN ONEROUS CHARGE.—The notorious Duke of Brunswick, now residing in Paris, has an extraordinary collection of diamonds, valued at about £450,000. A catalogue of his gems which he has published contains two hundred and sixty-eight quarto pages, and he gives in it the history of each individual stone. One came from a Turkish sabre, and after many adventures became the property of a Jew in Europe; another has sparkled in a regal diadem; a third glistened on the chest of a German Emperor; the fourth adorned the hat of an archduke. A black diamond, obtained from the treasury of a nabob served for centuries in India as the eye of an idol. A wondrously fine pink brilliant once belonged to the jewels of the Emperor Baber, at Agra, and is said to be invaluable. A solitaire of twelve studs was once used by the Emperor Pedro of Brazil as waistcoat buttons. A diamond ring of the purest water belonged to Maria Stuart, as her arms and the "M. S." engraved on it prove. A pair of diamond ear-rings were once the property of the unfortunate Marie Antoinette. In this way one curiosity follows the other. The Duke has any quantity of diamonds valued at £3000, £4000, and £6000, two at £9000, one at £10,500, and another at £12,000. But, in spite of this he is at the present moment bargaining for two gems—one estimated at £35,000, the other at £97,500.

The millionaire, however, is the slave of his treasures—he dares not leave Paris, for his diamonds constitute the chain which binds him—he dares not sleep away from home for a single night, through fear of being robbed of his Graal. He resides in a house which is built less for comfort than for safety; it is proof against fire and thieves. It is surrounded by a lofty, thick wall, on the top

of which is a *chevaux de frise*, so arranged that, when a strange band is laid on one of the spikes, a bell immediately begins ringing. This defence cost the Duke no less than £2000 in being made, owing to its peculiar nature. The diamonds are kept in a safe let into the wall, and the Duke's bed stands before it, so that no thief can break in without waking or murdering him. On the other hand, he can enjoy the sight of all his treasures without leaving his bed. Were the safe to be broken open forcibly, four guns would be discharged, and kill the burglar on the spot, and with the discharge of the guns is connected the ringing of an alarm bell in every room to arouse the household. The Duke's bed-room has only one small window; the bolt and lock on his door are of the stoutest iron, and can only be opened by a man who knows the secret. A case, containing twelve loaded revolvers, stands by the side of the bed. Who would be willing to change places with this poor rich man.—*Scotch paper*.

THE GREAT GEOLOGICAL PROBLEM.—On the 28th of March a human jaw was discovered among the stone implements in the gravel-pit of Moulin-Quignon, near Abbeville, which gives rise to a curious inquiry. The controversy had long raged whether the flint axes and other rude implements discovered in these gravel-pits in such large quantities, really point to a pre-metallic age of human civilization or not—and one hypothesis strove to establish that they might have been churned in some curious way independently of human art out of a great geological crisis. The only point in favor of so wild a supposition was, that no human bones had ever yet been discovered amongst these relics of human agency, till this jaw was discovered in March last. It was deeply imbedded in "black-seam flinty gravel." A single detached molar tooth was found at the same time. But the question immediately arose whether or not the jaw had been placed there by the cunning of the workmen, in order to be extracted. The evidence against this hypothesis seems now to be complete, and to have satisfied even the English skeptics, but it is still doubted whether the jaw itself is really so ancient, or whether recent accidental disturbances may not somehow have placed it there. The physiology of the jaw appears to be in favor of its more modern origin. Its peculiar characteristics are all separately matched in several dug out of an old London churchyard, though none of them contain all these characteristics in combination. It is not found to resemble ancient jaws more than modern. When sawn it gave a distinct odor of sawn bone, the cells were free from any incrustation, the enamel was white and brilliant, and all the analysts held that it looked like a recent jaw, but that it was unquestionably found among the old stone axes. So, whether the owner of the jaw was limited in his cutting powers by the very limited acuteness of which flint is capable, or whether some geological catastrophe submerged his jaw in the stratum of blunt civilization, is not yet known, and those who hold that nature at one time churned axe-heads for her own amusement may hold so still.—*Spectator*.

THE NILE STORY AGAIN.—Deeper in human interest than the reported discovery of the source of the White Nile, the geographical secret for many ages, by Messrs. Speke and Grant, is the intelli-

gence from Egypt that Mr. Petherick is not dead, as late news from that country represented him to be. He is alive and well at Gondocoro. We now know that all the gallant men whom we have sent out into the great African desert, to extend the bounds of knowledge—Baker, Petherick, Grant, and Speke—have, so far, escaped the fate which has followed so many of our noblest explorers in every part of the world—Franklin, Leichardt, Burke, and many others—over whose graves we have had to write the glories of discovery. In gratitude for their safety, we can tell the story of their trials, and reckon up the gains of science. Our conjecture, made on the ninth of May, that Mr. Baker must have fallen in with Messrs. Grant and Speke on the upper waters of the White Nile, and rendered them important aid, turns out to have been correct. This adventurous traveler was the first European whom they met on their descent from the tropics; and from him they obtained aid in money, stores, and boats. To him they communicated their discovery that the Bahr el Abiad, the main stream of the White Nile, has its source in the Victoria-Nyanza lake; information which induced him to turn his face in another direction, towards the south-east, in search of another inland lake, which is supposed to feed a second branch of the White Nile. He will be lost to us for a year; though the public need not doubt that he will, in due time, turn up again. Lower down the stream they fell in with Consul Petherick and his gallant wife. The news which Captains Speke and Grant bring to London will excite attention in every city in the civilized globe. The source of the Nile was a puzzle in the time of Moses, and long before the time of Moses. The enigma is suggested on the most ancient monuments of Egypt; it excited the curiosity of Rameses and Sesostris; confounded the wisdom of the Ptolemies; won attention during the Roman occupation; amused the leisure of the Schoolmen; tantalized the Portuguese Jesuits in the sixteenth century; engaged the adventurous spirit of Bruce; aroused the wonder, and baffled the researches of Mohammed Ali; and defied the zeal, the ability, and endurance of our old Correspondents, the Brothers D'Abbadie. At length, the mystery is solved; and the source of the Nile is found, by a couple of Englishmen, to be a lake about four degrees south of the equator, very near the position which Dr. Beke, so long ago as 1846, assigned to it theoretically. It is curious that the fact has been discovered, not by following the water of the river upwards from its mouth, the natural course of discovery, but by descending from it above.—*Athenæum*.

GREED OF GOLD.—When Napoleon, about 1811, desired to build a palace for the King of Rome, near the Barrier de Passy, the shop of a poor cobbler stood in the way. Simon having learned what was going on, demanded twenty thousand francs for his tenement. The administrator hesitated a few days, and then decided to give it; but Simon, goaded by the greed of gain, now asked forty thousand francs. The sum was more than two hundred times its value, and the demand was acceded. An attempt was made to change the frontage, but being found impossible, they went again to the cobbler, who had raised his price to sixty thousand francs. He was offered fifty thousand, but refused. The Emperor would not give

a franc more, and preferred to change his plans. The speculating son of St. Crispin then saw his mistake, and offered his property for fifty thousand francs, forty thousand, thirty thousand, coming down at last to ten thousand. The disaster of 1814 happened, and all thoughts for a palace for the King of Rome were abandoned. Some months after, Simon sold his shop for one hundred and fifty francs, and in a few days after the sale, was removed to an insane asylum. Disappointed avarice had driven him crazy.

PRESENTATIONS AND DRAWING-ROOMS.—A French maxim tells that there is always something not altogether displeasing to us in the misfortunes of our dearest friends. The truth of this worldly-wise apophthegm is susceptible of indefinite application. It is a great source of consolation to that large class of mankind who, like the fox in the fable, believe that all unattainable grapes are sour. We should imagine, for example, that some of those who were denied admission to the ceremonial of last Saturday within the precincts of St. James's Palace may have stood beside the ranks of carriages that lined St. James's street and Pall-mall, and may have felt that they had no reason, after all, to envy the privileged unfortunates who found themselves as the day waned still at a hopeless distance from the door, advancing at the rate of a quarter of a mile in the hour, while the inexorable hour hand went on, indicating half-past four, five, half-past five, and six o'clock, till they had not the faintest chance left of a presentation that day to royalty. We have heard, indeed, of carriage-windows being drawn up, on the transit from Apsley House to St. James's street, to permit of some mysterious rite being performed within, where, from the dimly visible oscillation of ostrich plumes in the interior, the bystanders inferred that the exhausted occupants of the carriage, weary of sitting for five mortal hours in full court-dress, sought refreshment in dainty *meringues*, or the humbler but more substantial refecton of an honest sandwich.

But while the idlers of vanity and fashion were thus severely punished, another personage whom their loyalty professed to honor, suffered far more cruelly than they did. A delicate young girl was standing for five and a half mortal hours on one spot of the Palace floor. She was one but recently come among us, and lately a bride—one whom the retiring domesticity of her previous life had, perhaps, but ill-fitted for the turmoil and excitement of a State drawing-room as such things are managed here. It is, however, painful to anticipate the ill effects which the repetition of such scenes as those of last Saturday may have upon the health of our young and amiable Princess. In fact it was found necessary to discontinue the presentations for a few minutes while the youthful representative of her Majesty sought a little necessary repose. She was still besieged by a vast number of importunate visitors, eagerly pressing forward to appear in the charmed circle of Court guests, under the pretence of paying their respects in person to the lovely mother "of our kings to be."

The evils which attend on the system of presentation at Court have long been notorious. There have been many plans for its improvement. There have been many complaints from those who, emerging hot and flustered, and with the scars and

tatters of their fierce battle upon them, from this courtly mob, have written to the *Times*, exposing the discomforts and disappointments of going to the drawing-room and the levée. But for all practical purposes, a brief letter which appeared last Tuesday will serve as our text. The writer tells us that when George III. was king, and before the wild days of the Regency, drawing-rooms were held twice, or sometimes thrice a week, and a levée every Wednesday and Sunday. We should be loth indeed to urge the entire performance of such a formidable programme as this. The Sunday levée is inconsistent with our idea of the sanctity of the Sabbath. Twice a week might, perhaps, be found too often, instead of the now customary four drawing-rooms and four levées in each season. Yet it seems to be in this direction, by providing more frequent opportunities of presentation, that relief is to be gained.—*English paper.*

CIRCUMSTANCES AND GOVERNMENT.—On that part of Mr. Bigelow's book which does not refer to the war, the only remark that can be made is the one which has been made long ago: "Is not this the great Babylon that I have builded?" The mind sinks under the contemplation of the great masses of wealth which are stored up for the use of mankind in that marvelous magazine, the North American continent. Vast rivers, lakes like seas, boundless plains almost inexhaustibly fertile, the richest mines of gold, silver, copper, and coal in the world; enormous forests—in short, wealth in every conceivable form and in boundless profusion—are there; and the whole is pre-ided over by a Government of which one great object appears to be to summon every human creature who is discontented with his lot in the world to come and help to consume it all. Even after full allowance has been made for all the horrors and miseries of the present war, it is probable that no other nation in the world contains so enormous a mass of well-to-do people. The wonderful thing is, that any one should draw from that fact any particular inference about the American form of government. The circumstances of the country have done infinitely more to produce the government than the government to produce the circumstances. Set down in the midst of boundless wealth, many millions of Europeans, all or most of whom originally left Europe because they had intelligence and spirit enough to feel dissatisfied with narrow circumstances and to wish to be rich—and of course you have democratic government and a large number of well-to-do people. To infer from this that there is any specific virtue in democracy is like drawing a similar inference from the fact that a particular democrat has had a large fortune left him. To give the Americans their fair proportion of praise and blame would be a difficult task, but very little of either ought to be derived from the fact that they are very numerous and exceedingly well off.—*Review of "Les Etats-Unis d'Amérique en 1863," by J. Bigelow.*

SUBSTITUTE FOR COTTON AND WOOL.—The *Melilotus Lescuriana Major*, is the name of a new fibrous plant, which has peculiar claims as a substitute for cotton and wool. It resembles flax more than any other long-stapled filament, and works readily under the fibrilla process for mixing with either cotton or wool. Its use for paper stock was first discovered by William Pryor, President of the Historical So-

ciety of Halifax, who sent samples to Mr. S. M. Allen, of Boston, in 1861, for testing for fibrilla. The success in fibrilizing was perfect, and Mr. Pryor submitted the samples of fibrilla to the London Exhibition, and obtained a first-class medal there. The Royal Agricultural Society of London requested the samples for their museum, where they now remain as a curiosity. The fibre is thus described:

"The *Melilotus*, planted in drills twelve inches apart, in May, comes above ground in twelve or fifteen days, grows luxuriantly, yielding an enormous crop from one planting for several years. This plant may be cropped at the stage of growth when it is found to yield a fiber most suitable for the fabric or purpose required. It grows to the height of from four to six feet. For paper stock, the *Melilotus* may be cut, dried like hay and converted into pulp immediately from the field—the fiber and wood or stalk being together available for the different varieties of paper. A peculiarity—and a valuable one—of this plant is, that it may remain in the field all winter, the air, snow, frost, and rain, rotting it effectually without injury to the fiber. In the flower garden the *Melilotus* is already well known and appreciated, for its delicate flower and agreeable and lasting perfume."

THE royal wedding presents which were recently exhibited at the South Kensington Museum, by permission of the Prince of Wales, were viewed by 229,425 persons.

THE Registrar-General of Great Britain, in his annual report of births, marriages, and deaths, has introduced some of the leading facts in the statistics of France in 1861, for the purpose of comparison. It is seen that both the marriage and the birth rates were lower in that country than they were in England, while the death rate was higher. The persons married were in the proportion of 1544 to the population, while in England they were 1628. The births were 2688, against the English rate of 3461; the deaths, 2308 against 2165. The inferiority in births is the more remarkable because the population of France has not attained to that density which, in England, might be assigned as a reason for a diminution in the rate of increase.

RANDOM EXPRESSIONS.—"I am tired to death." So you have said very often, are still alive, and in very good health.

"I had not a wink of sleep all night." And yet your bed-fellow heard you snore several times.

"I would not do it for the world." And yet you have done many things equally bad for a trifle.

"We were up to our knees in mud." You know very well the dirt was not over your shoes.

THE whole number of volumes in the various libraries of Harvard College is about 150,000, namely, in the College library, 99,000, exclusive of 65,000 pamphlets; theological library, 9400, and 4000 pamphlets; law library, 13,800; medical library, 2000; scientific school, 7000; Phillips's astronomical library, 1500; society libraries, 17,000.

DISCOVERY OF AN ANCIENT CITY.—Very important discoveries have recently been made in Assyria. John Taylor, British Consul at Diyarbakir, has discovered the ruins of a very large Assyrian city, founded in the reign of Sardanapalus, and containing memorials of him and of his son Shalmaneser.

